



**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

**BENDIS
GAYDOS**

JESSICA JONES:

Alias[®]



M A C K

JESSICA JONES:

ALiAs

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PREVIOUSLY IN ALIAS ...

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of Alias Investigations, a small private-investigative firm.

After a string of bad relationships, Jessica is fixed up with Scott Lang, a.k.a. Ant-Man. They are early in a potential relationship.

NEED A LAWYER?
Have you been the victim of professional sabotage?

**CALL
MURDOCK**

lies Murdock, but their desperate desire to find a solution to the Palestinian problem has pushed them both.

Fifty percent of Israelis support a "unilateral separation" from the Palestinians. This means a withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza.



TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS NO.22

Alias

TM



PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

THE SECRET
ORIGIN OF
JESSICA JONES
2 OF 2

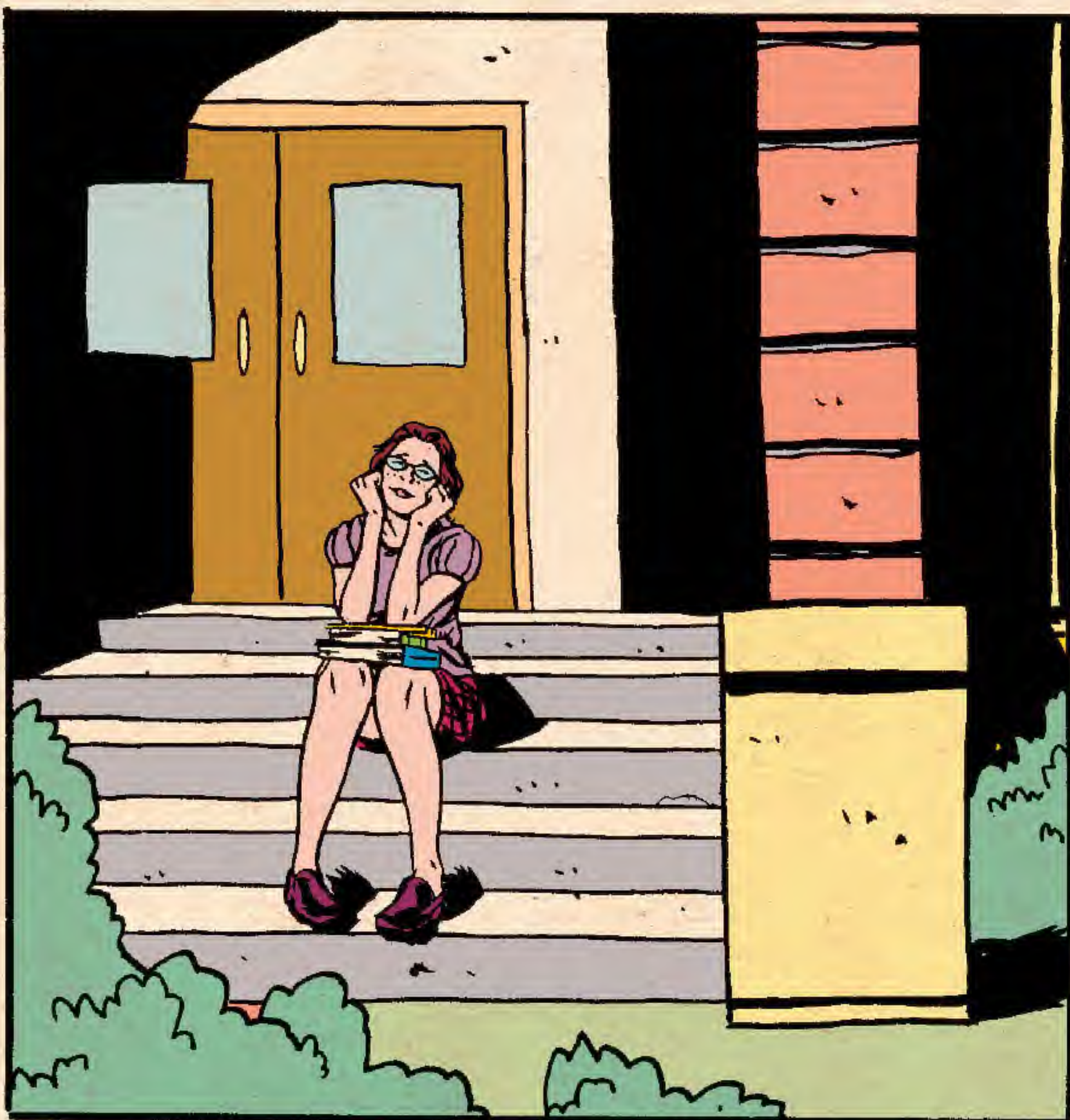
fifteen years ago

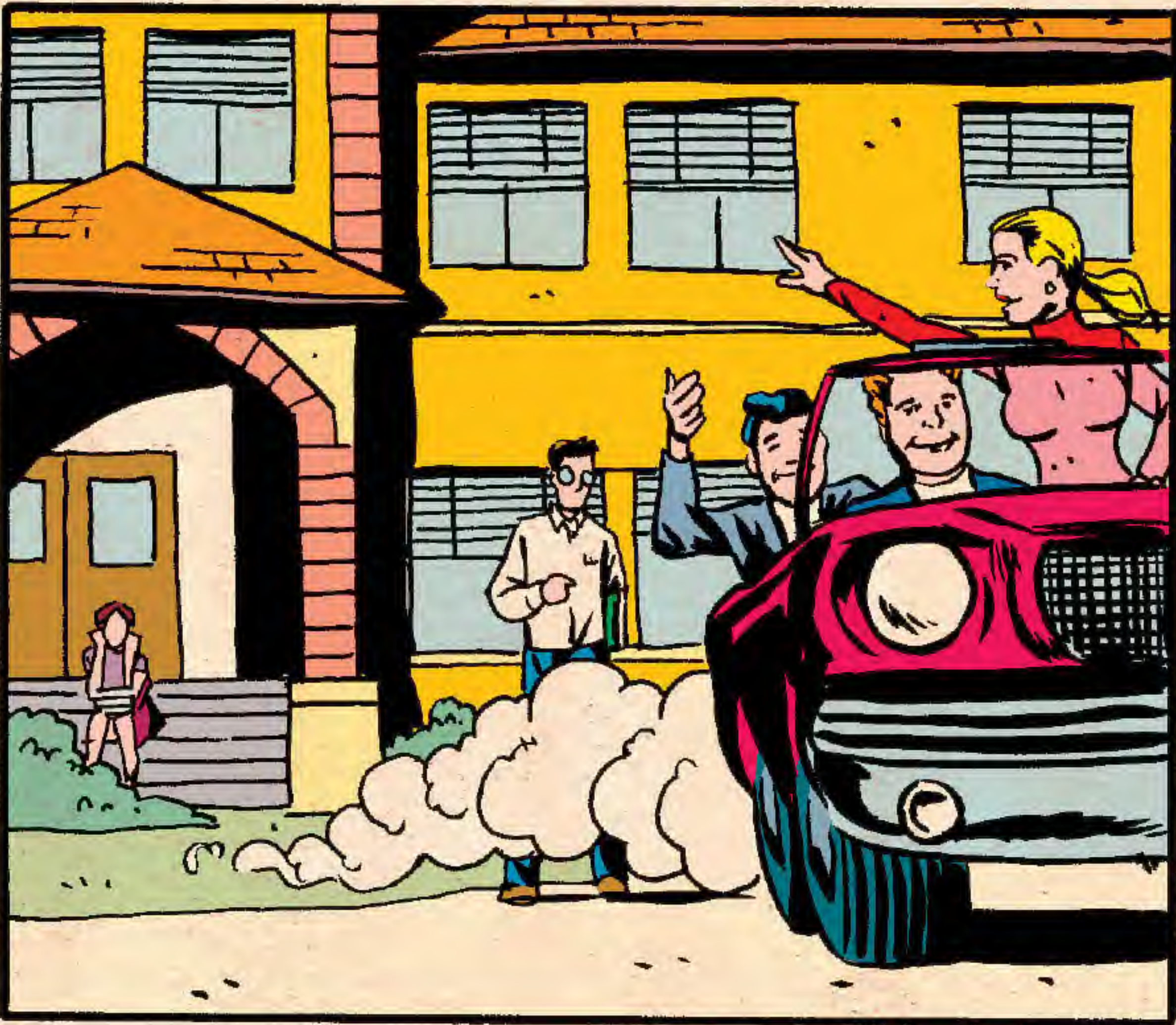
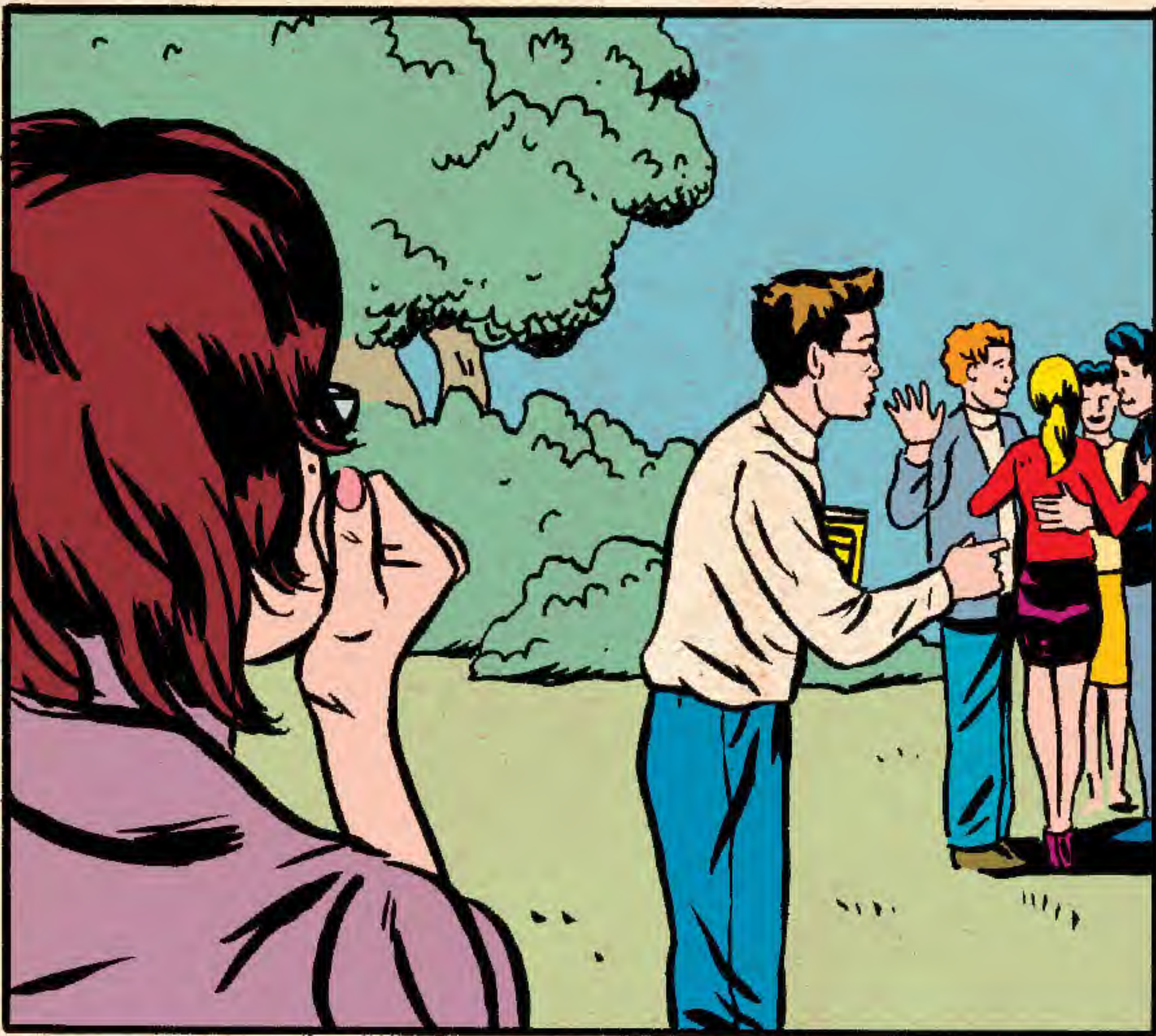
SAY, GANG!
WE NEED ONE
MORE GUY FOR THE
DANCE! HOW ABOUT
PETER PARKER
OVER THERE?

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'? THAT
BOOKWORM WOULDN'T
KNOW A CHA-CHA
FROM A WALTZ!



after DITKO

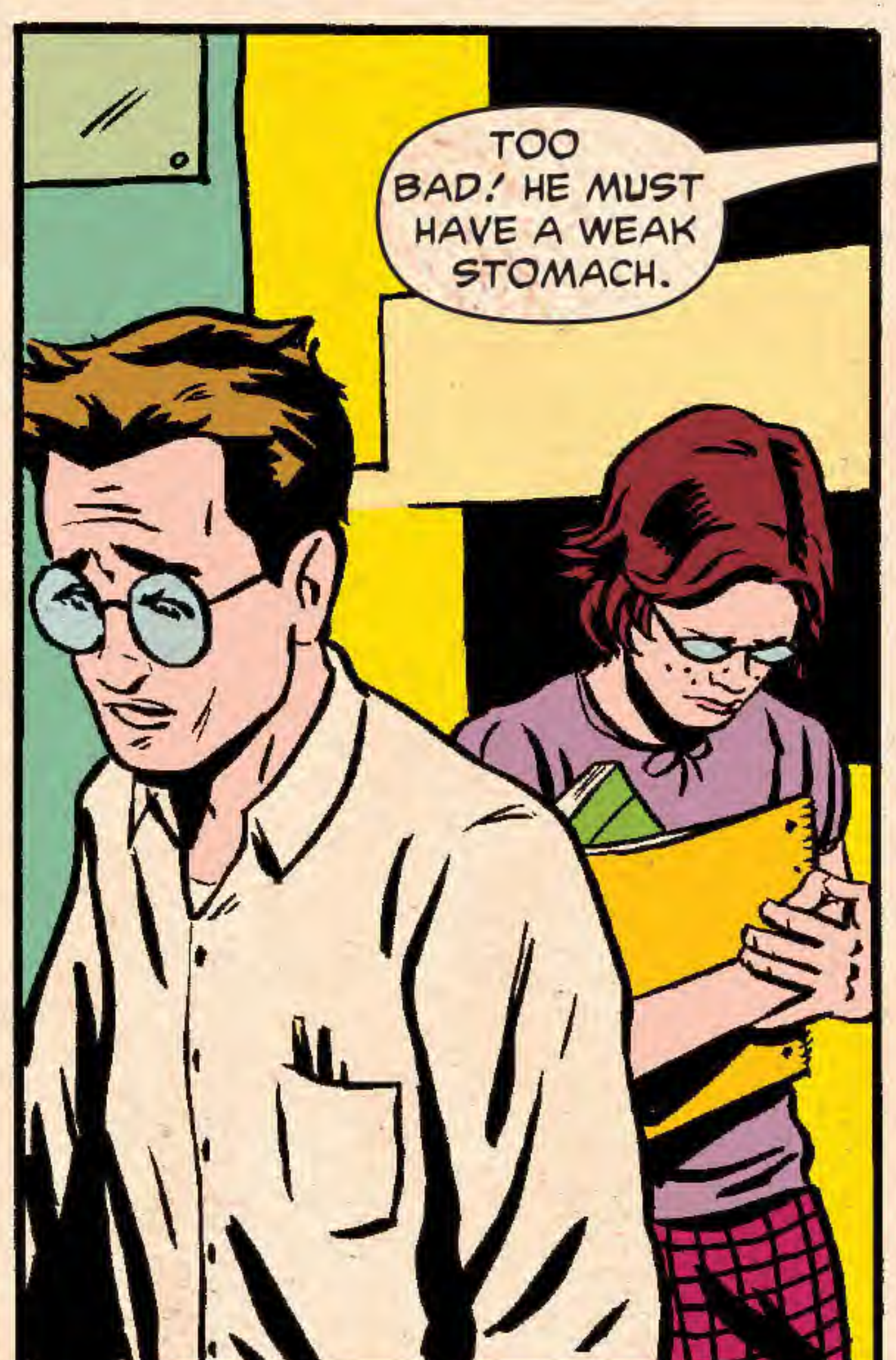
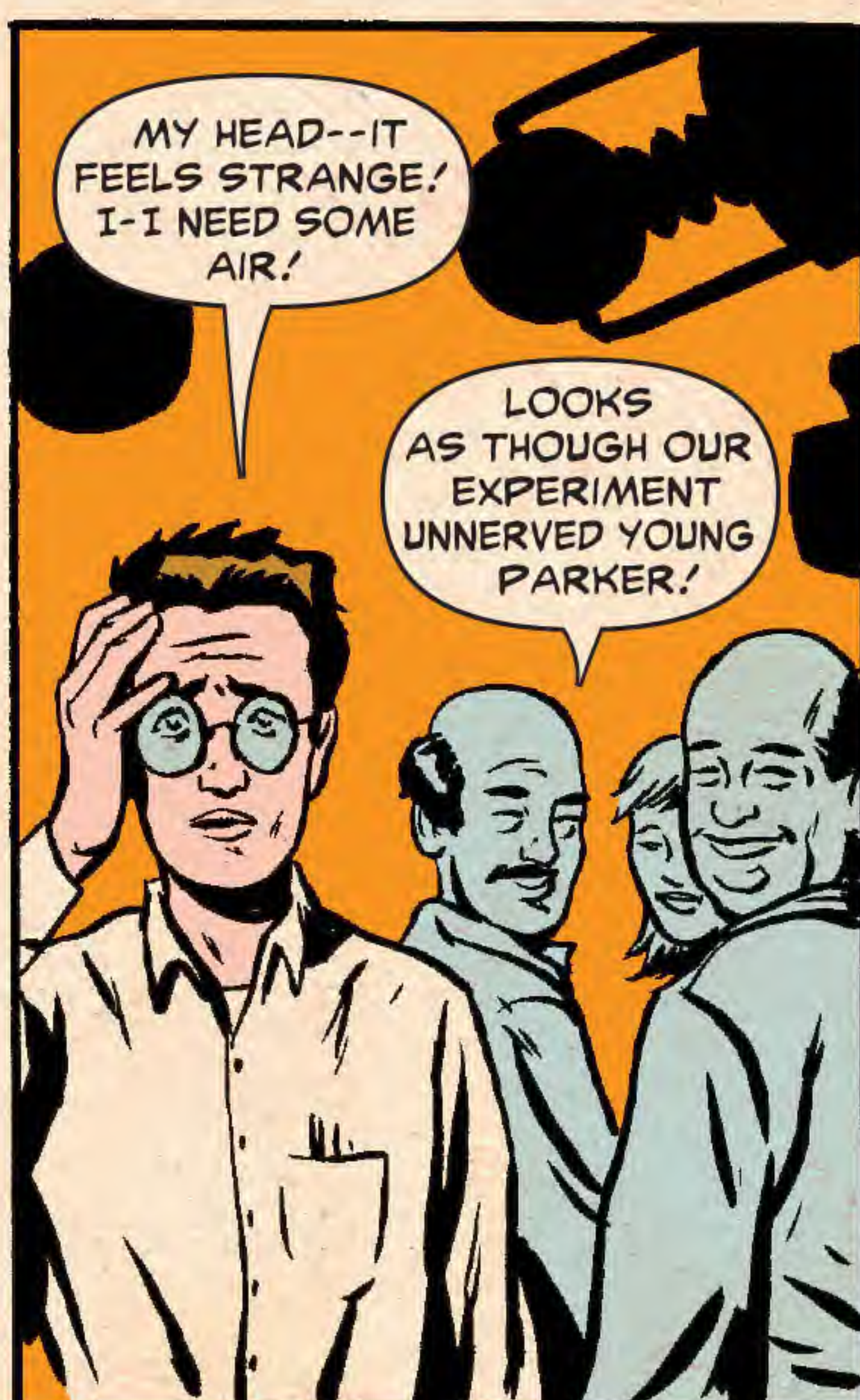
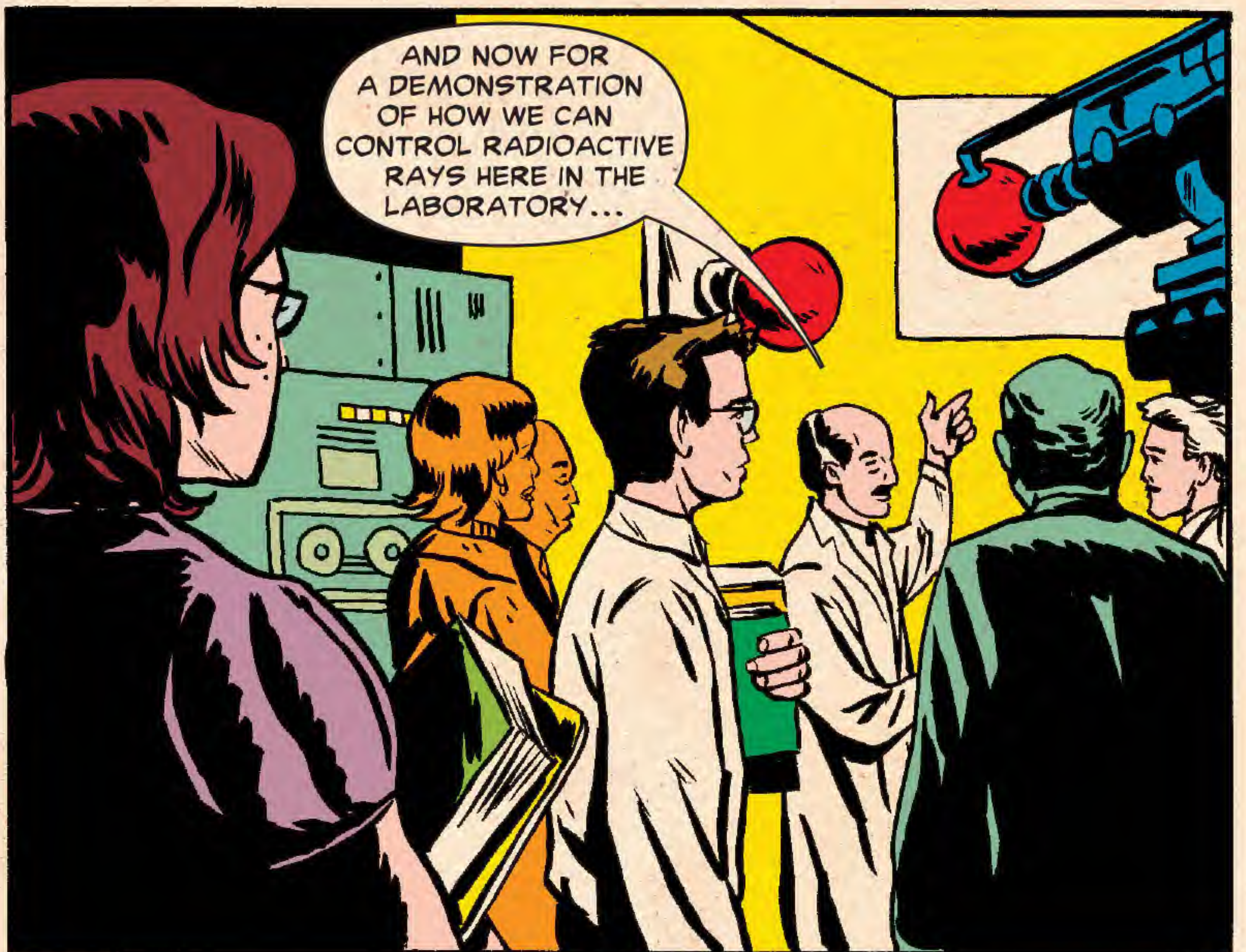
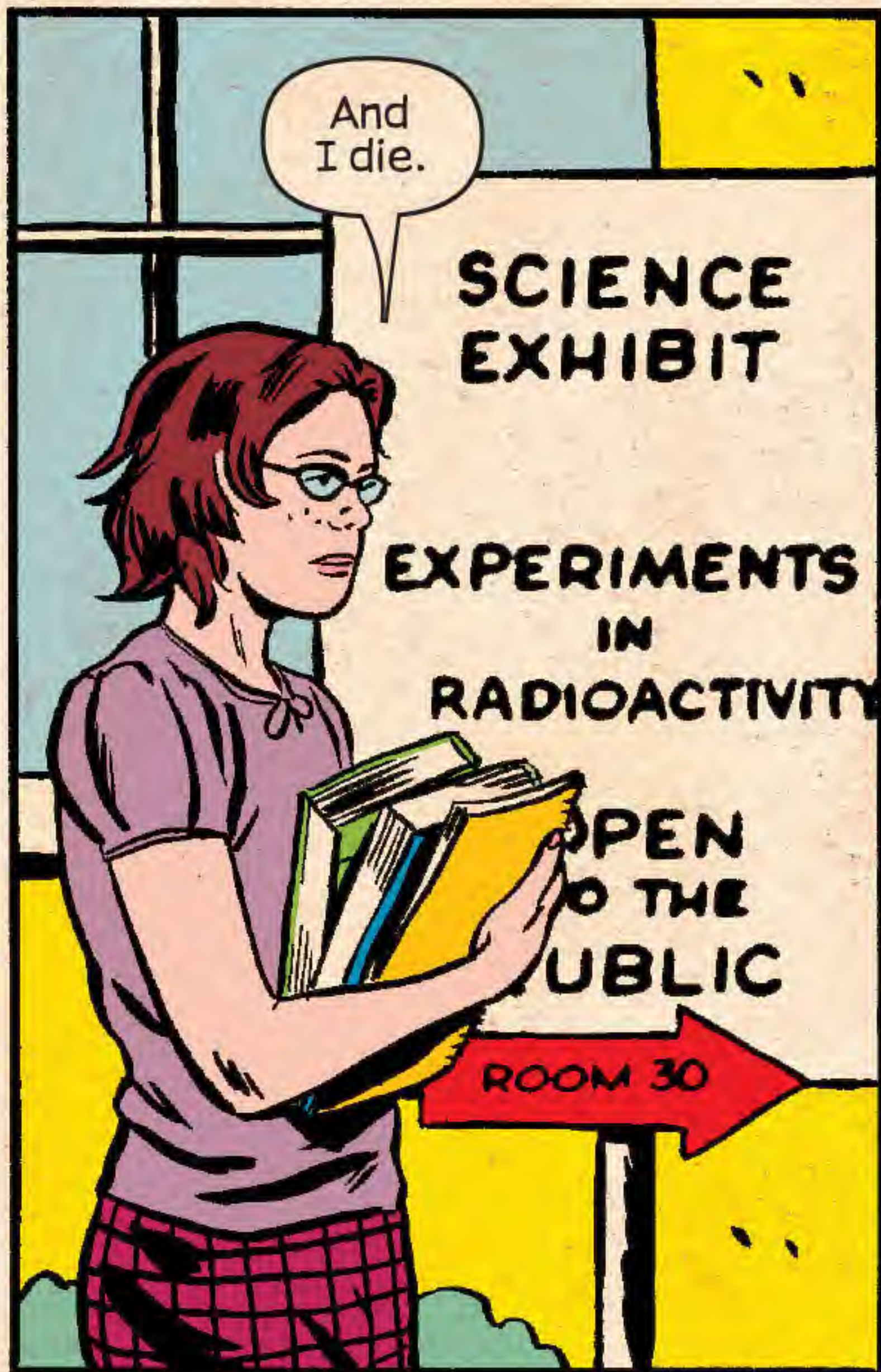




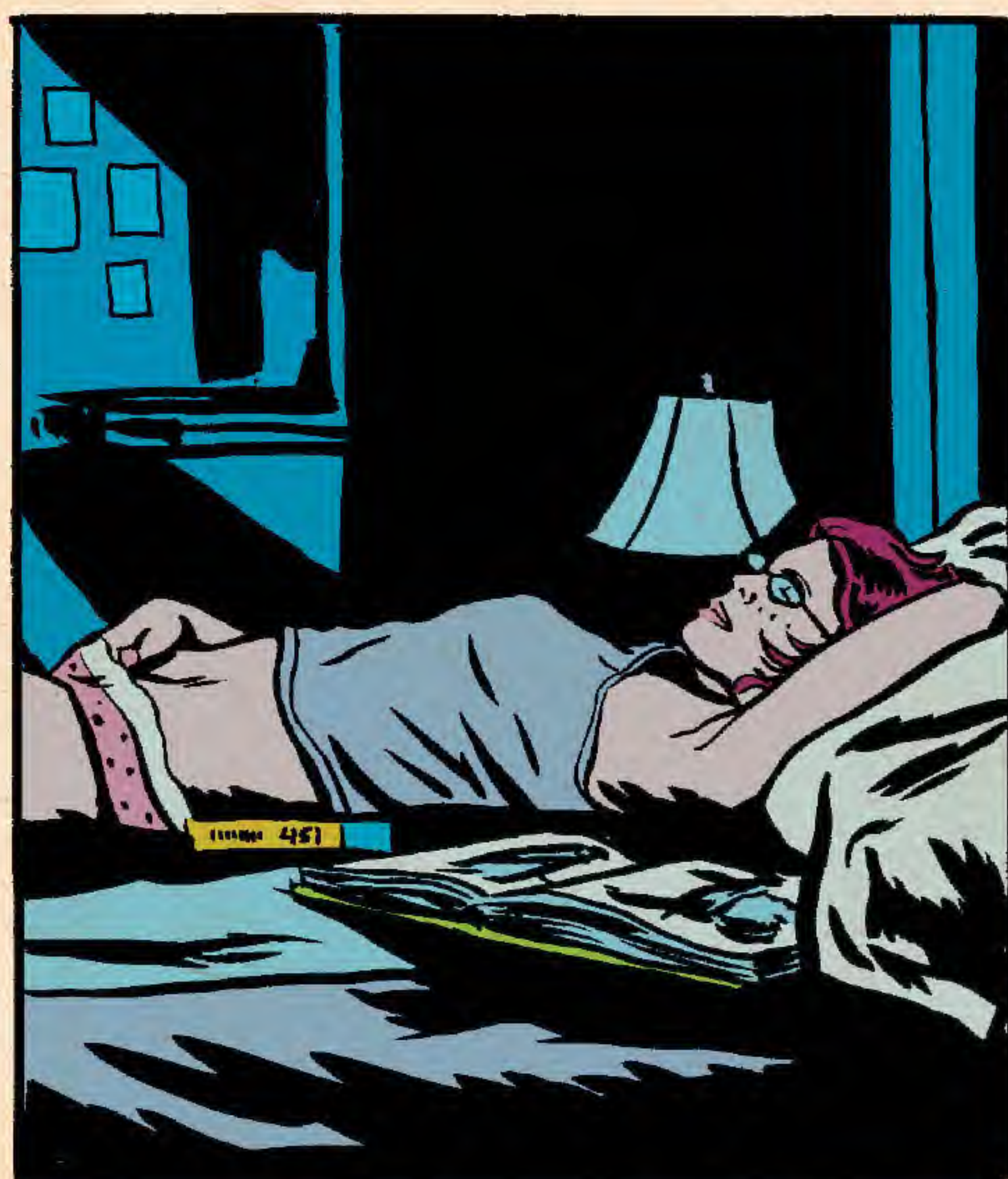
Today.
Today's the
day.

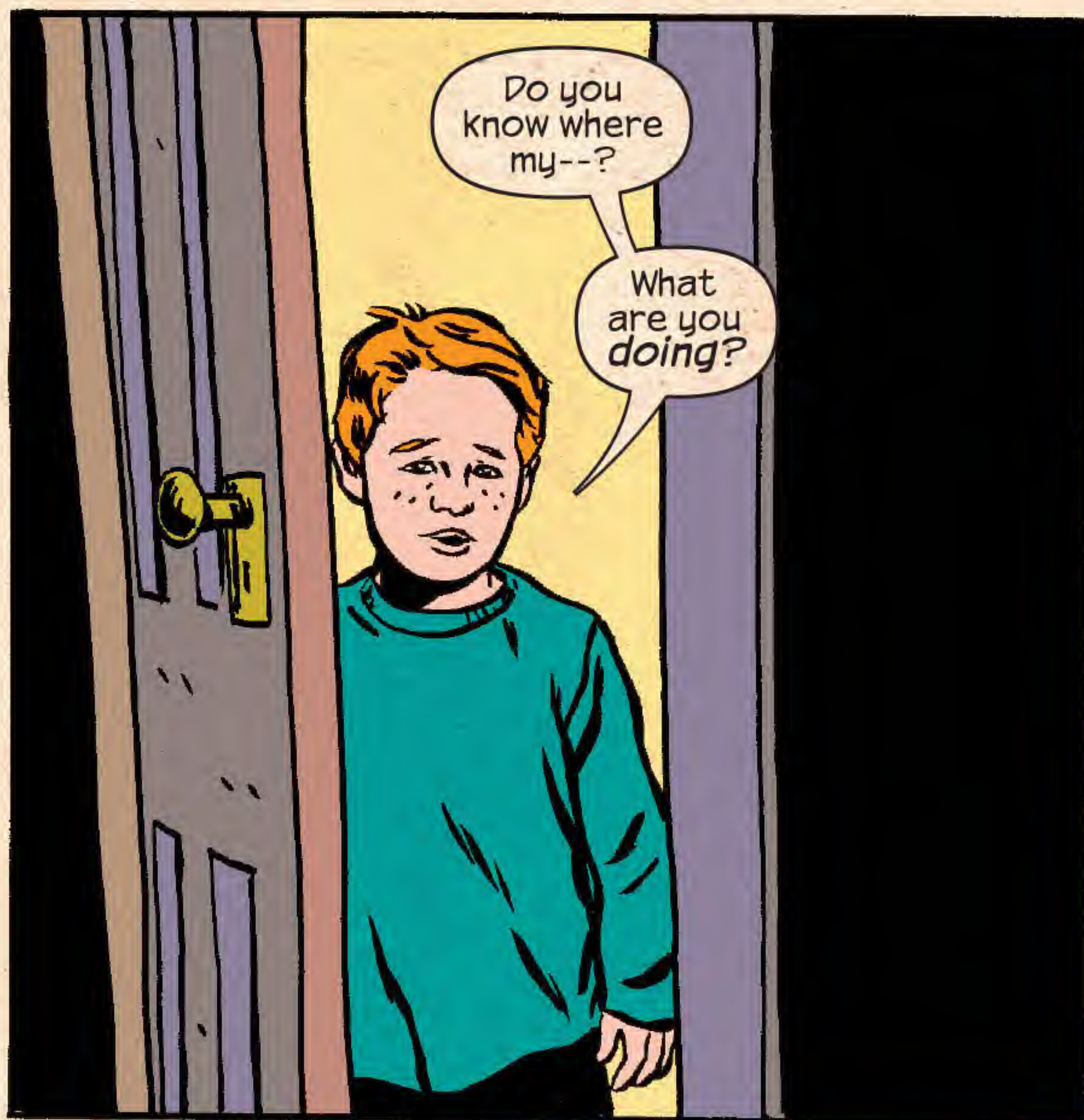
Worst
thing?

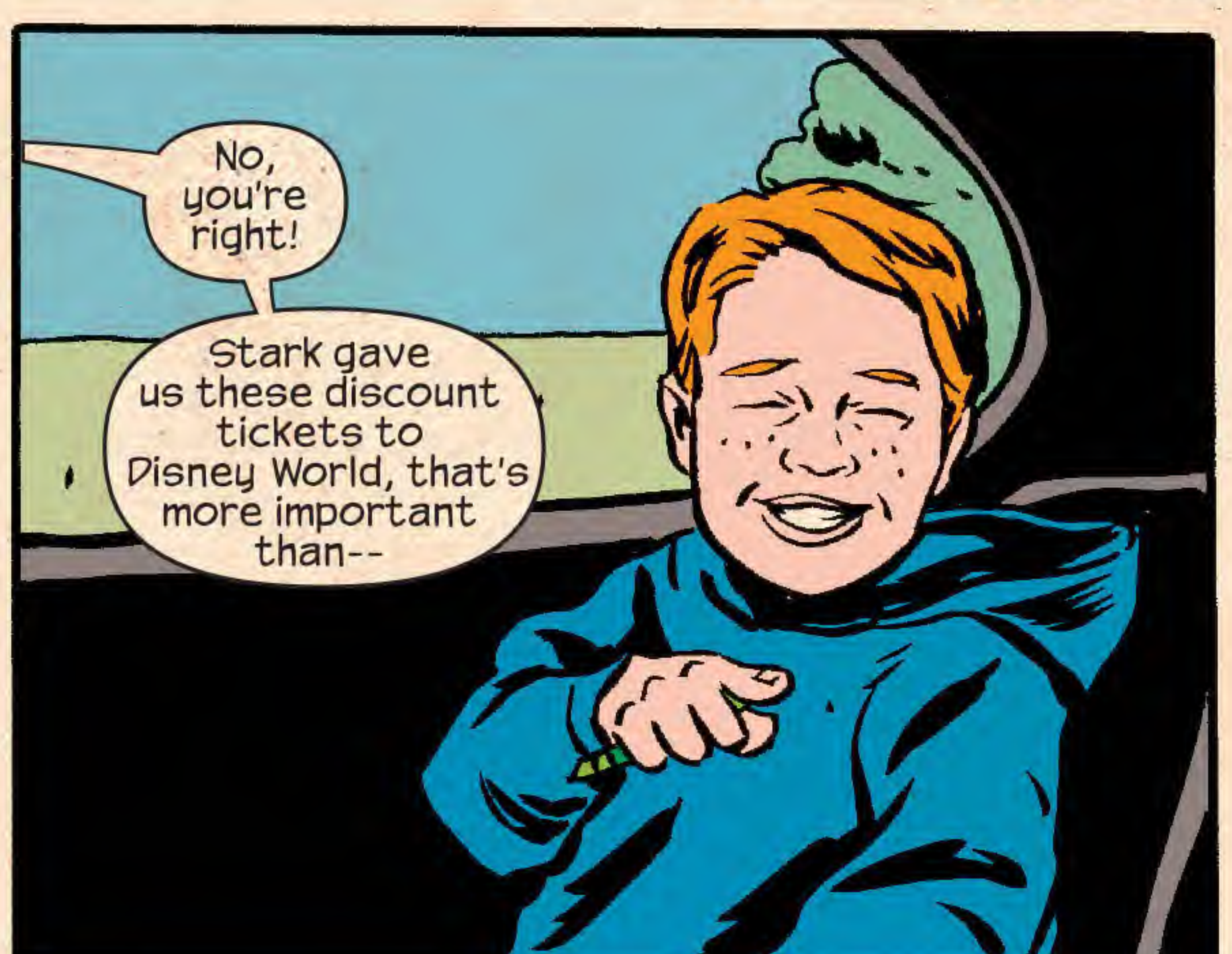
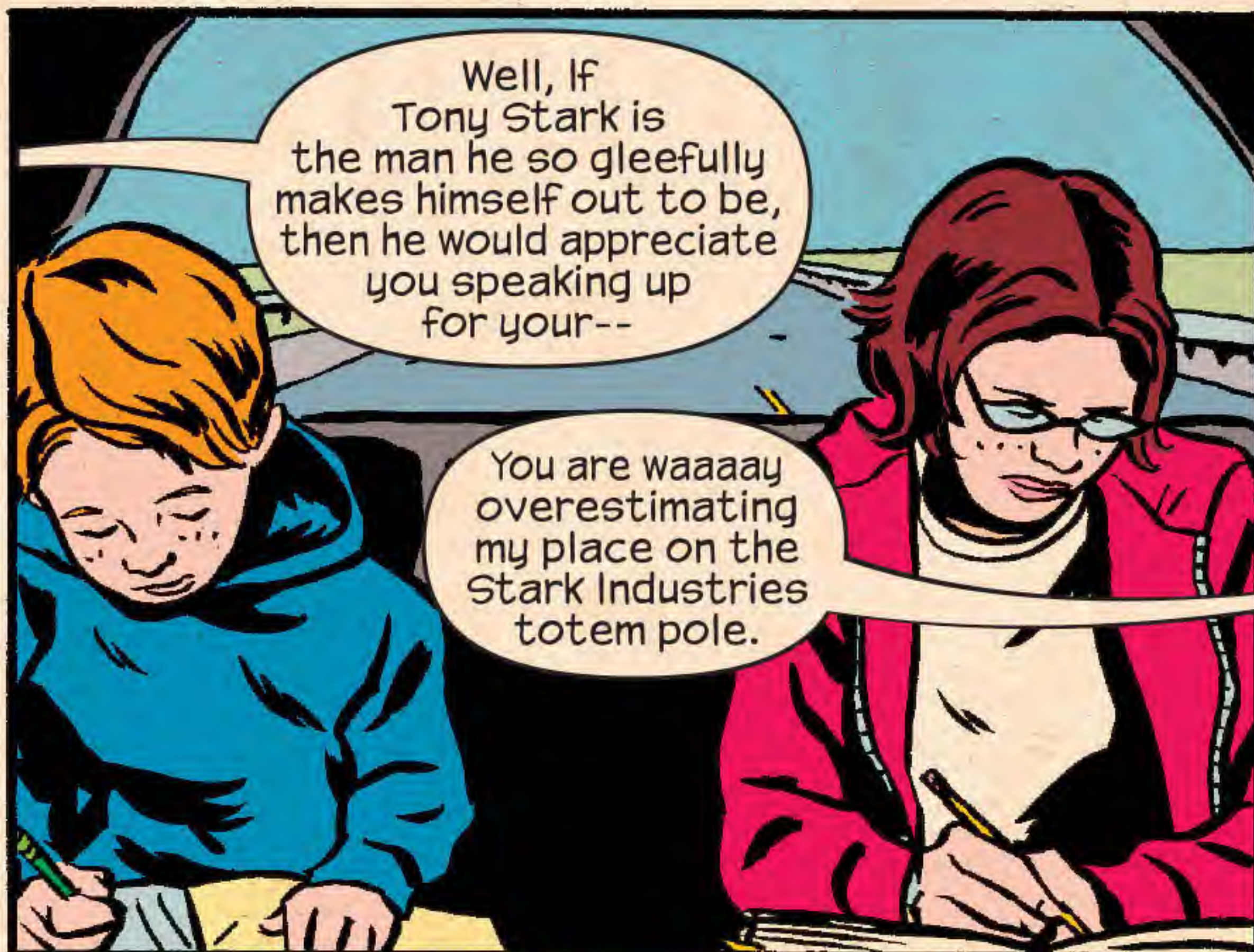
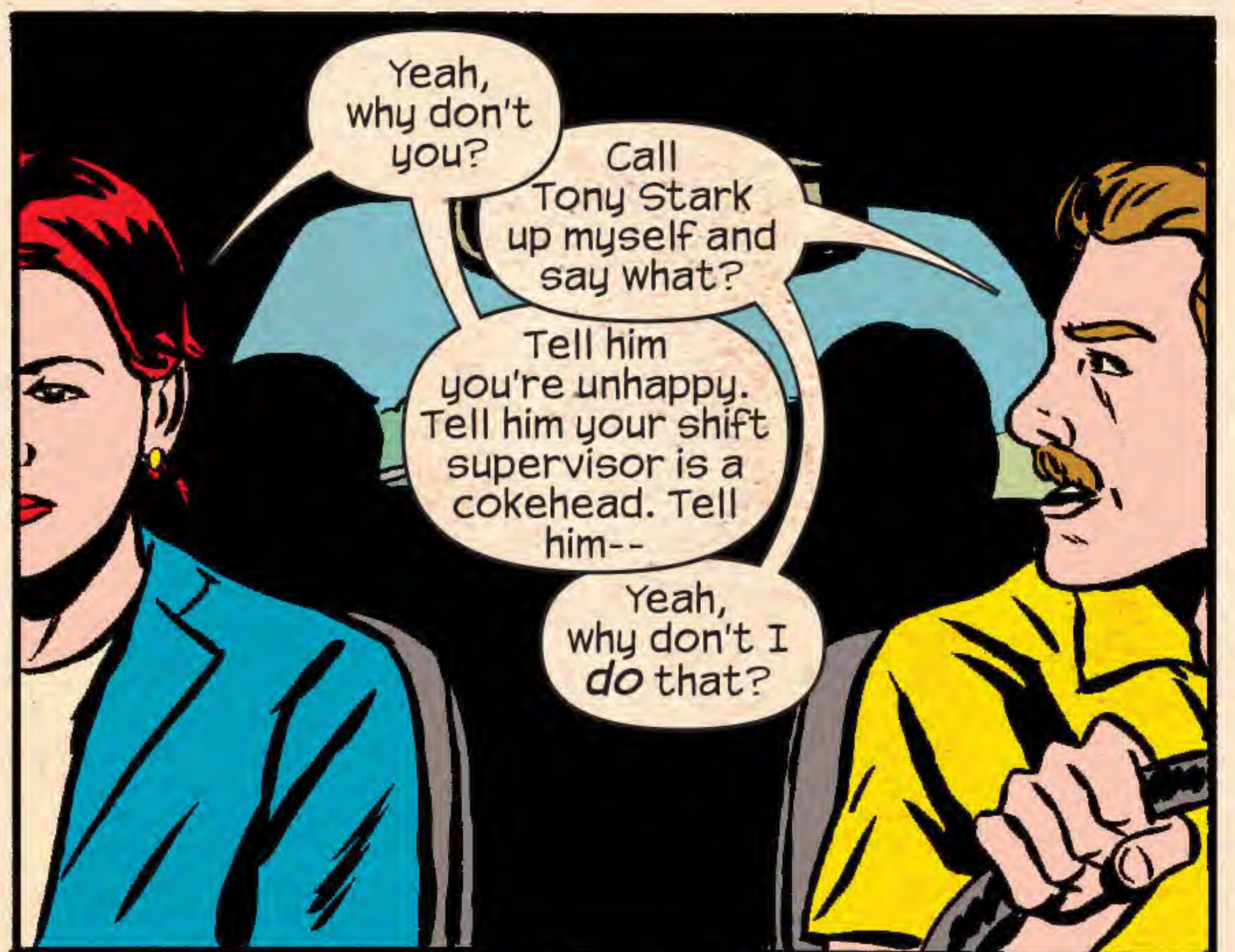
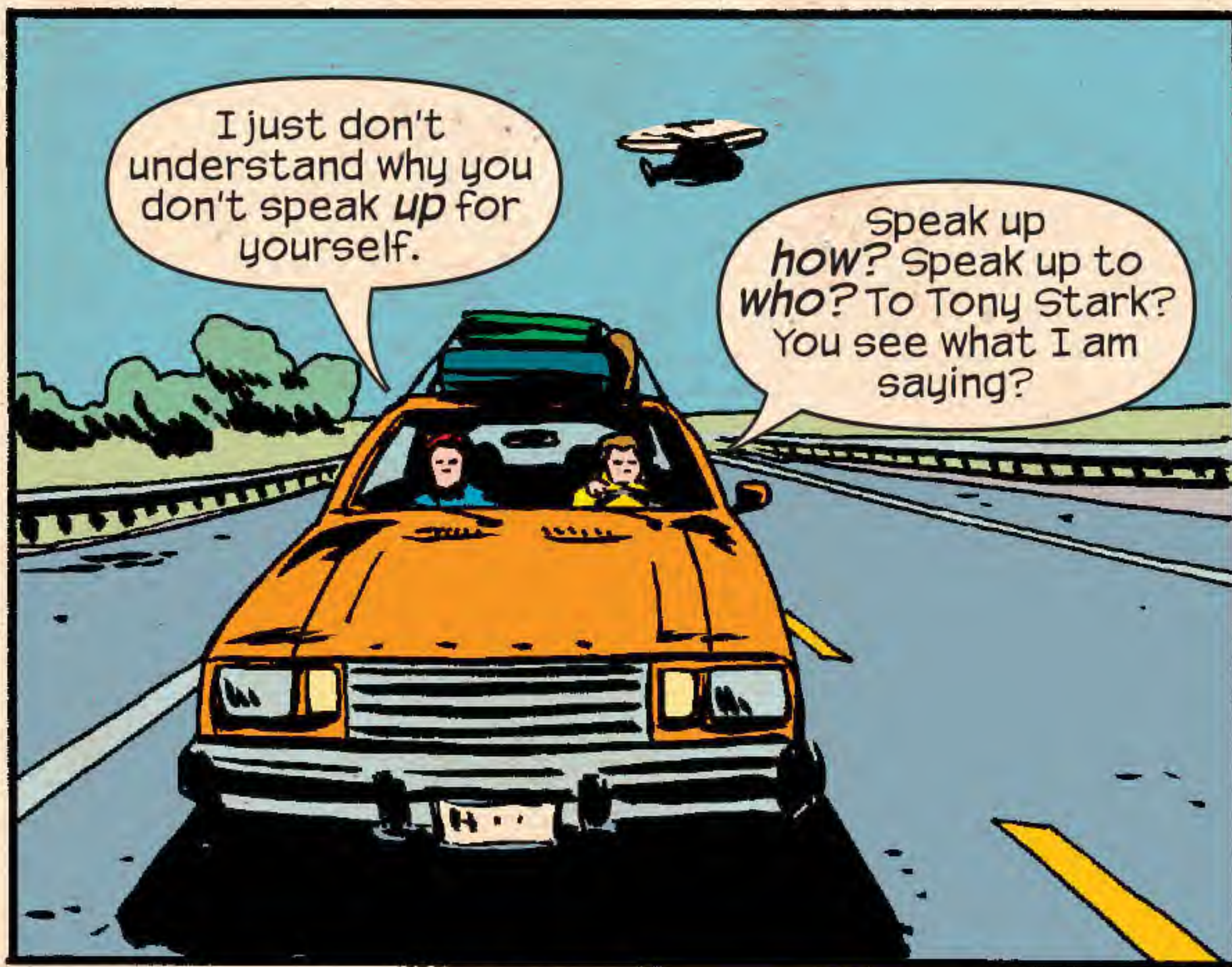
He
says
no.

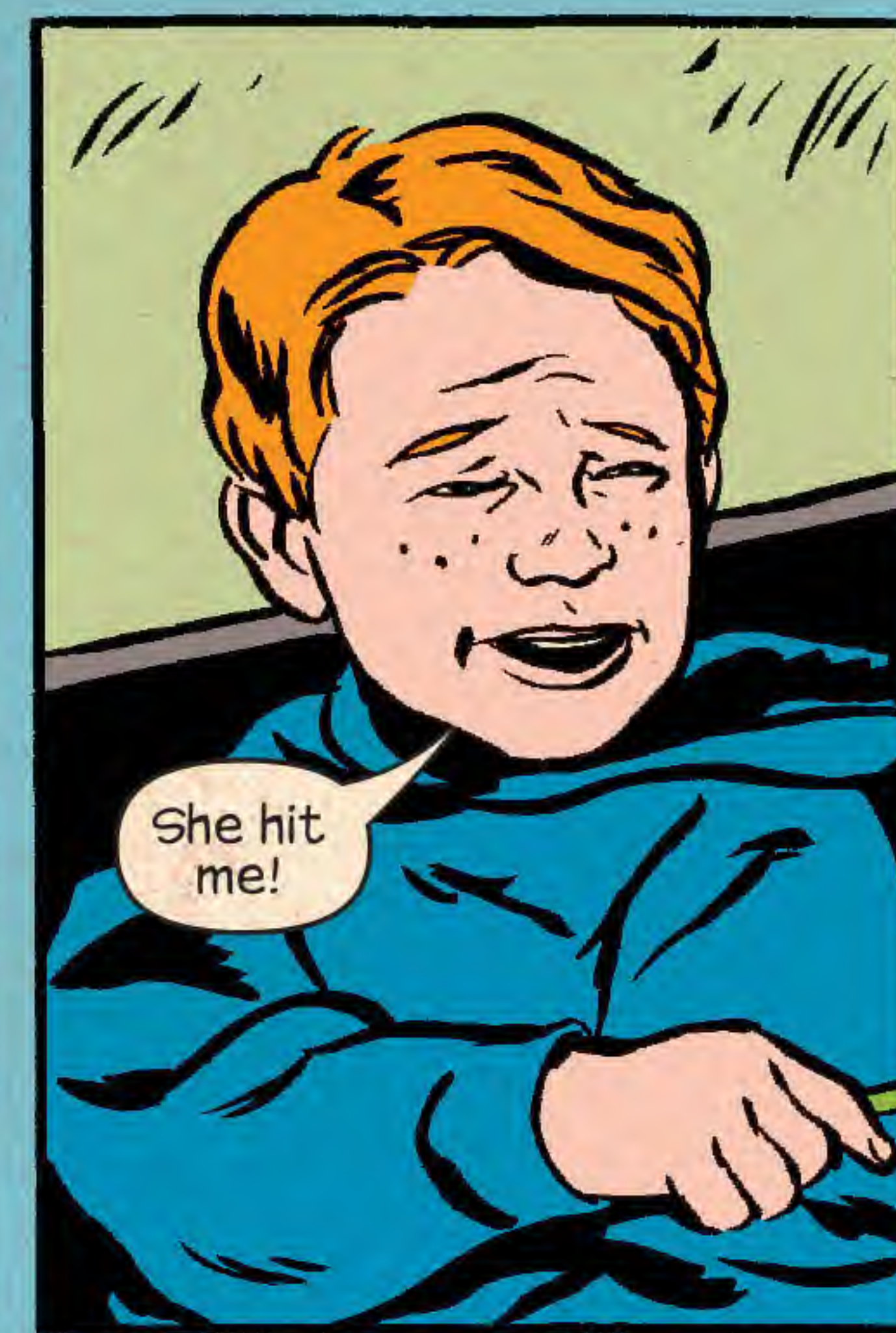


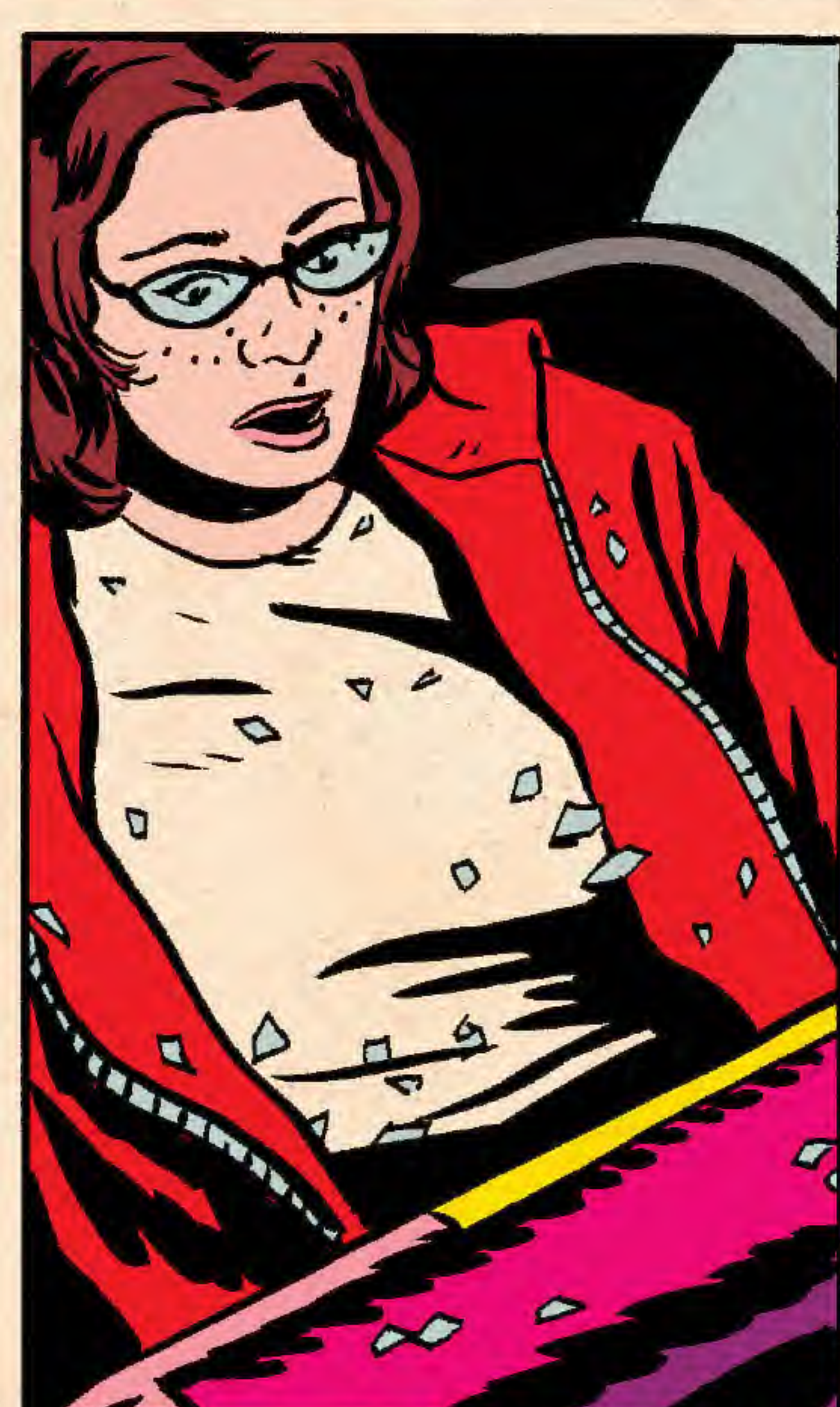
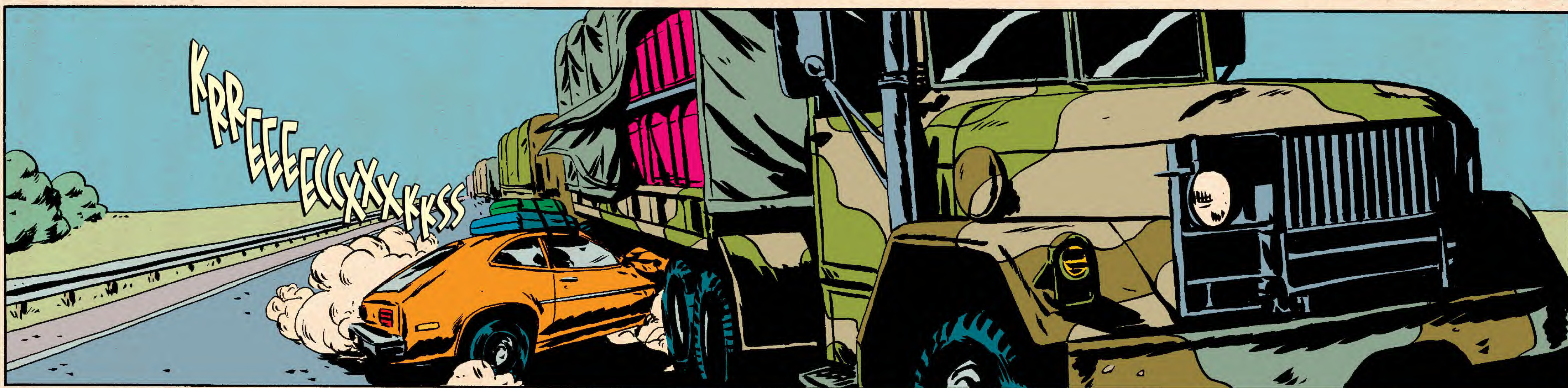


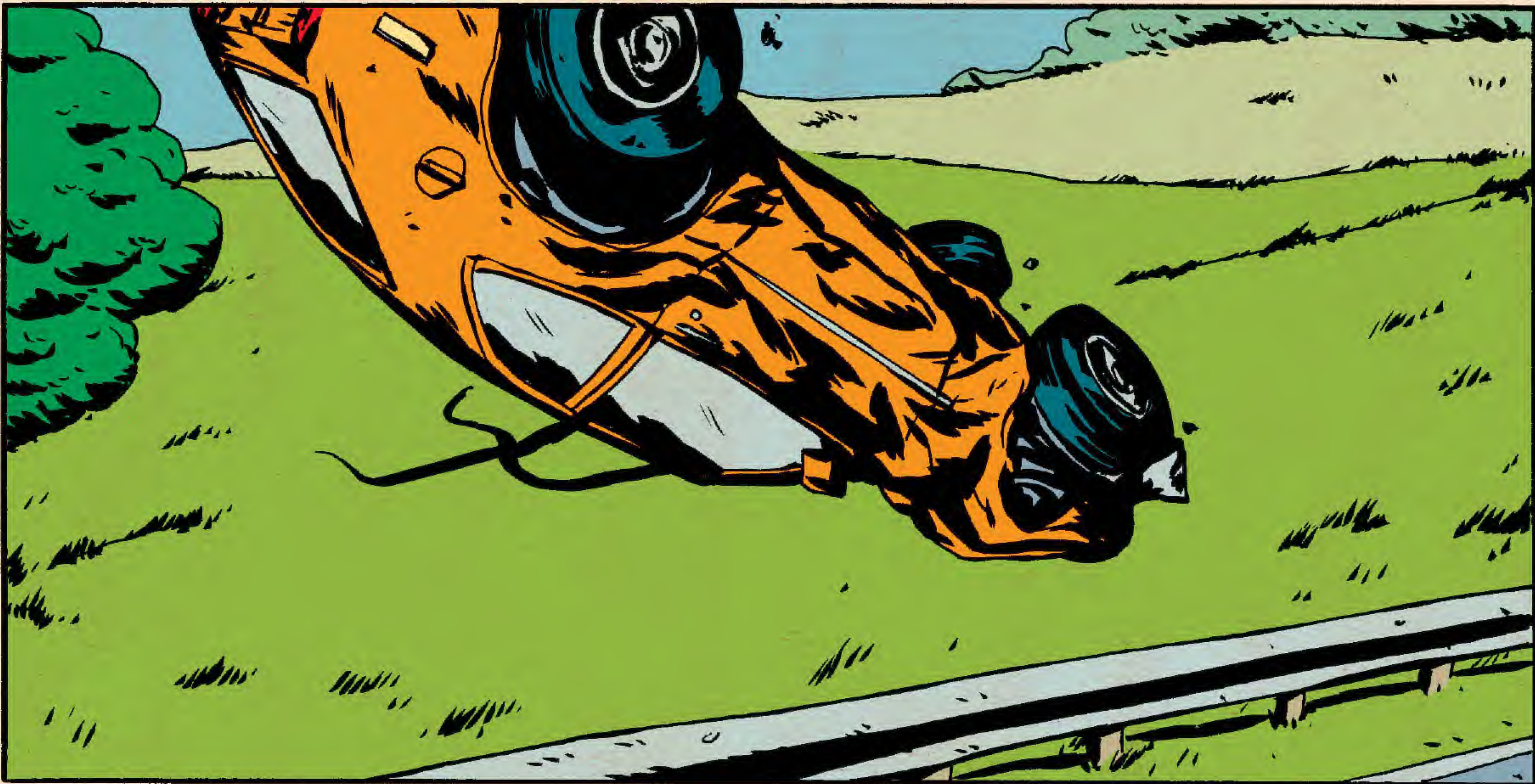
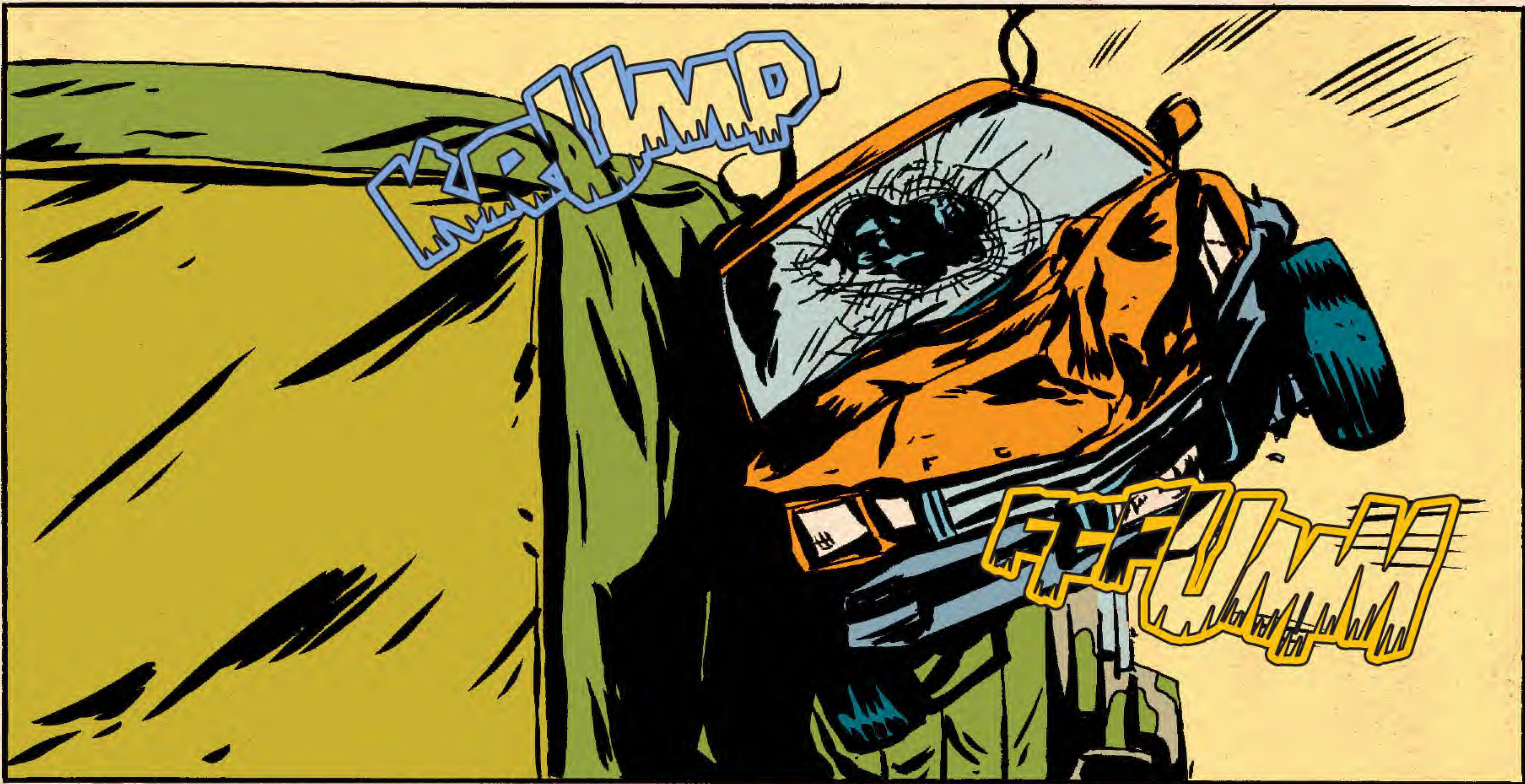
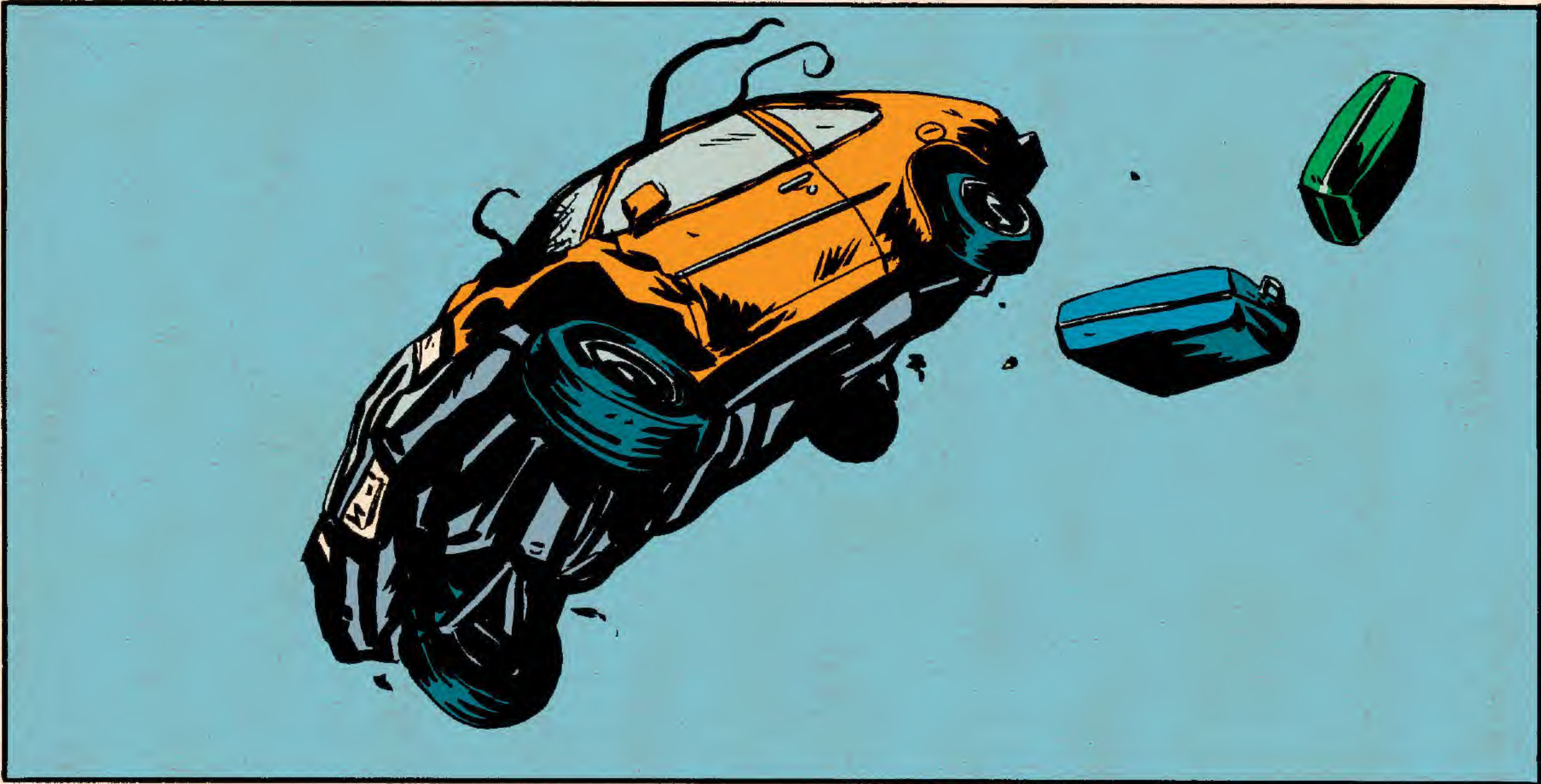




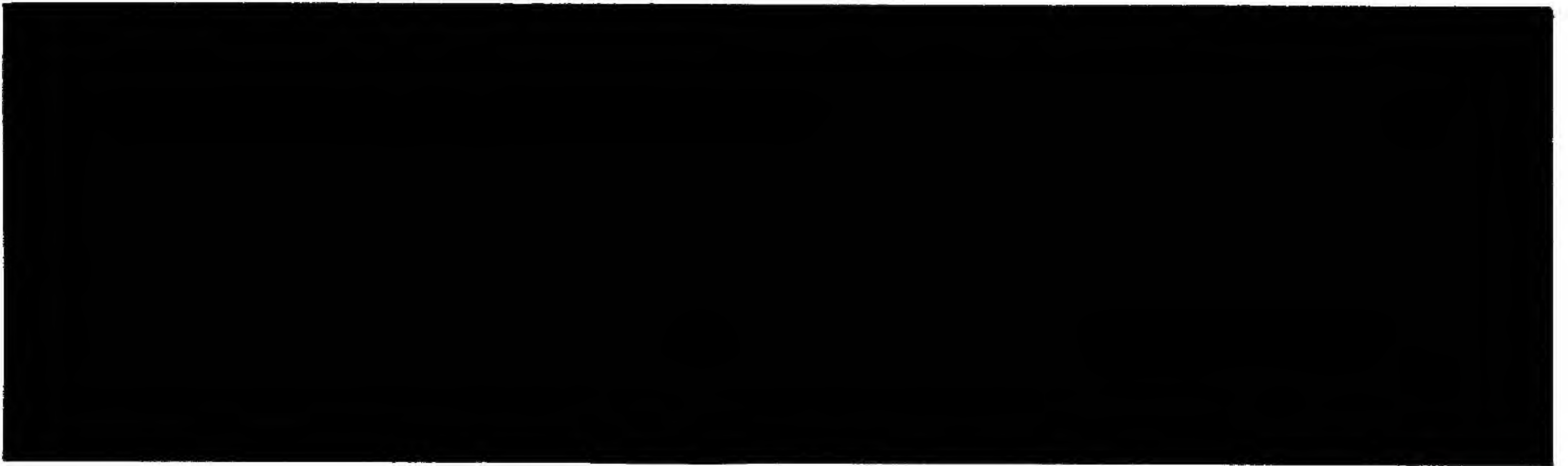
















Okay, alright, okay, get the kids away from the window.

What is that? What's happening?

It's the damn Baxter Building again, we have to--

I know, but what is that thing?

The power might be out for a while.

But we have a generator, right?

Check the coma--

Don't we have a generator? How can--

It's okay, kids, kids it's--

Nurse Chapel, look!



Oh my God! She's, she's awake.

The power surge must have--

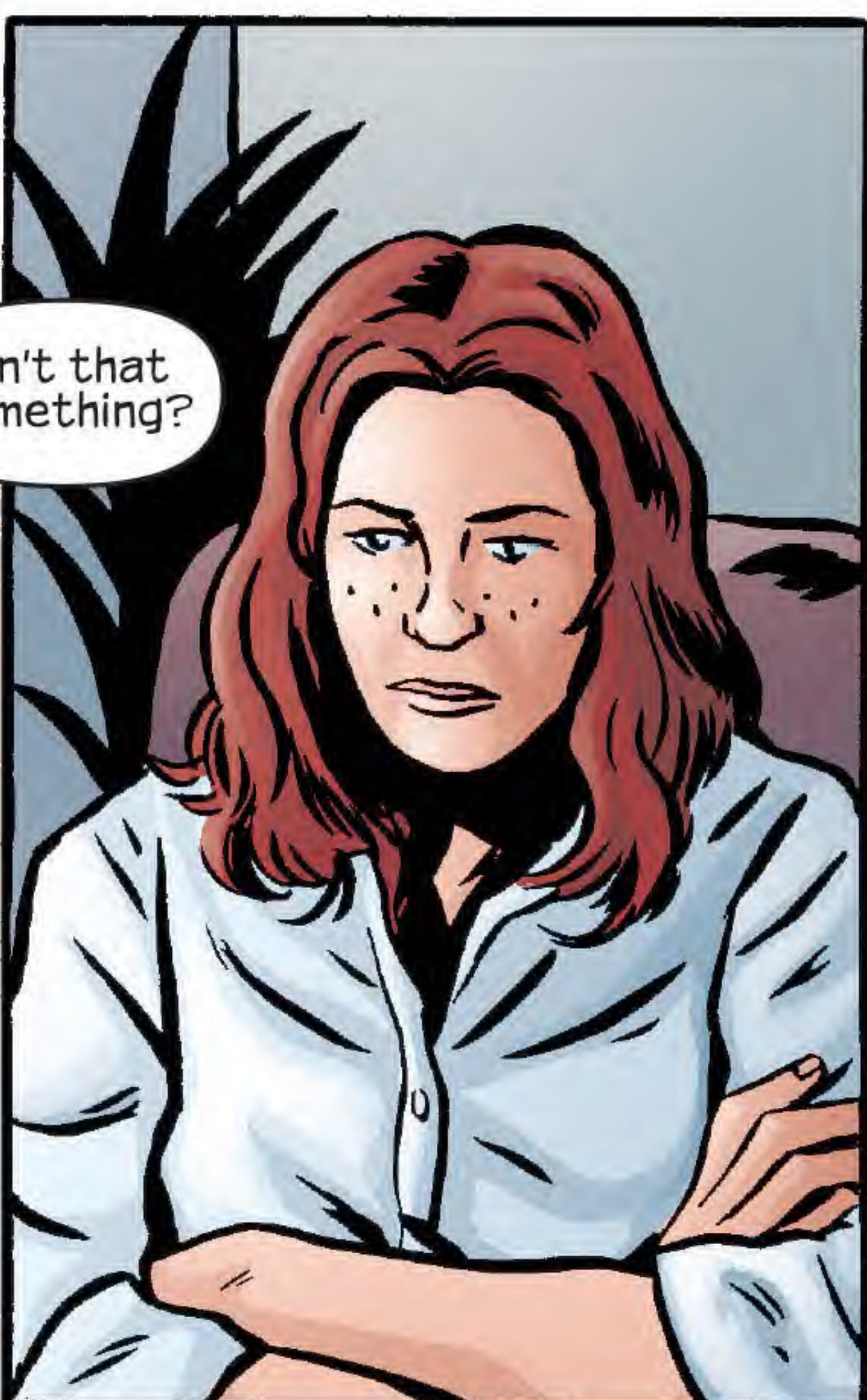
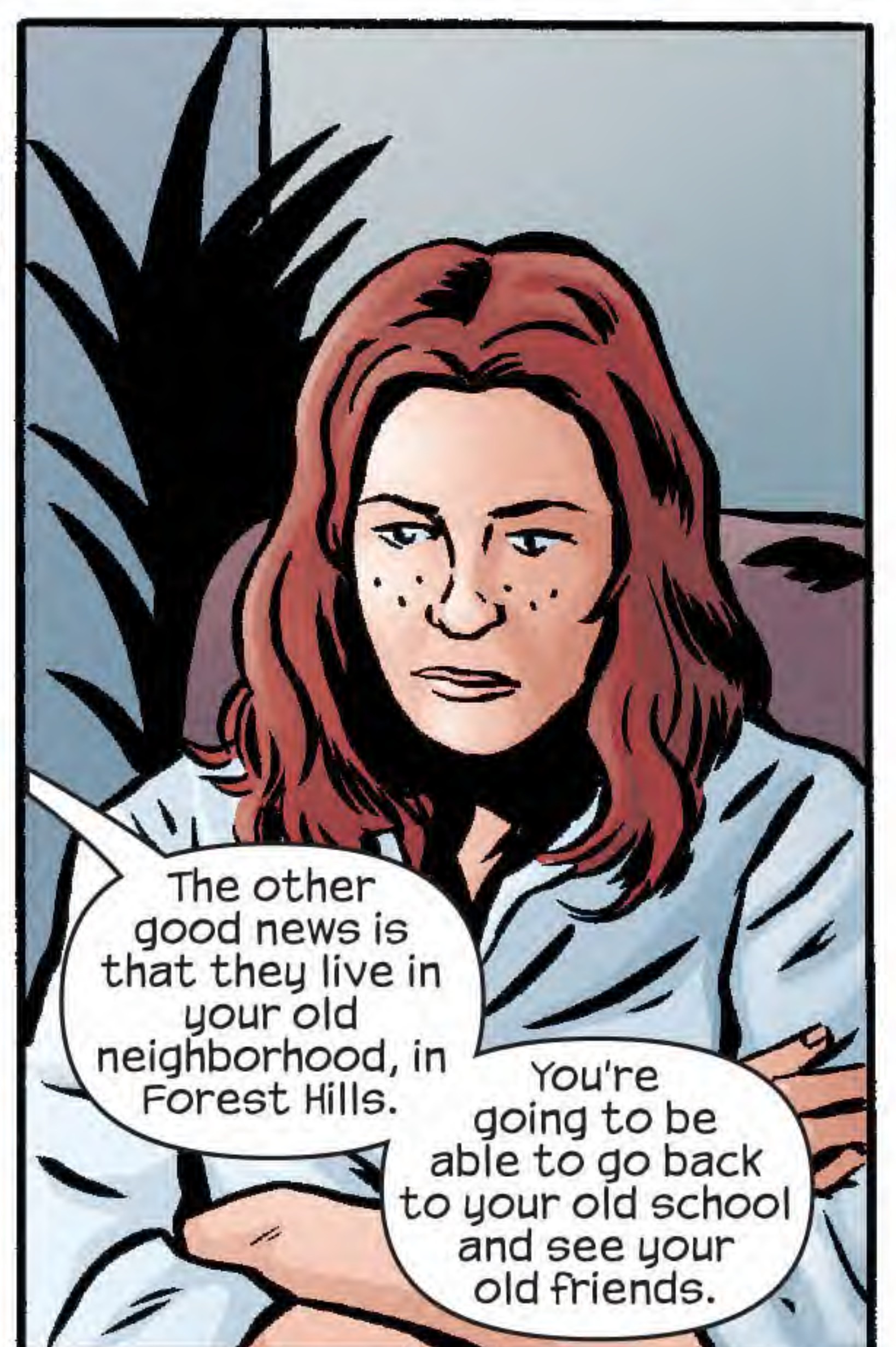
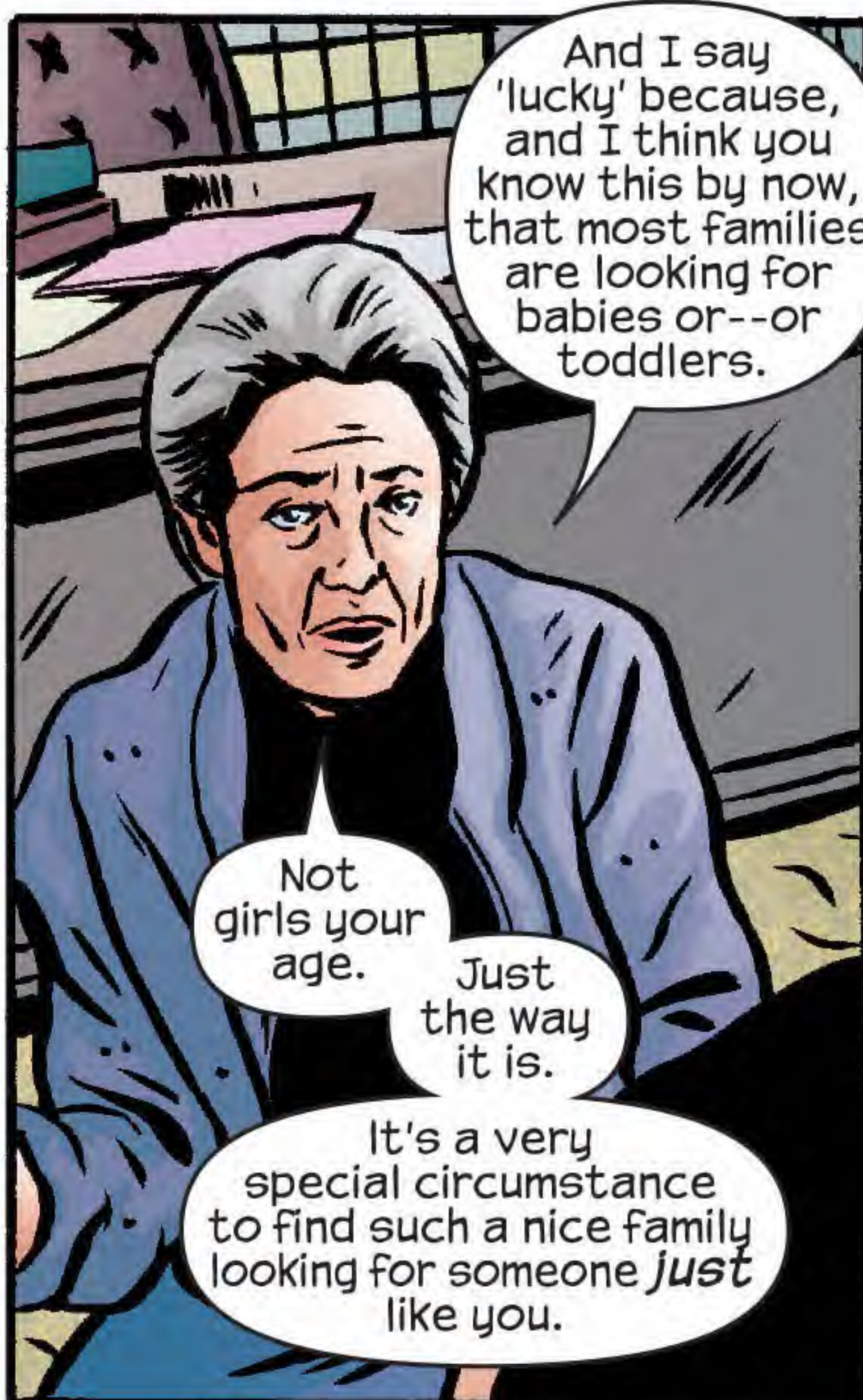
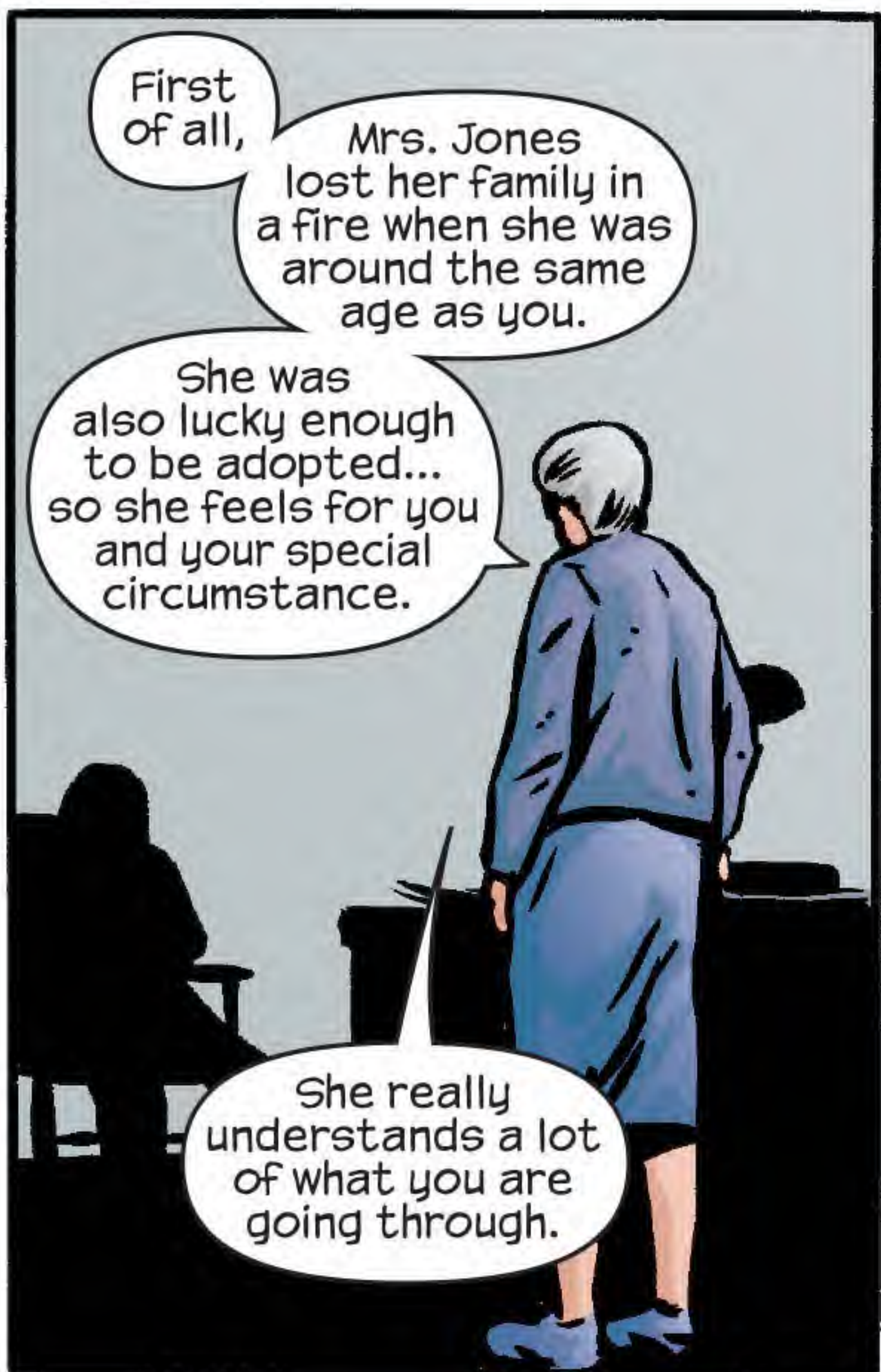
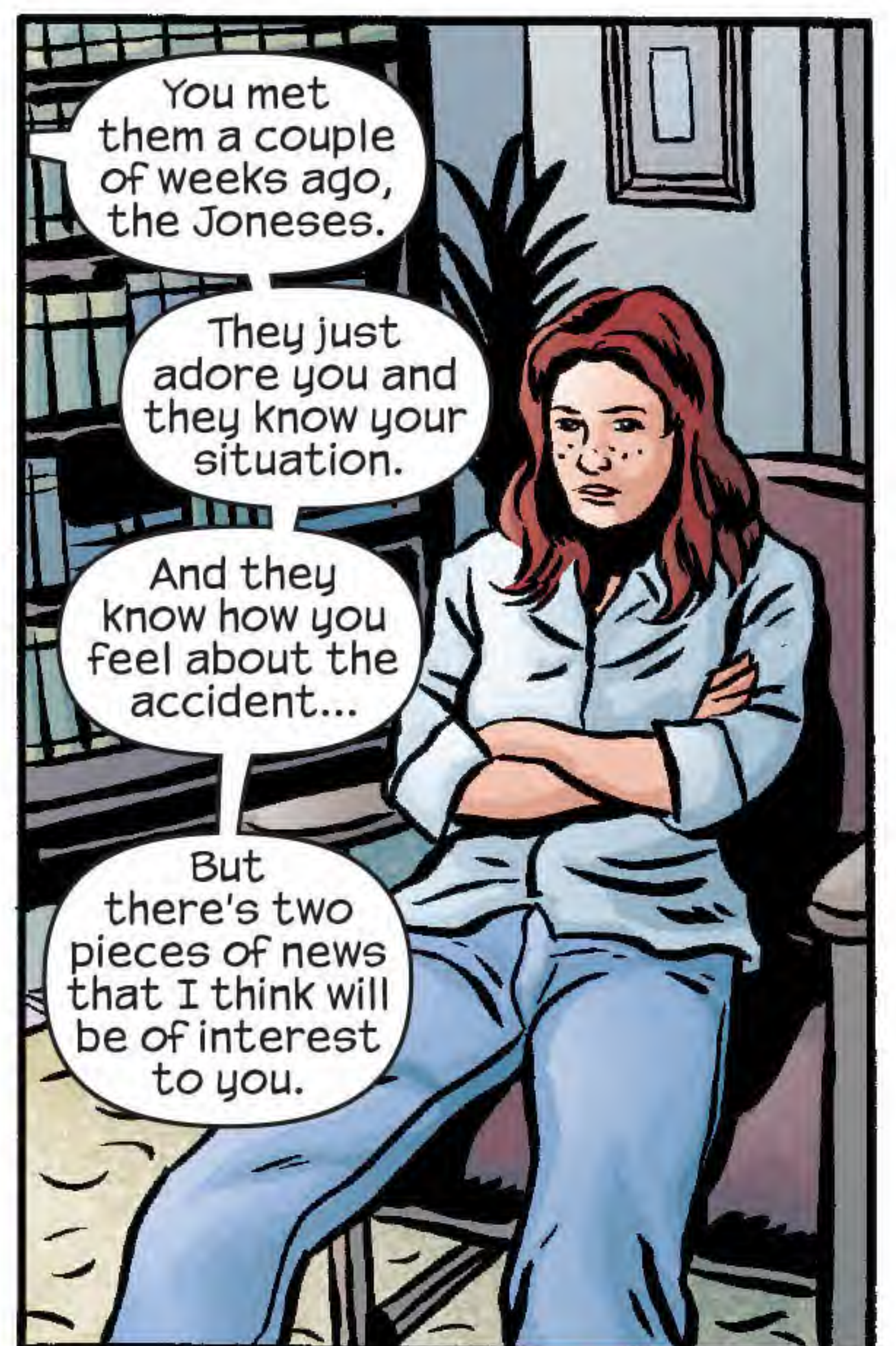
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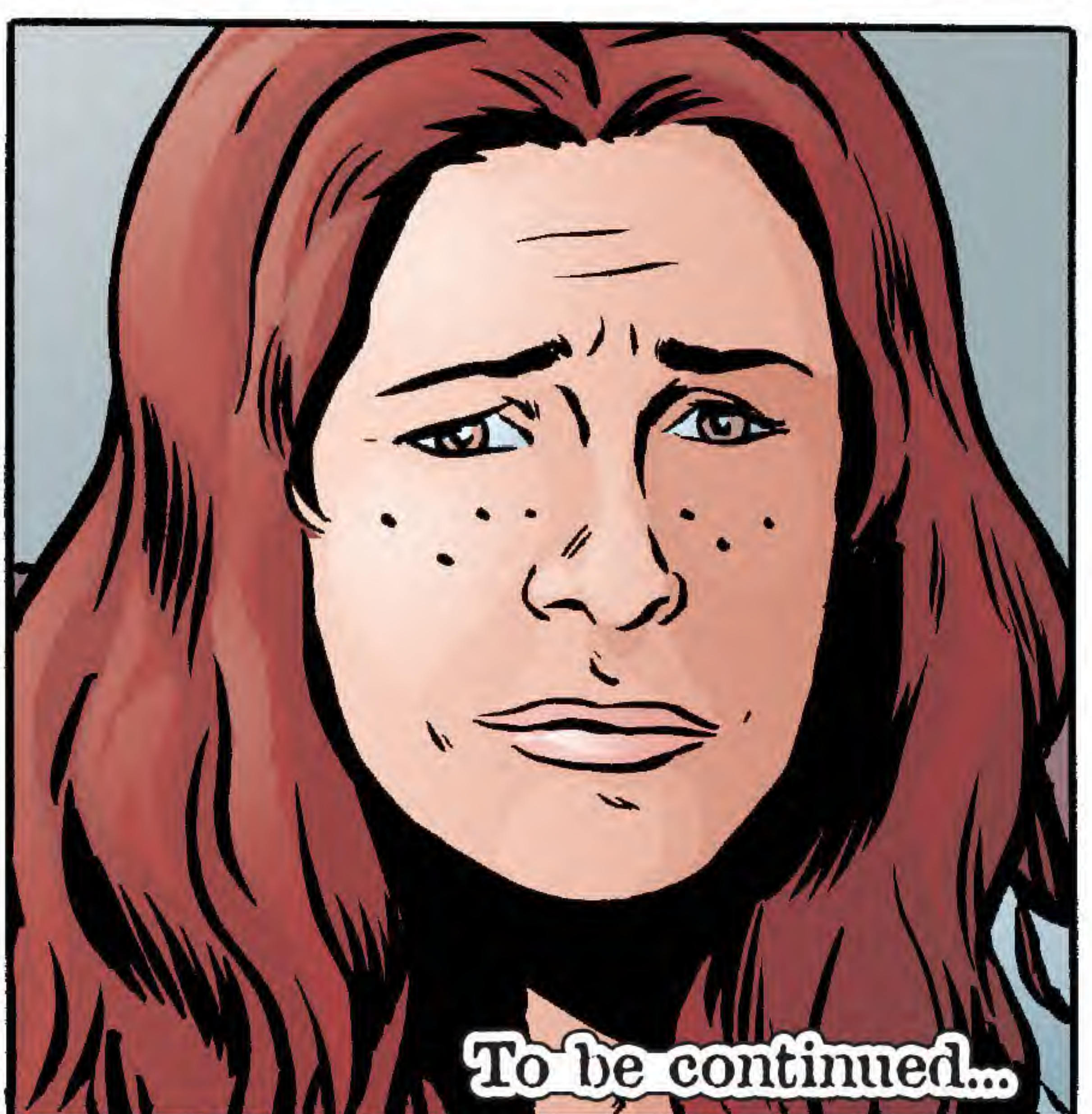
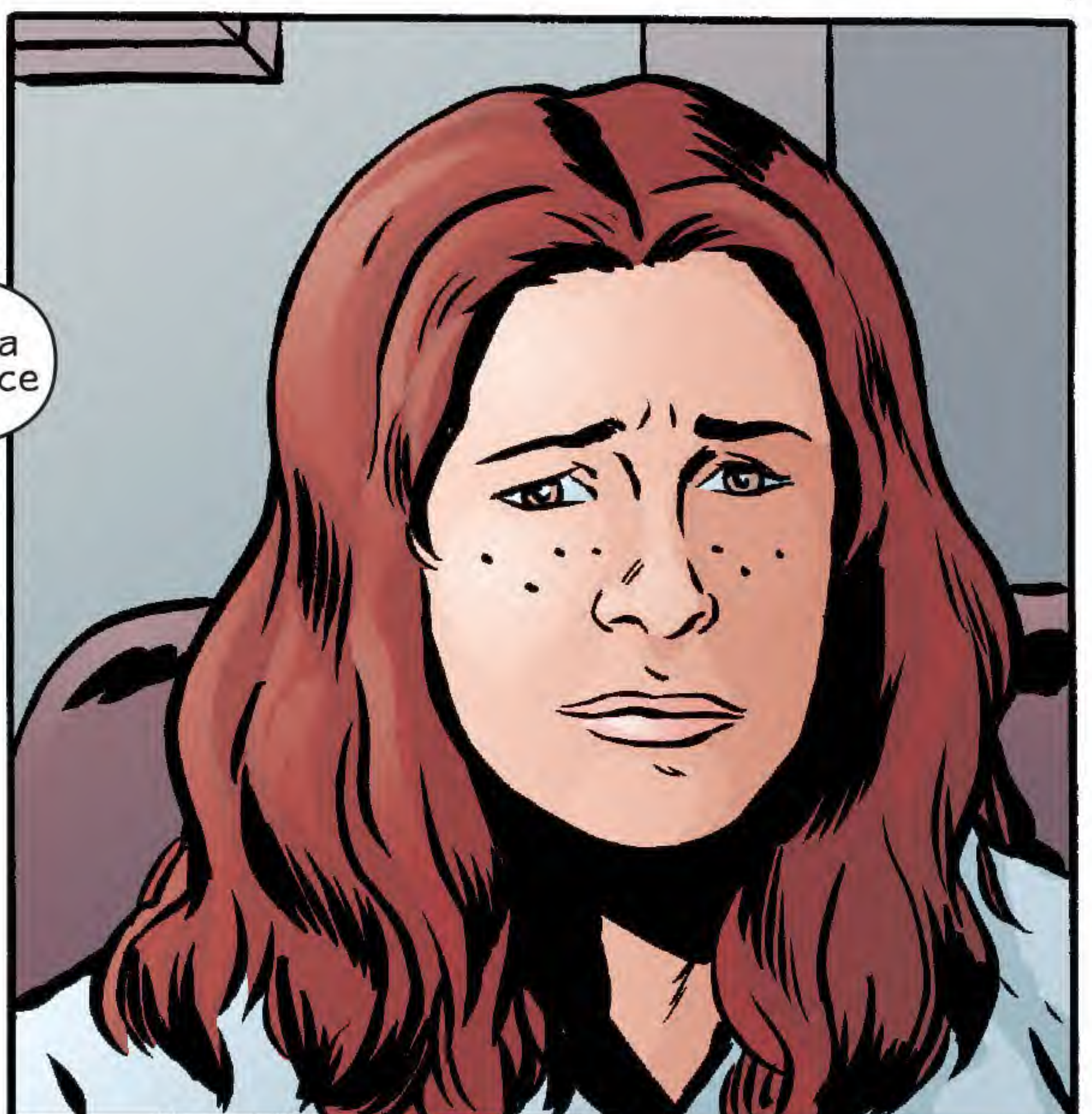
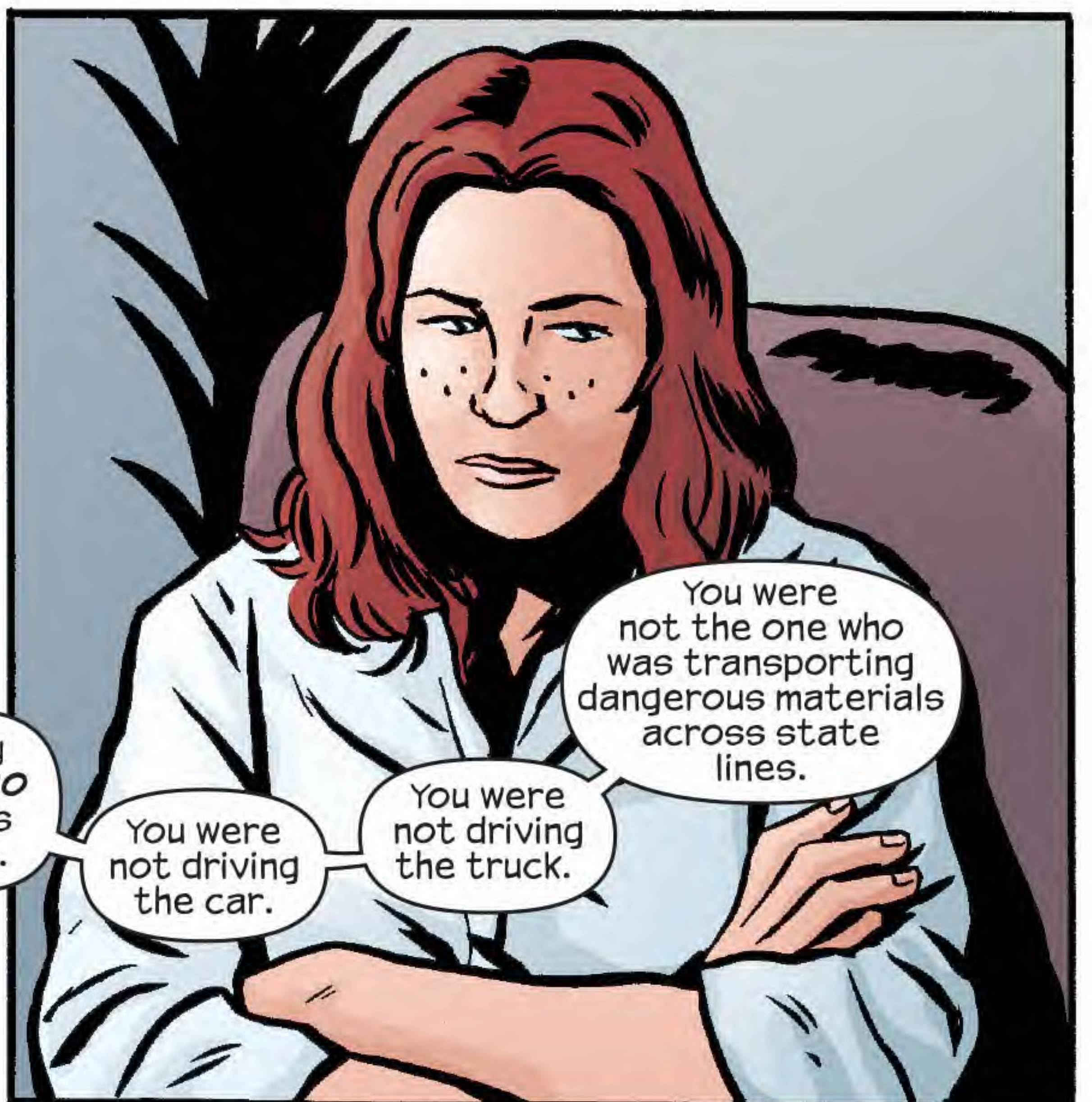
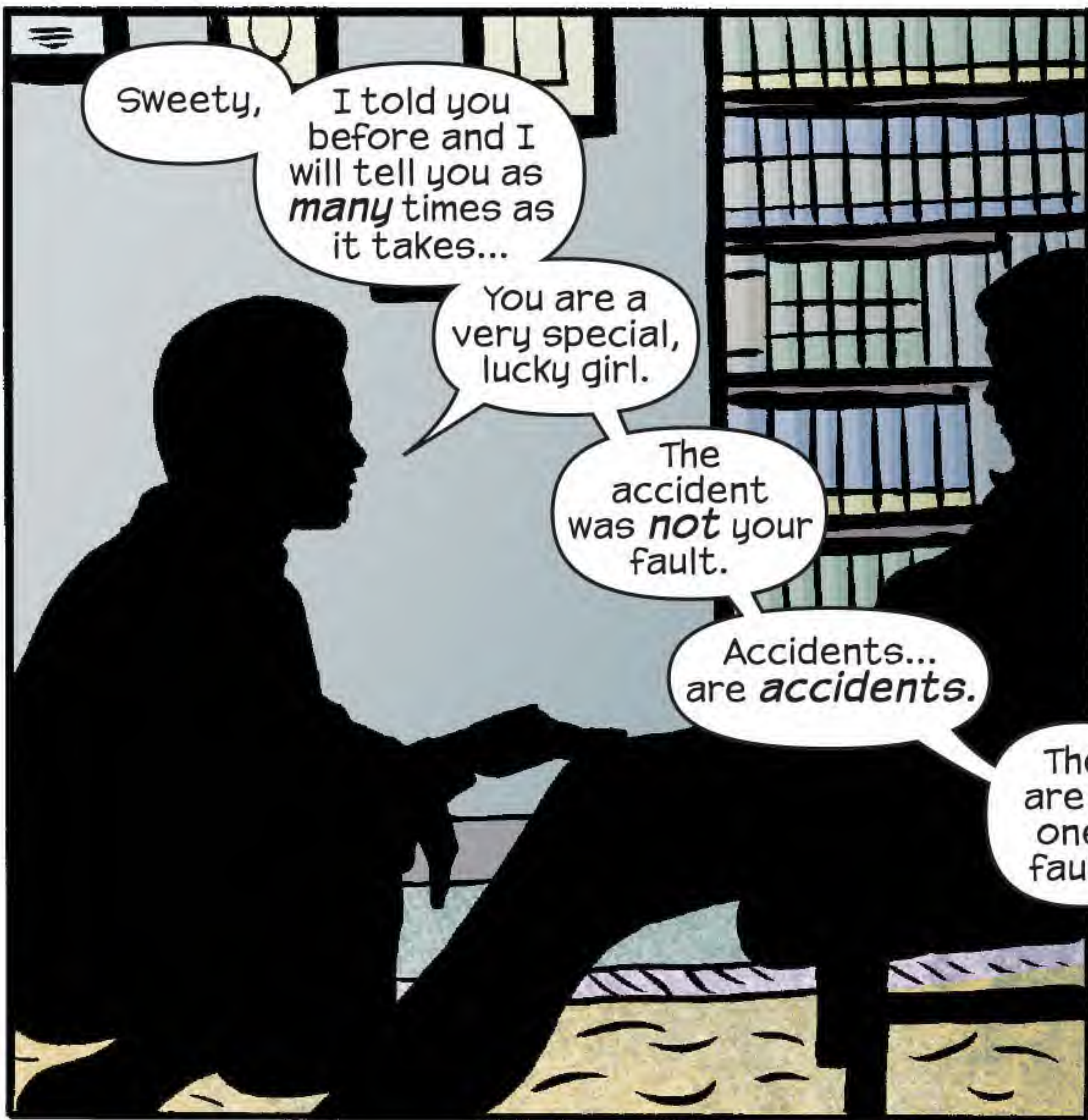
Jessica? Jessica, can you hear me--

What's it been--six months?

Jessica?

Jessica-- it's a miracle.







TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS no.23

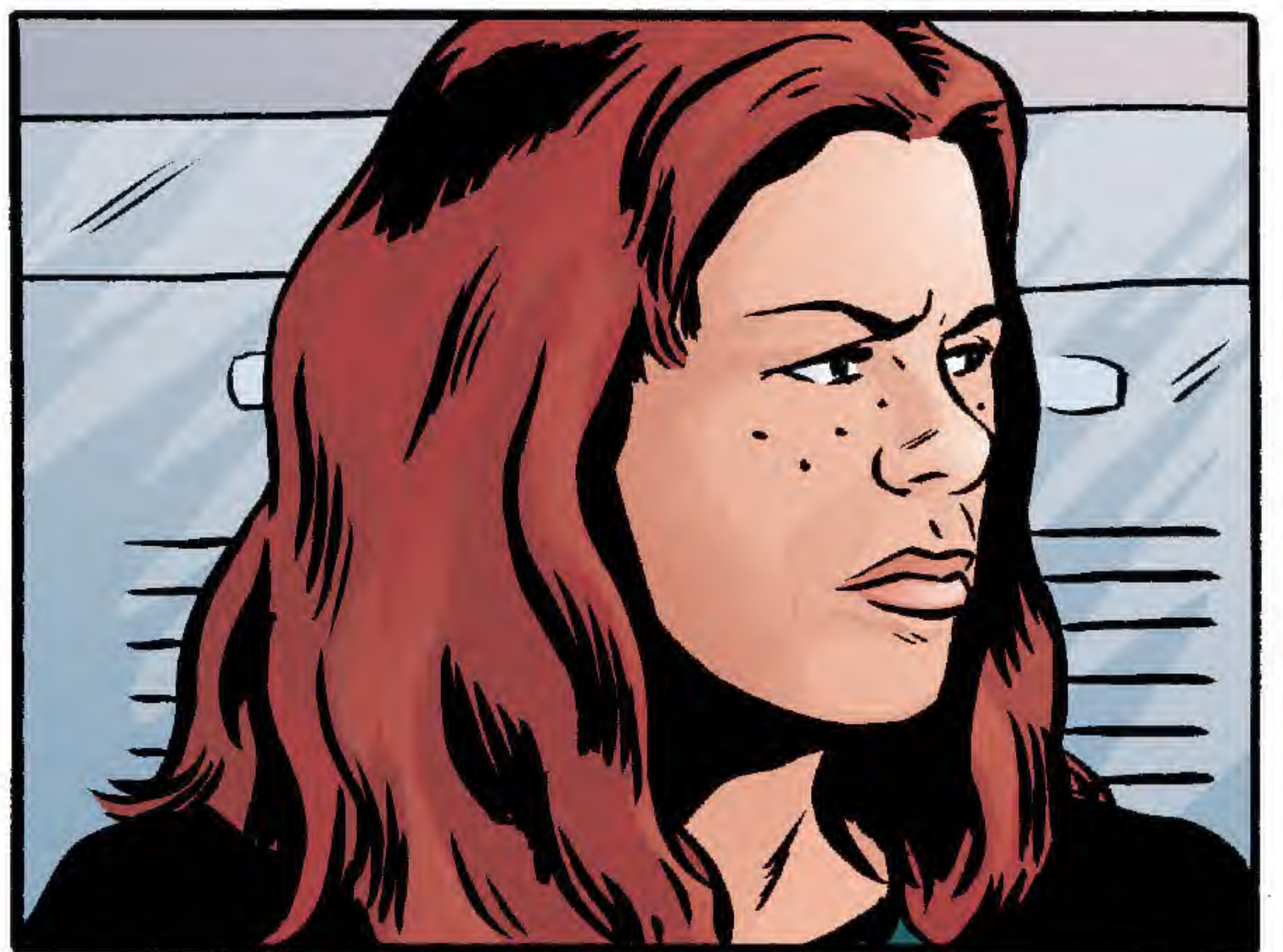
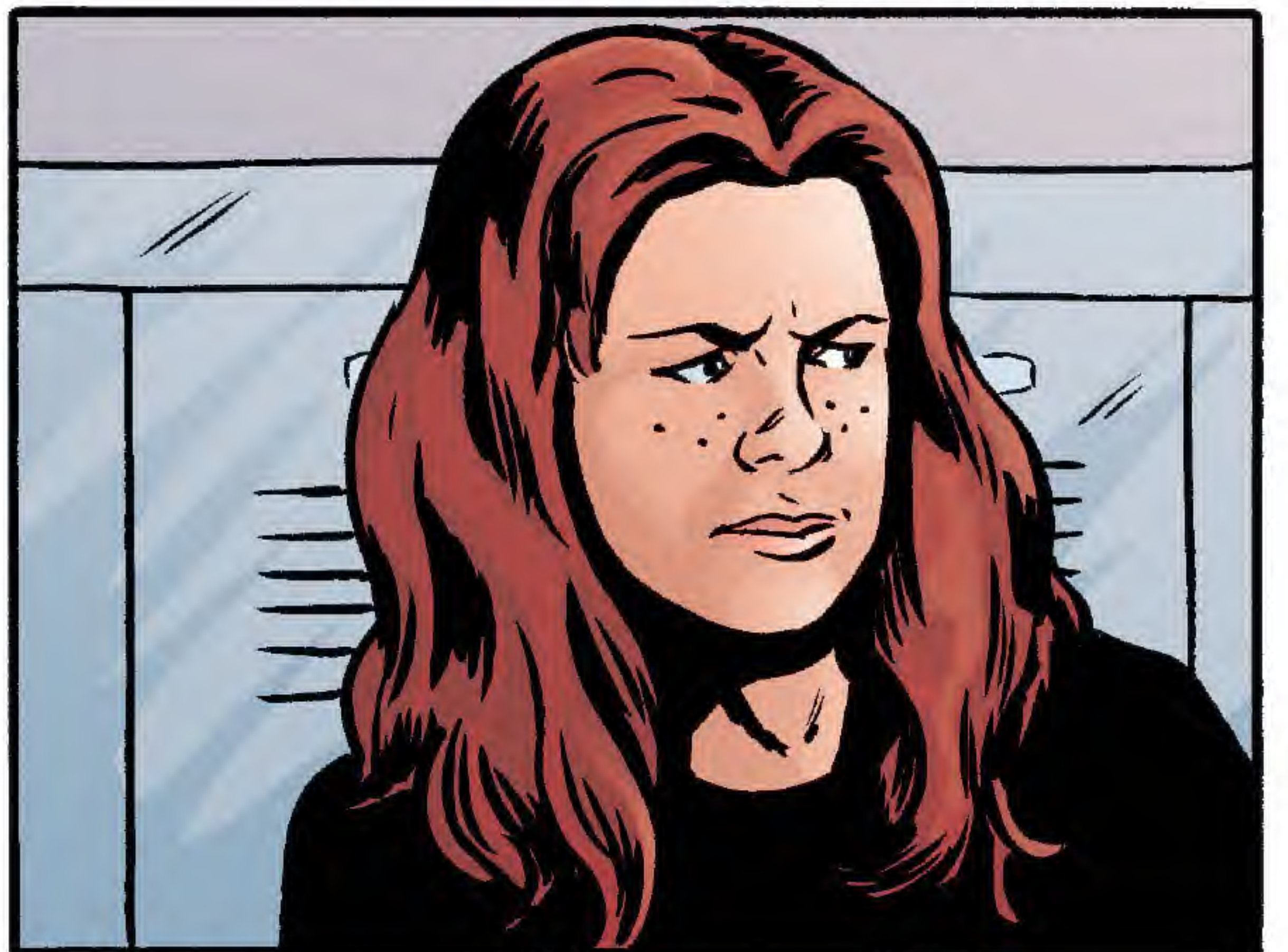
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

AliasTM

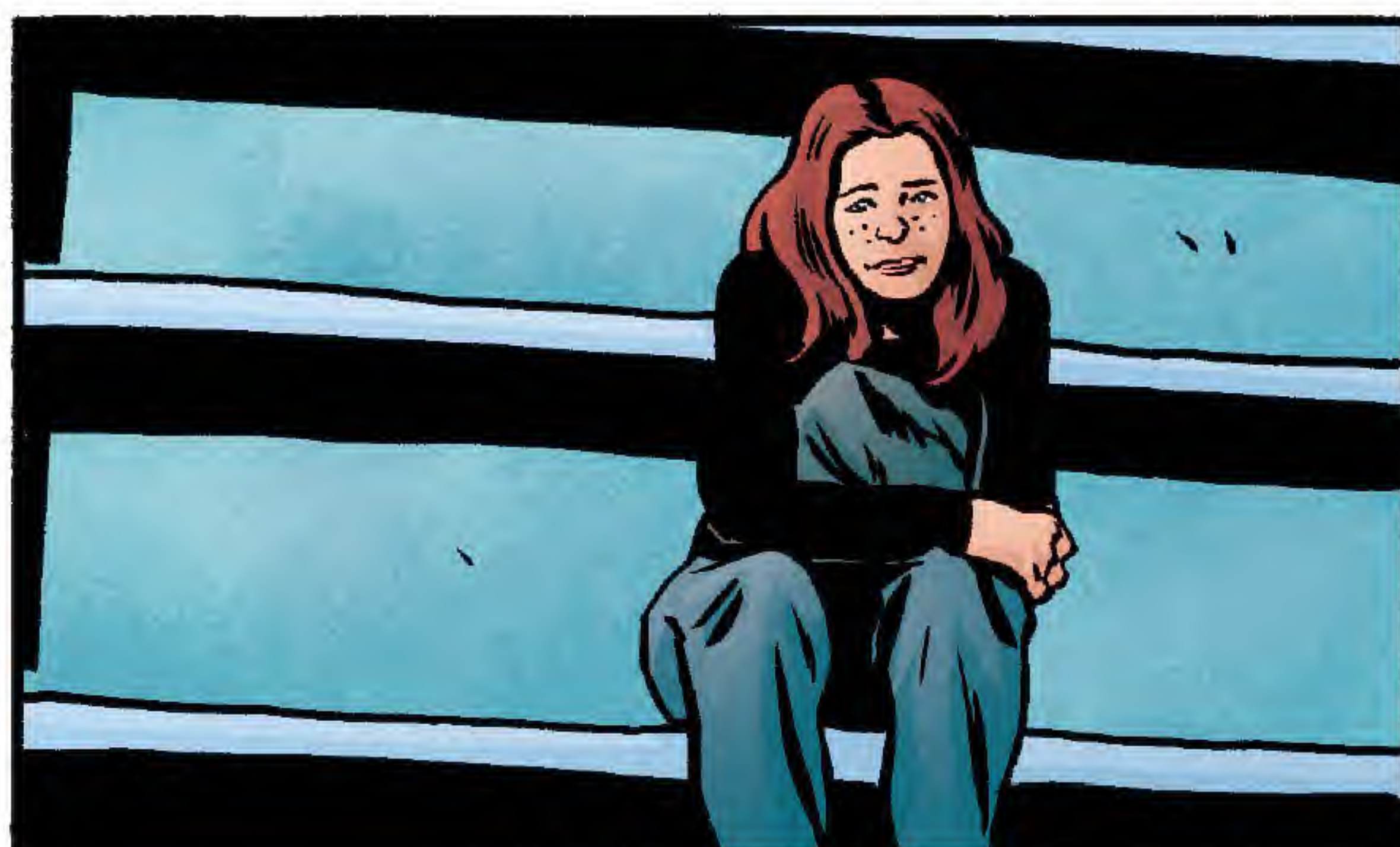
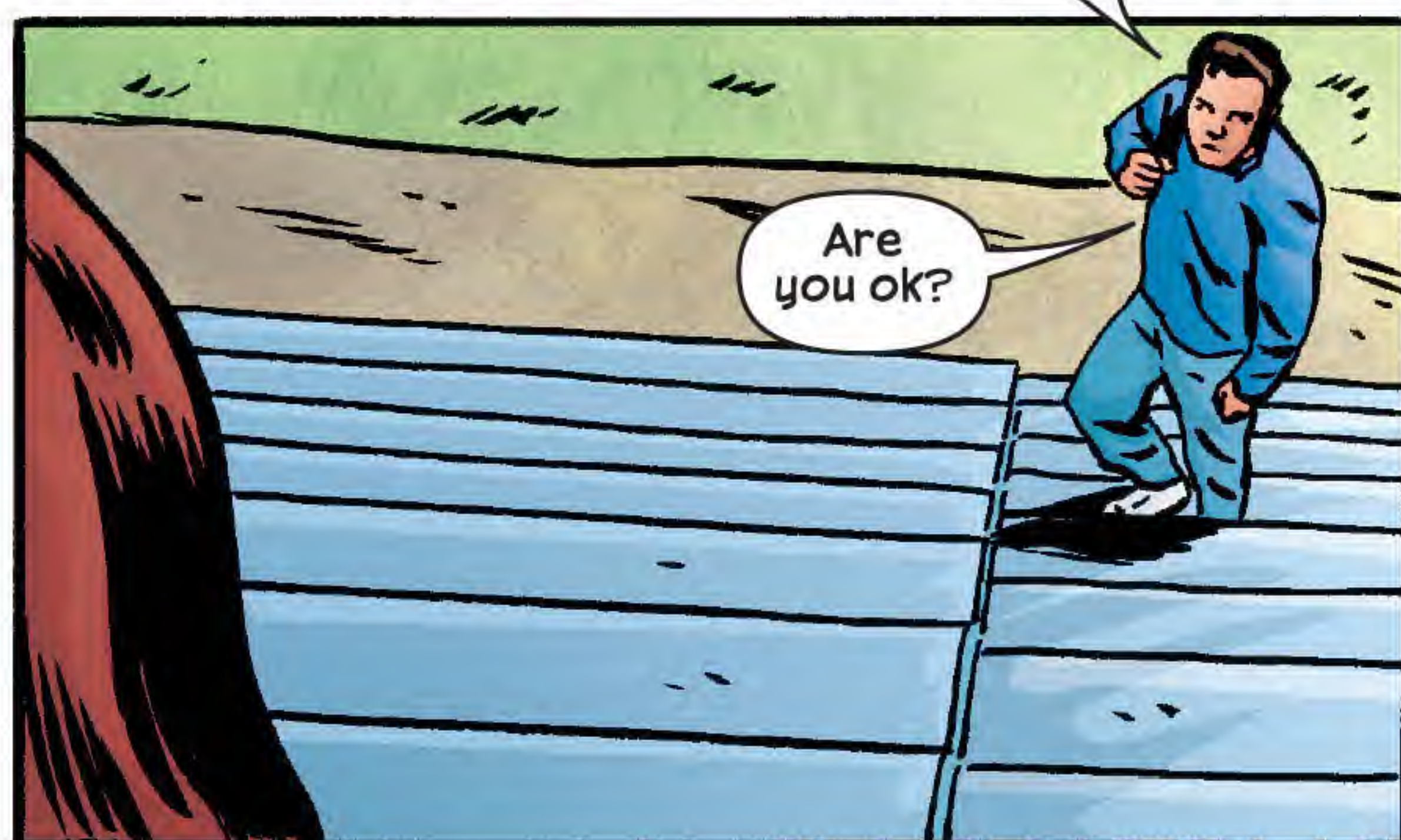
THE SECRET
ORIGIN OF
JESSICA JONES
2 OF 2













I feel *bad* for you because--

You *pity* me?



I--



You came up here to tell me you *pity* me?

No, I--



You finally talk to me and it's to tell me you *pity* me?

No, what I--

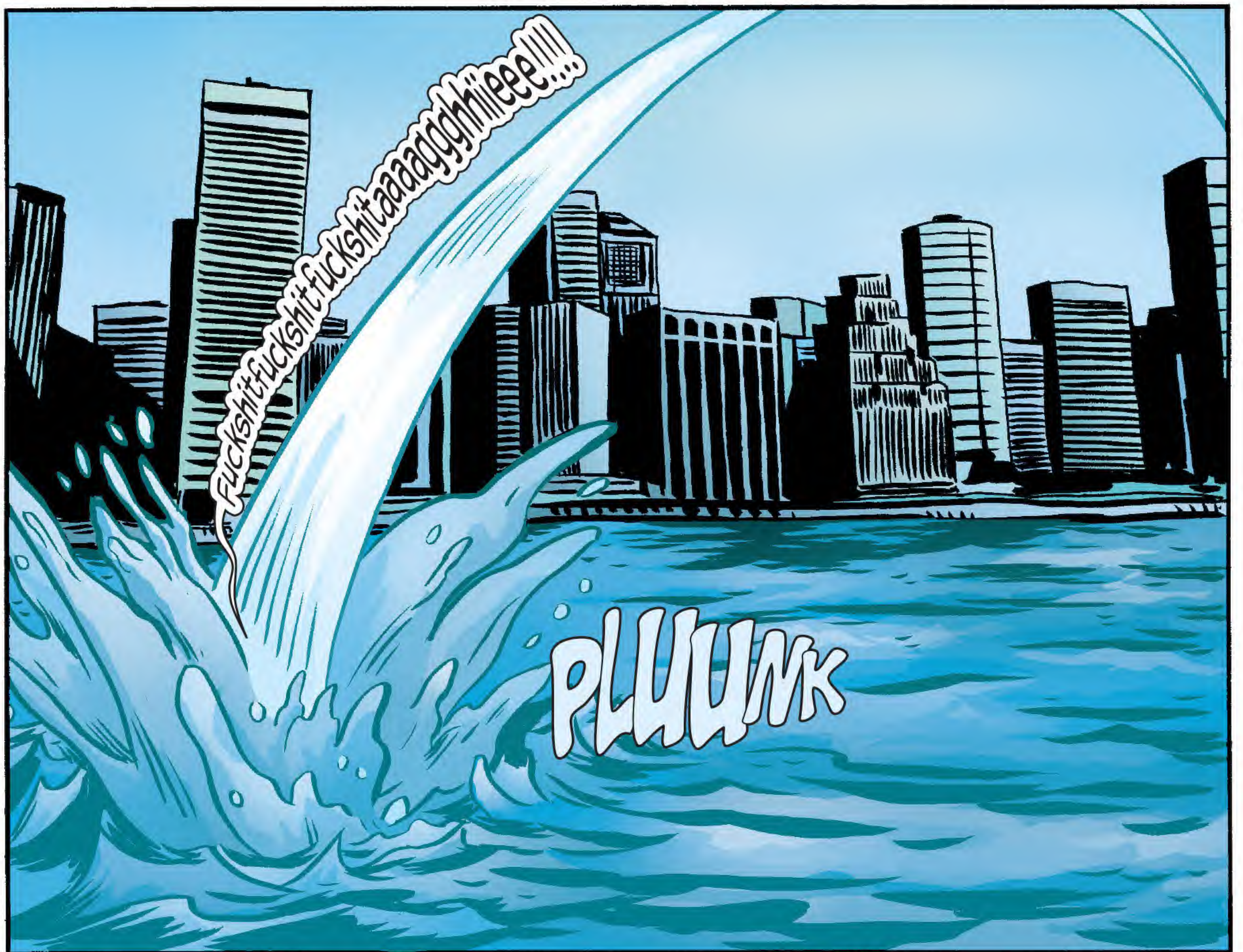


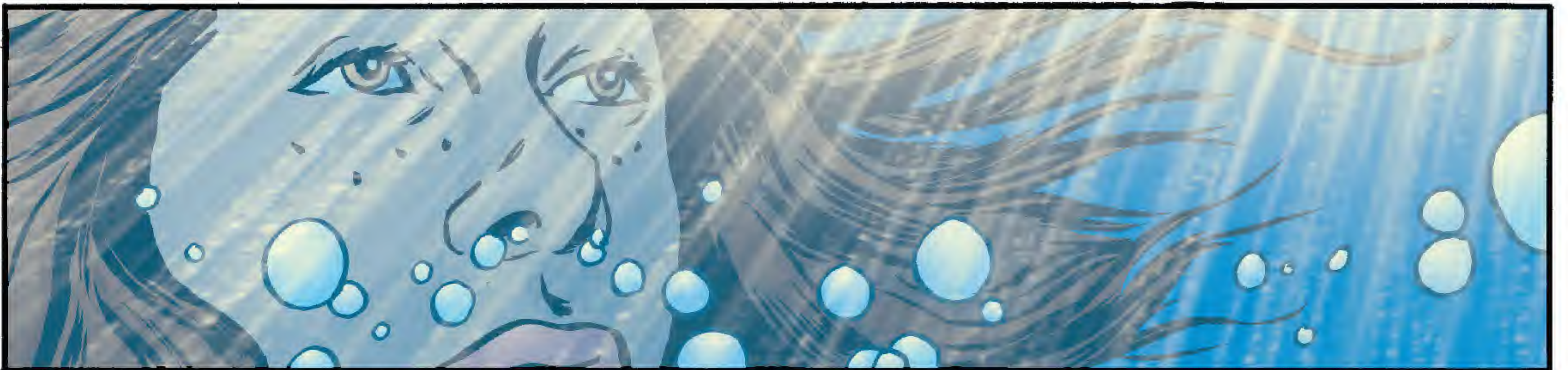
Guh guh God! Ugh sniff!!

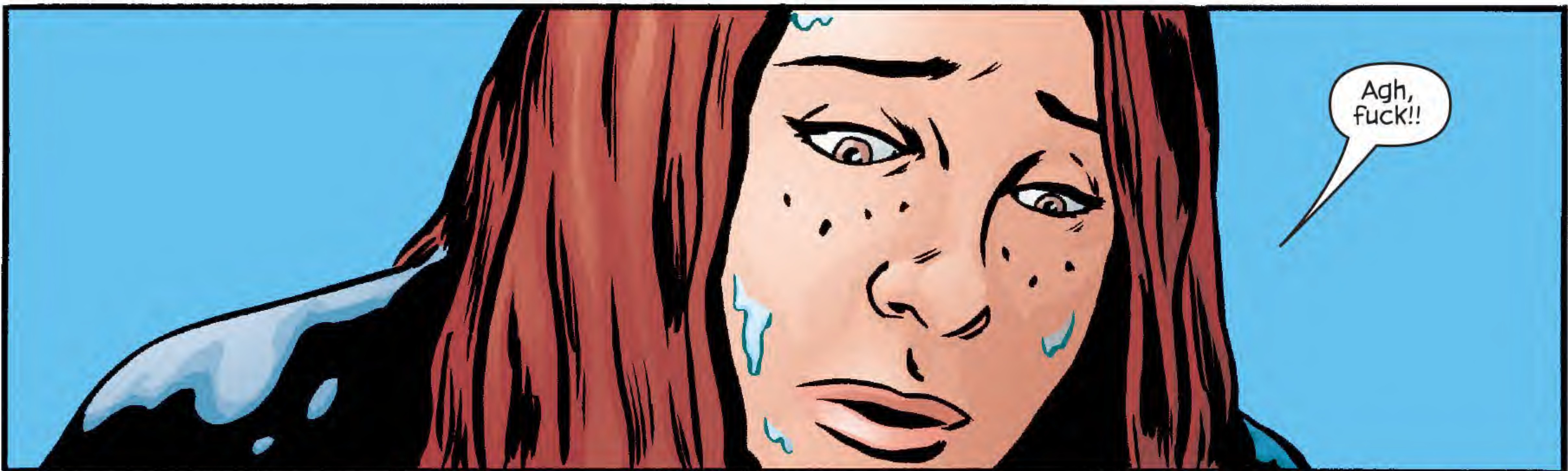
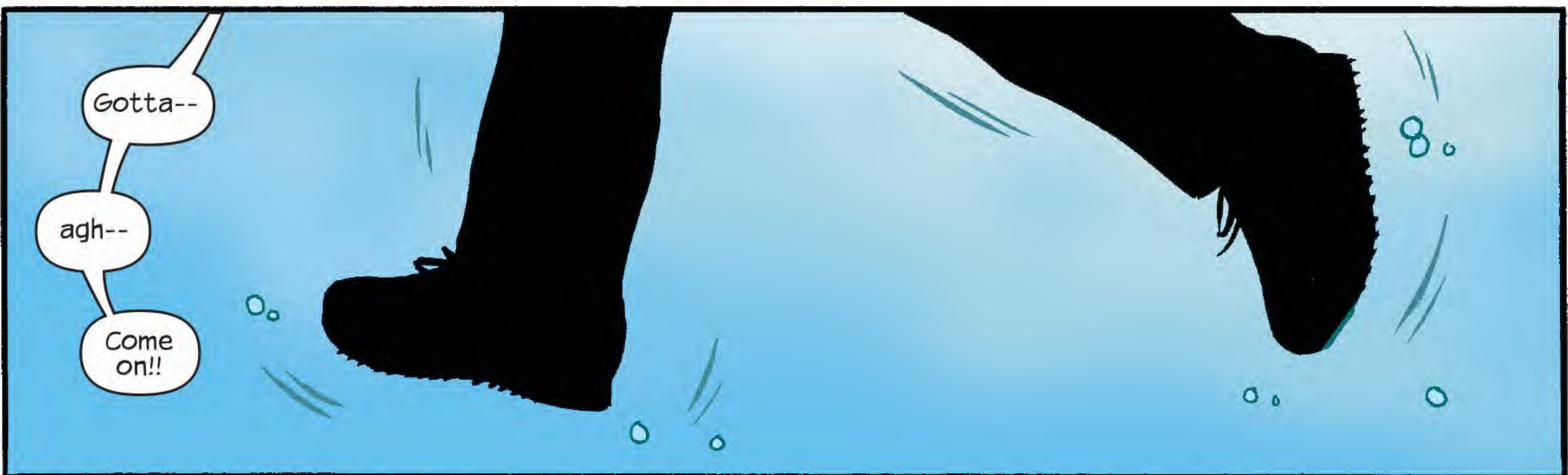


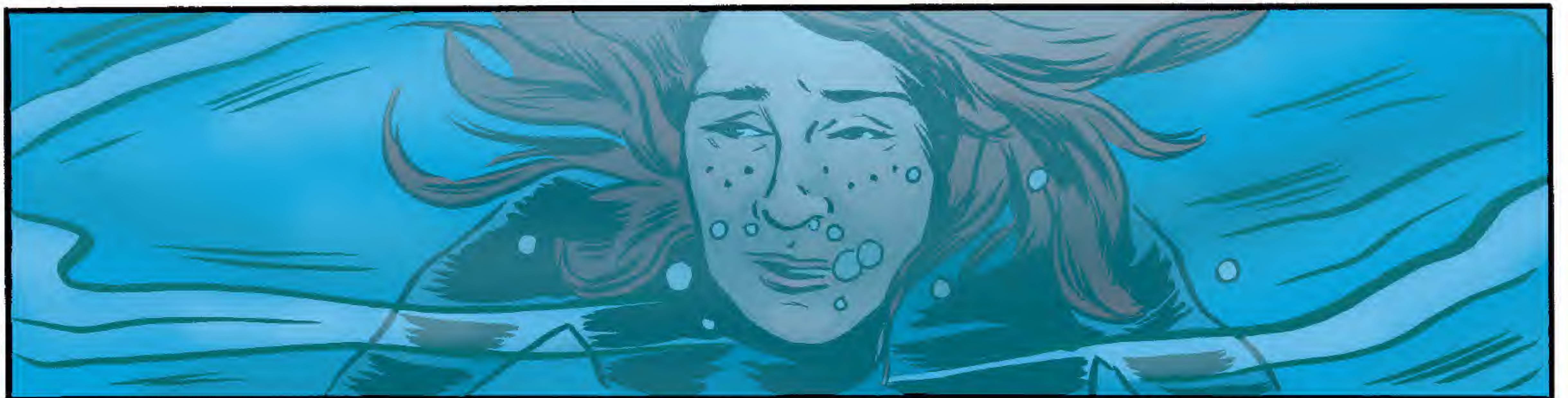
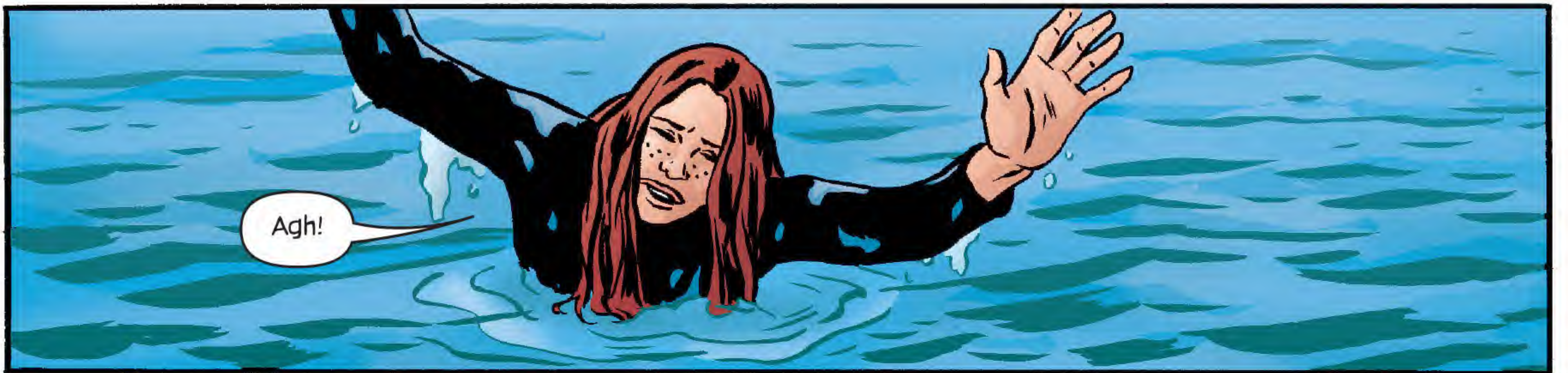
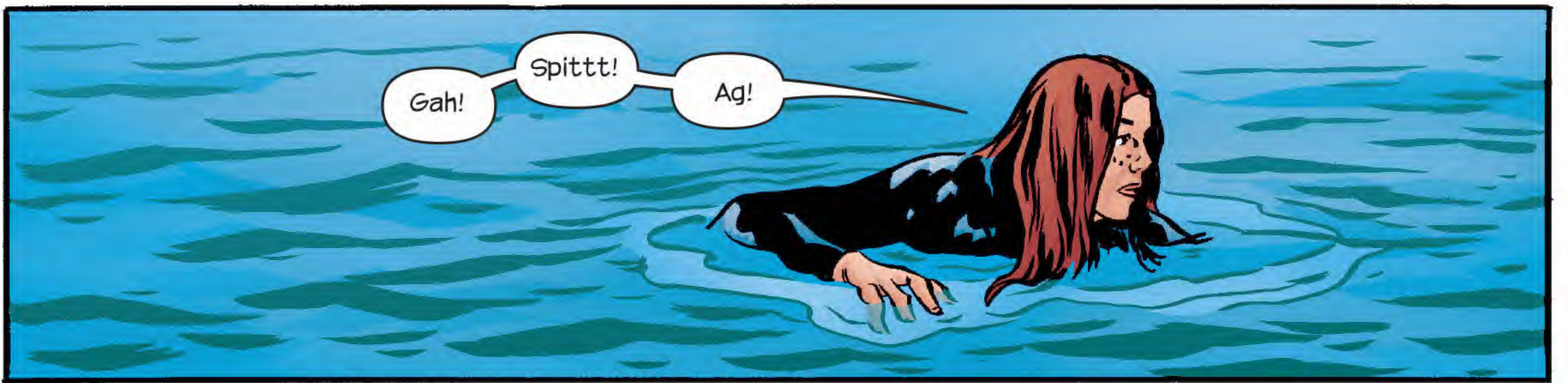


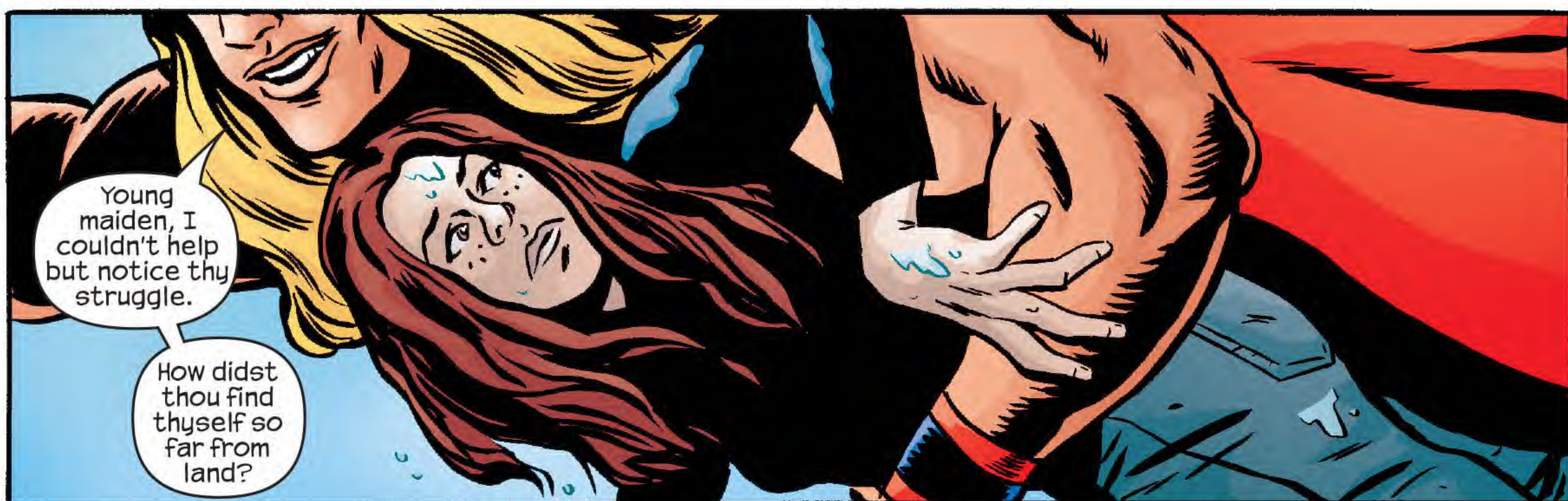


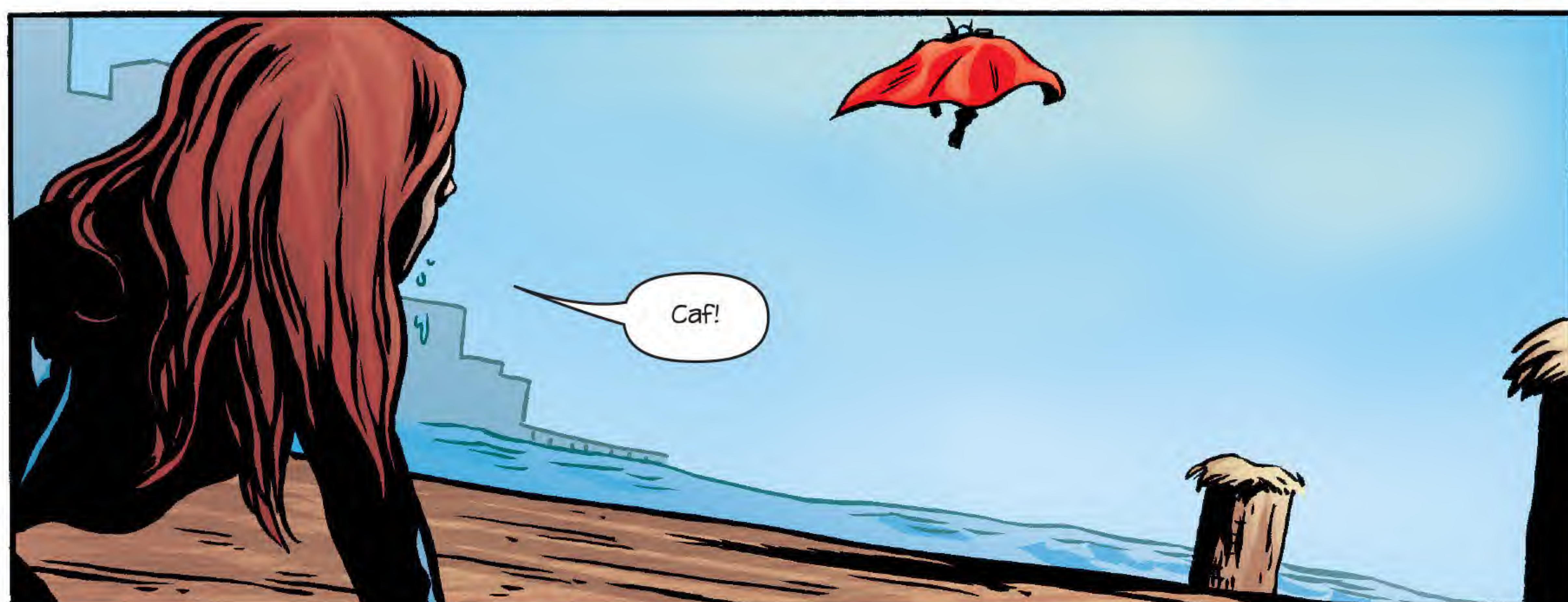


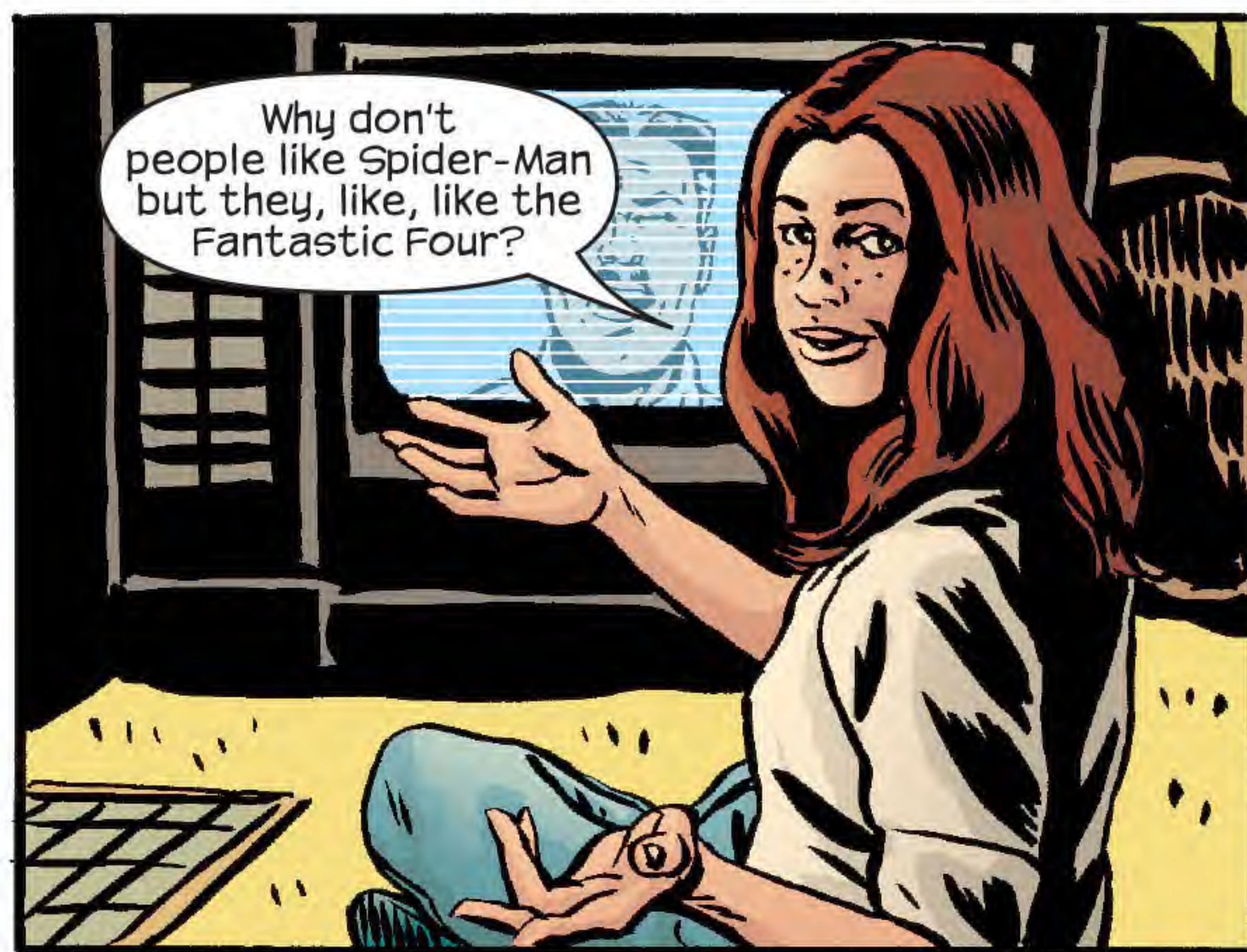
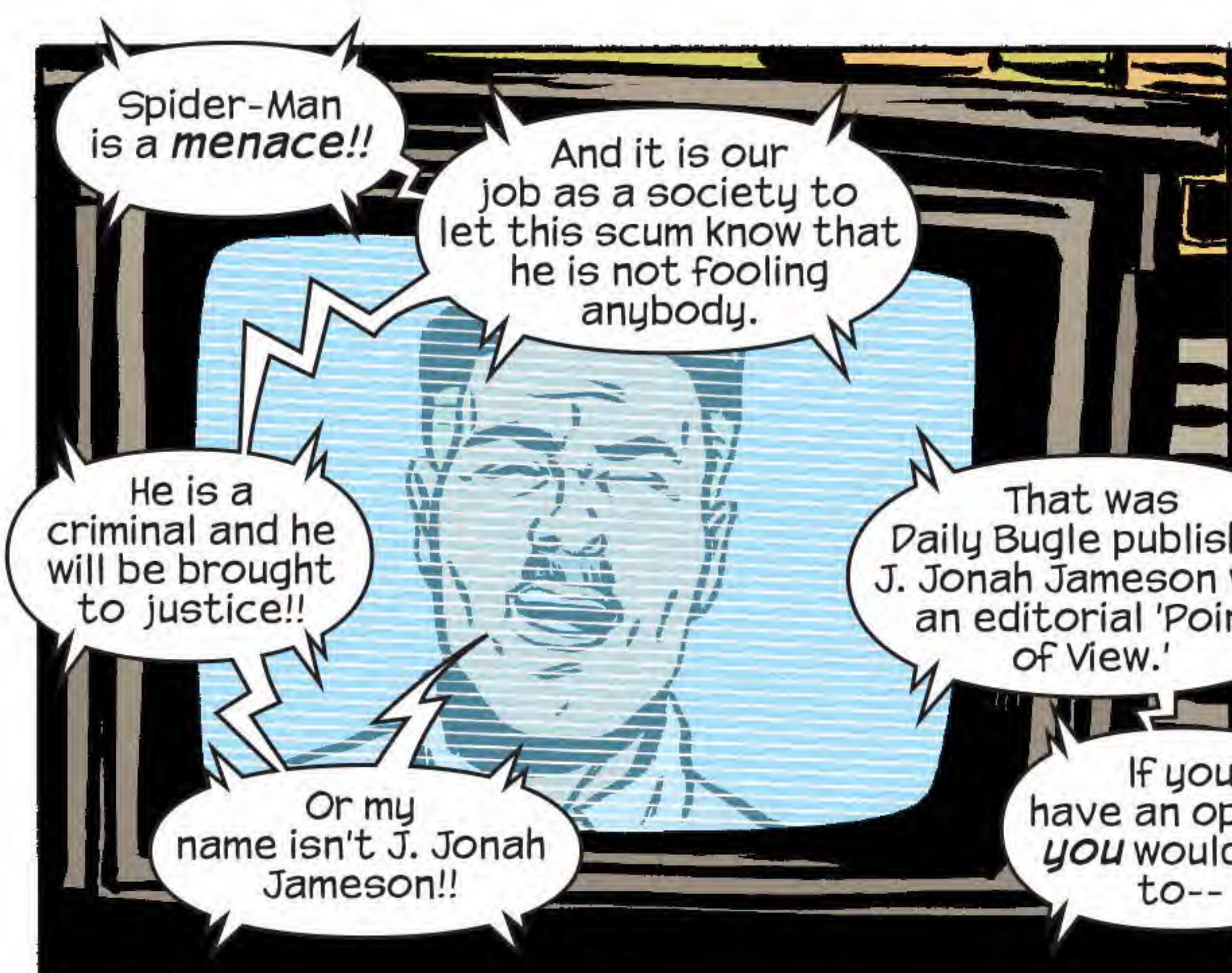


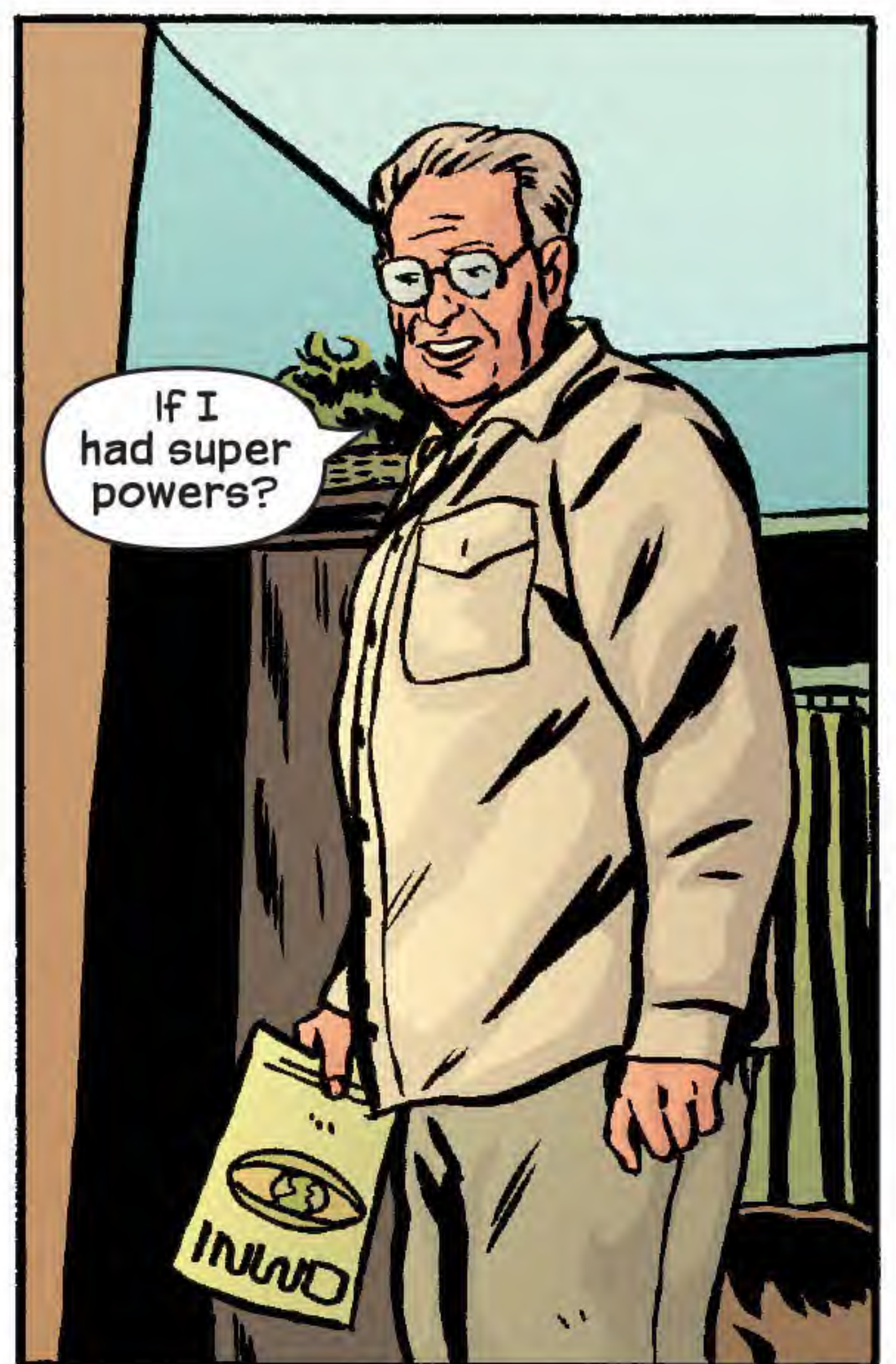


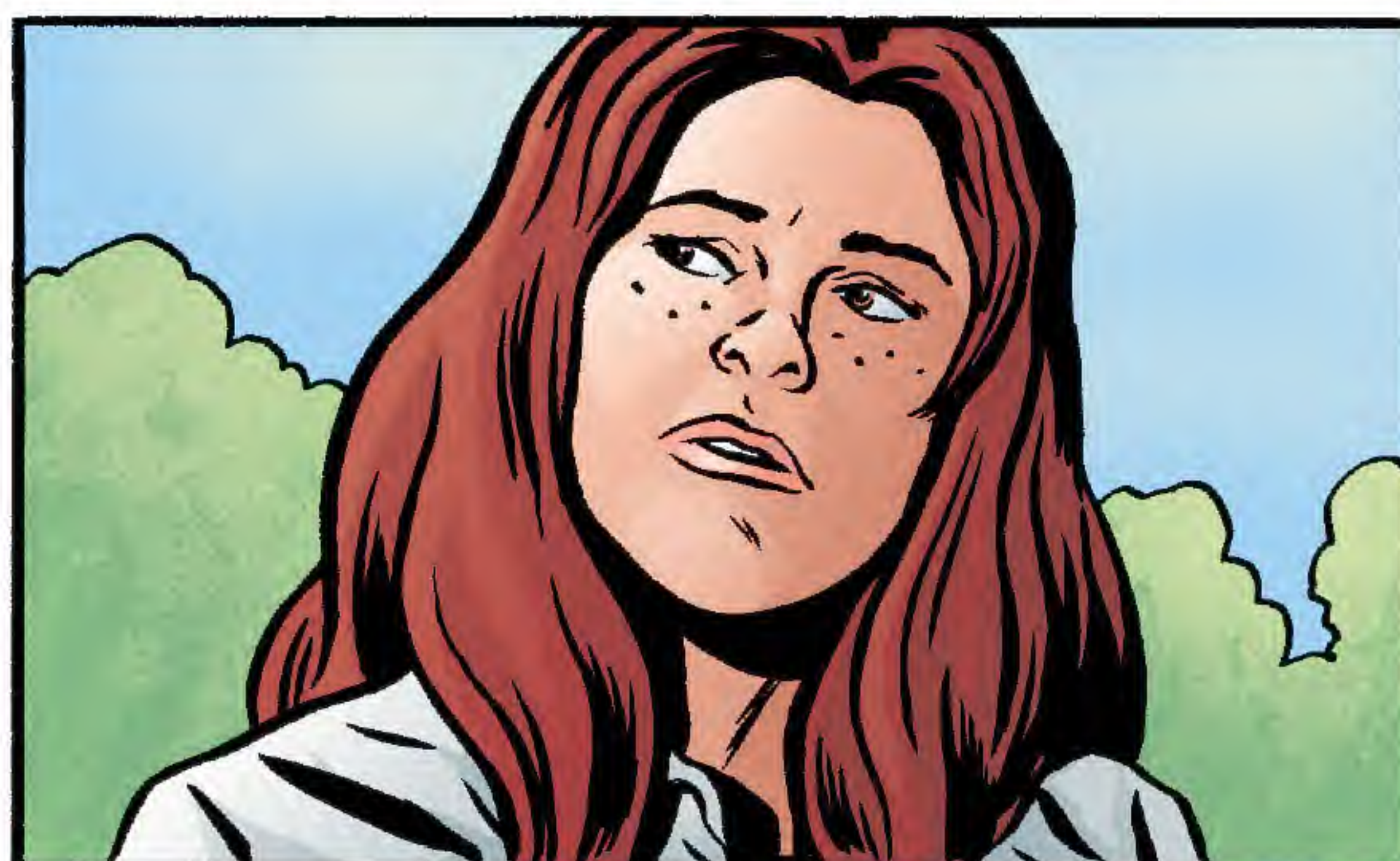
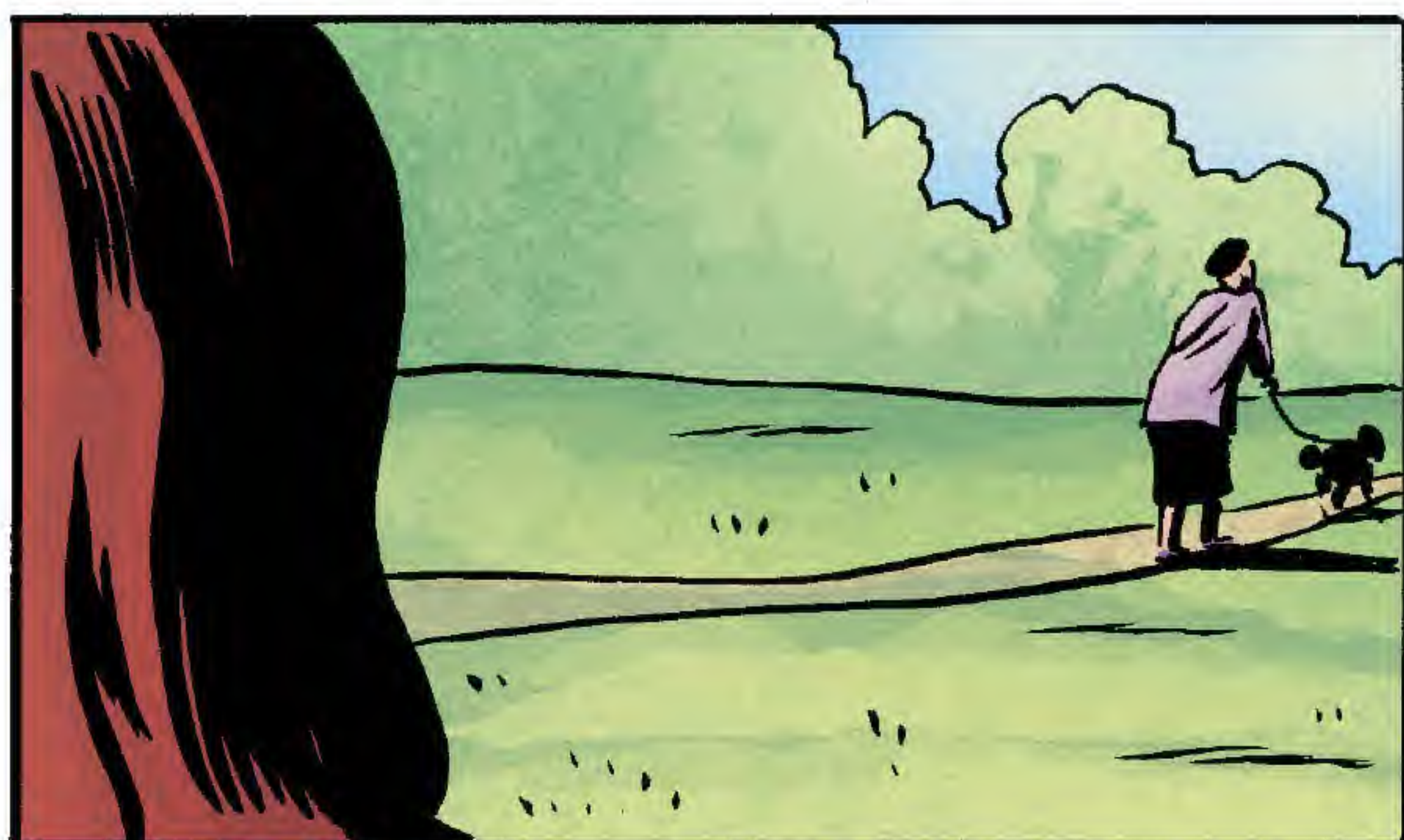
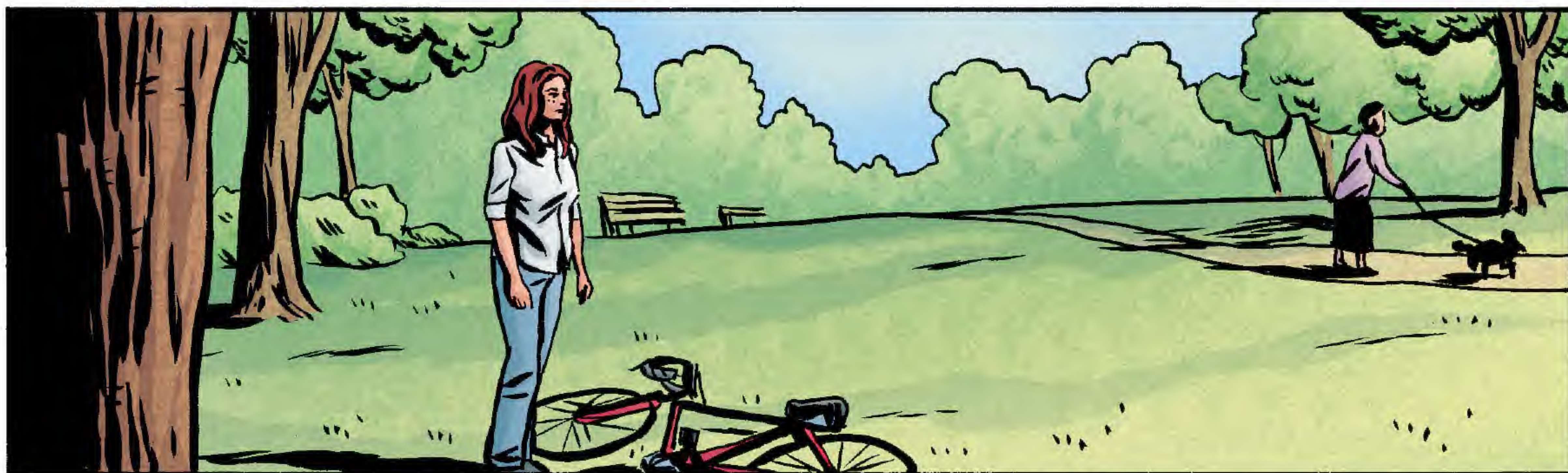


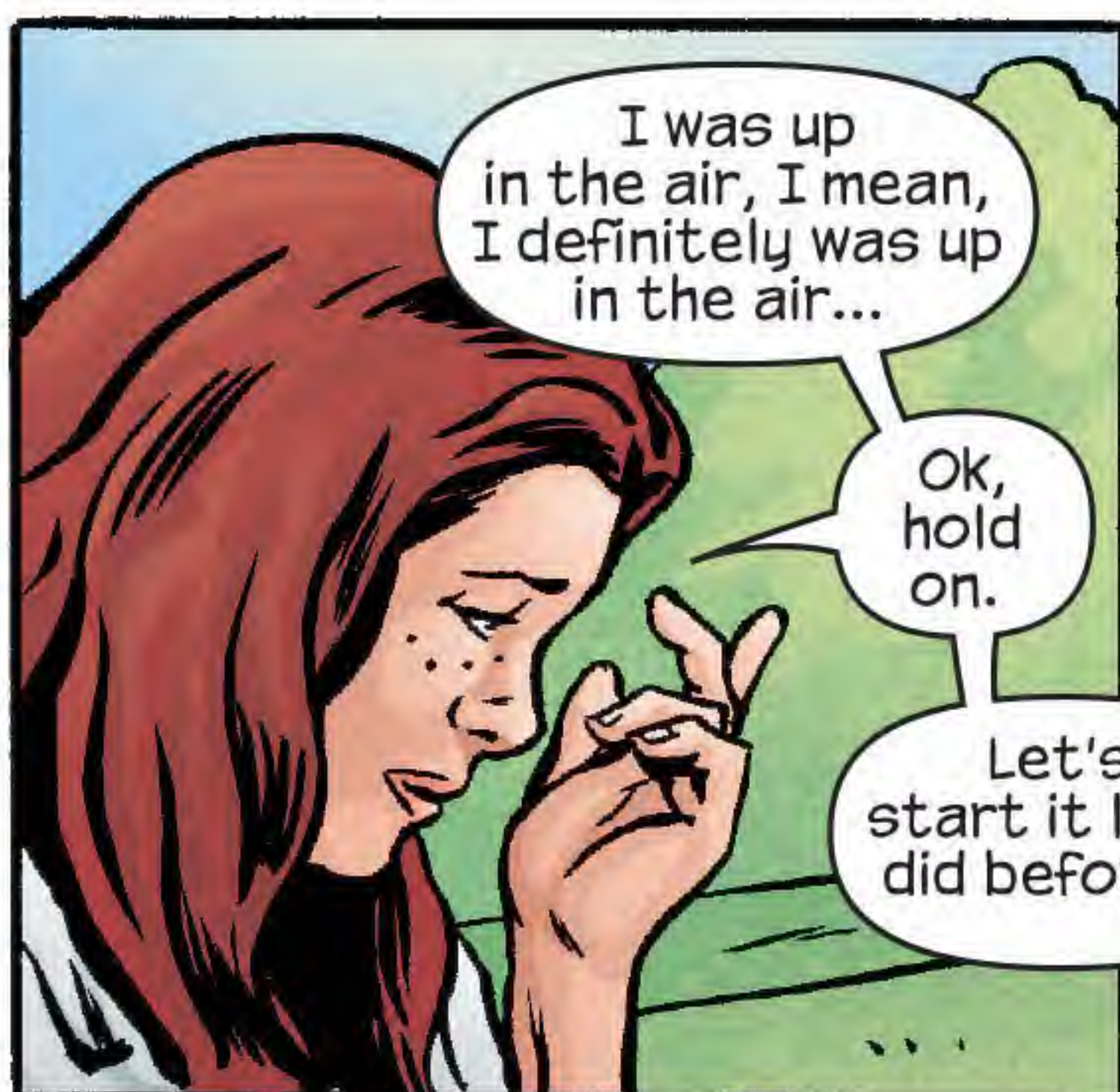
















If you do not do what I say--

--you will feel the sting of my scorpion tail!



You! A-And you!!

Put everything you got into a bag, everything you got!!

You hear me?? All of you, all of it!



Uh... all I have is dimes.

Yeah, I didn't bring anything but my laundry.

I don't even have my purse.

Are you serious? You're robbing a laundromat?

I seriously don't even have my purse.



Hey! Hey, I don't have to answer to you!!!

Fill up a bag!



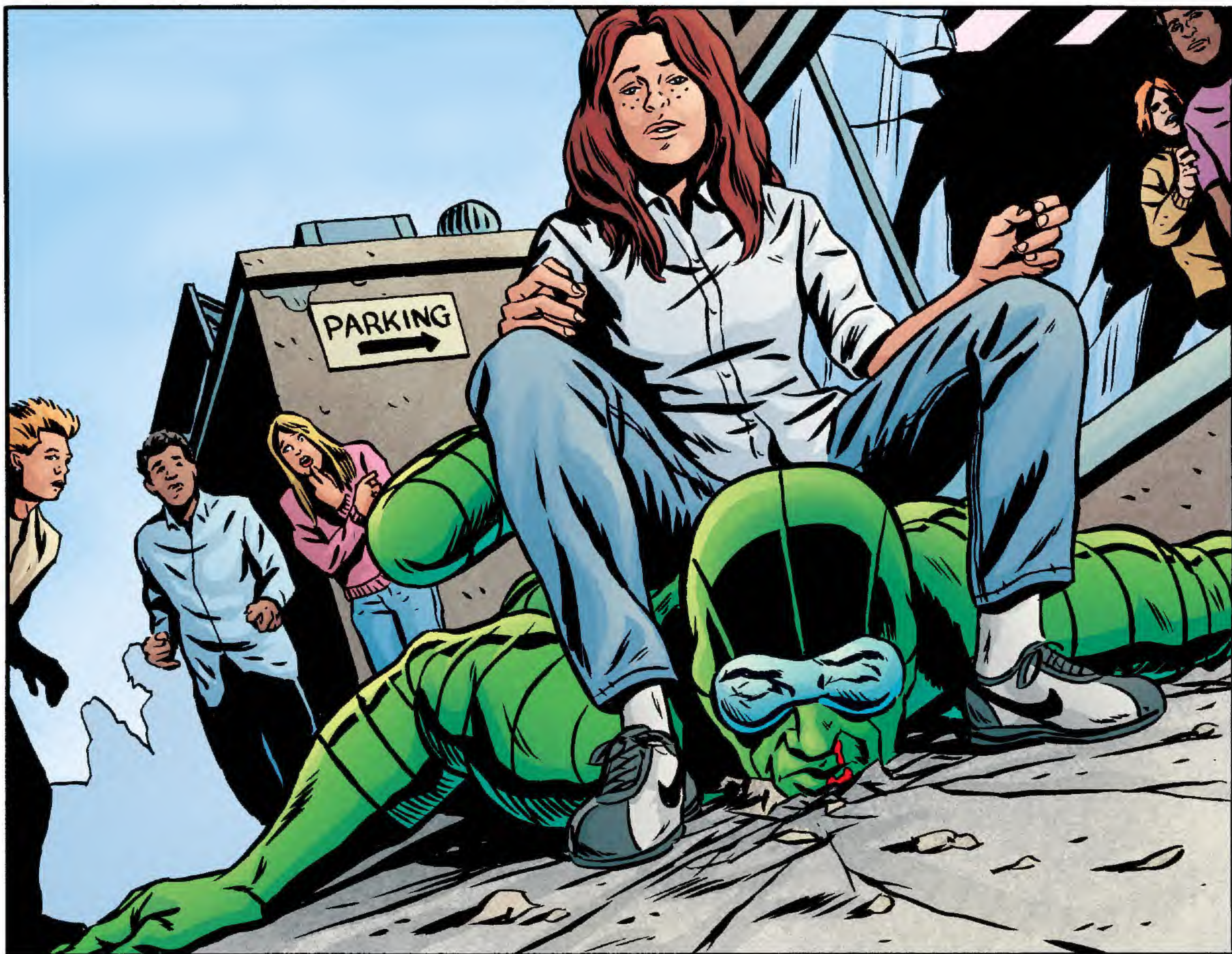
Hey!! You know who I am? You know??

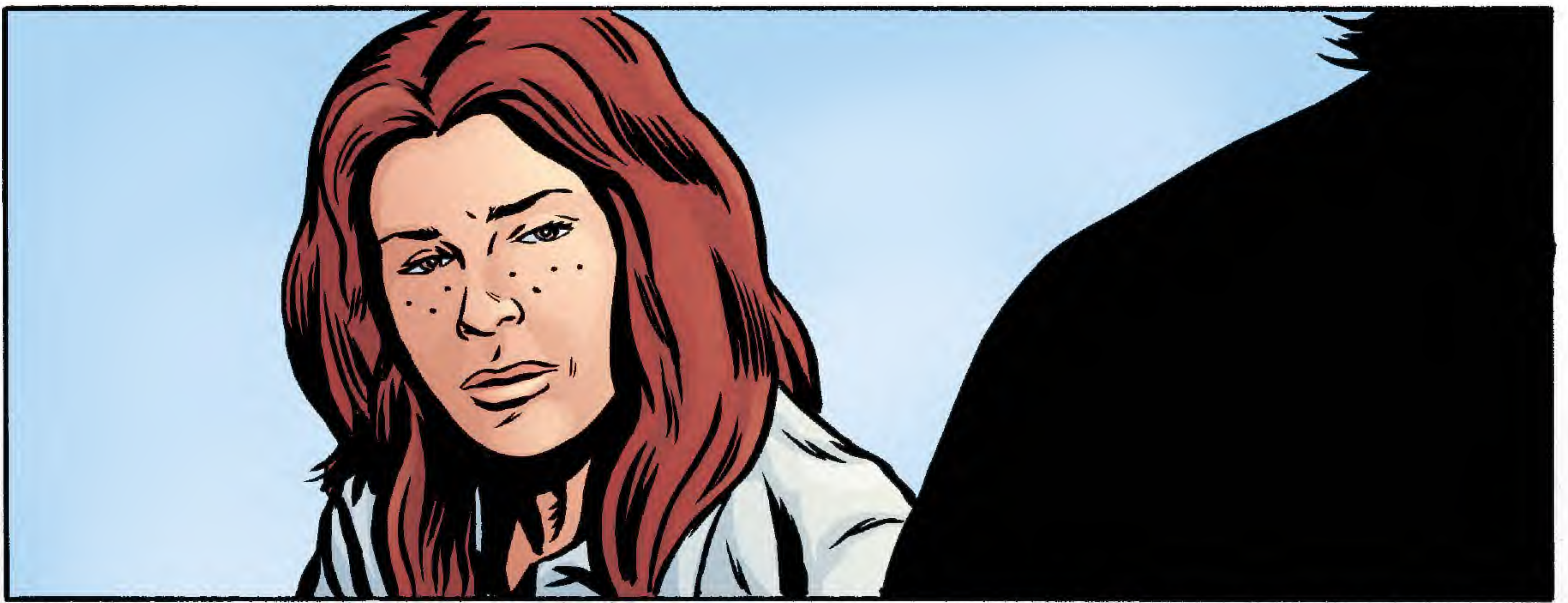
I gotta get outta town or I wouldn't even be slumming with this shit!!

So stop giving me your life stories and--



I've got a scorpion tail and I will-- Gaahh!!





Next issue: purple



TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS

NO. 24

AliasTM

**PURPLE
PART 1**



**PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

Murdock and Nelson, Attorneys at Law,
Hell's Kitchen

Jessica,
I'd like you to
meet someone
very special...

This is
Lord Kevin
Plunder.

Lord?

Call me
Kevin.

You're
my first
lord.

I mean, the
first person I
ever...

...met that
was introduced
as...

...lord.

(Lord.)

Kevin is an
old, old friend of
mine and I thought
you should hear his
story.

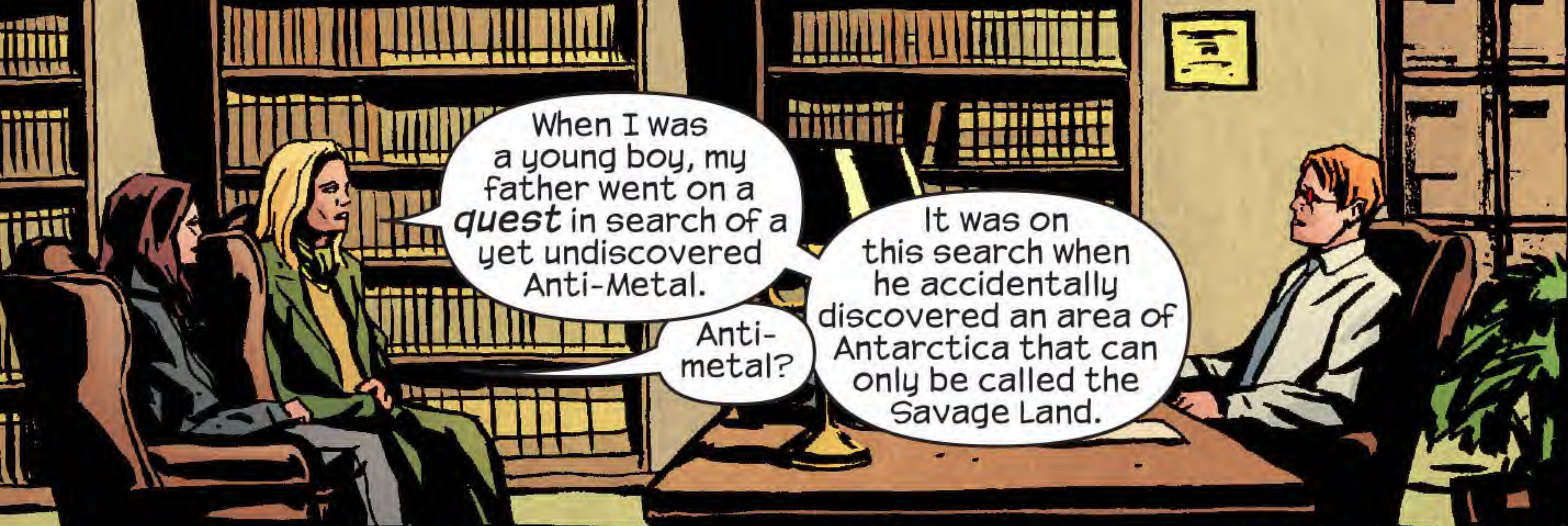
He
needs your
help.

Zabu is
missing.

And Zabu
is...?

Have you
ever heard of
the Savage Land,
Ms. Jones?

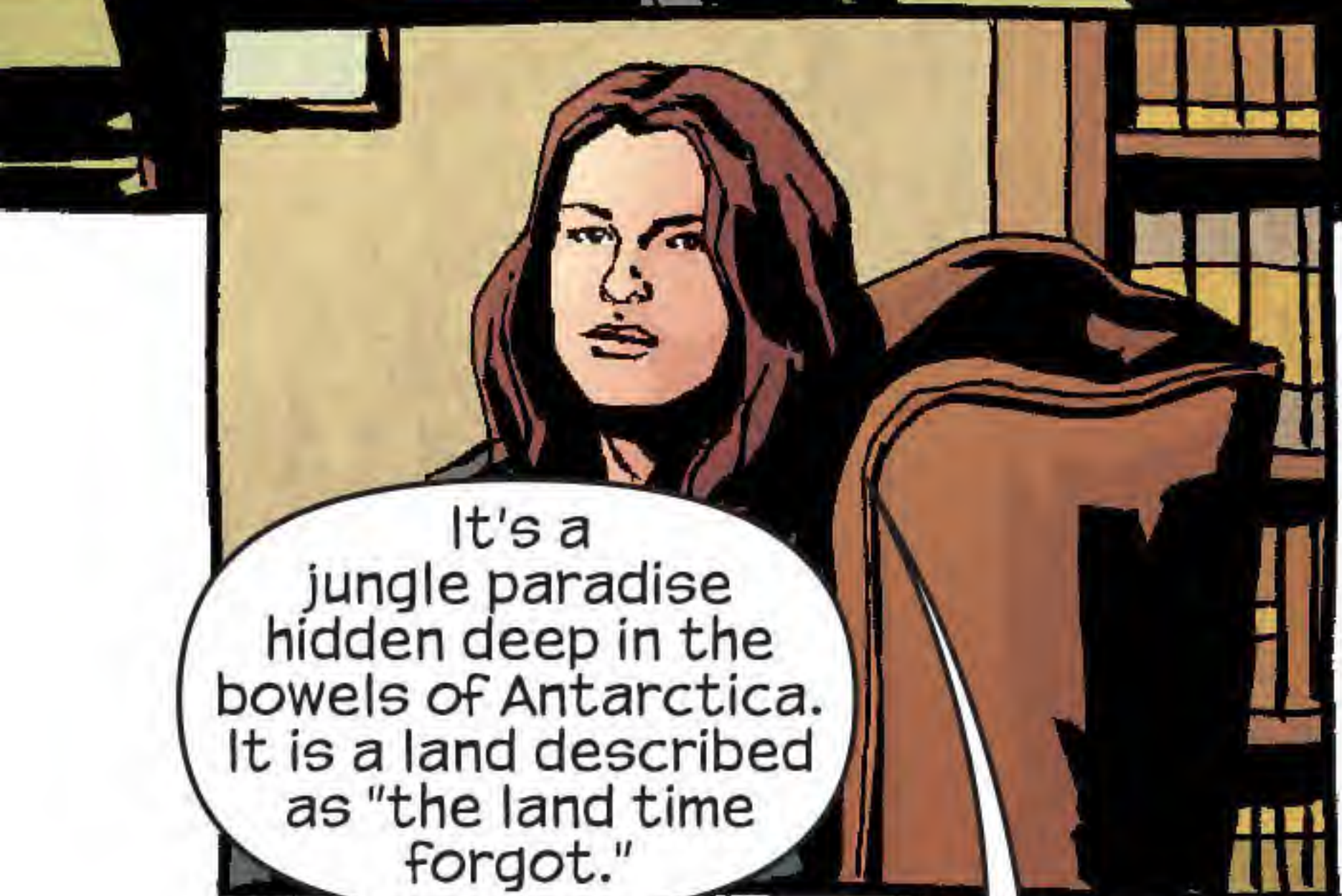
Uh, yeah,
maybe?



When I was a young boy, my father went on a **quest** in search of a yet undiscovered Anti-Metal.

Anti-metal?

It was on this search when he accidentally discovered an area of Antarctica that can only be called the Savage Land.



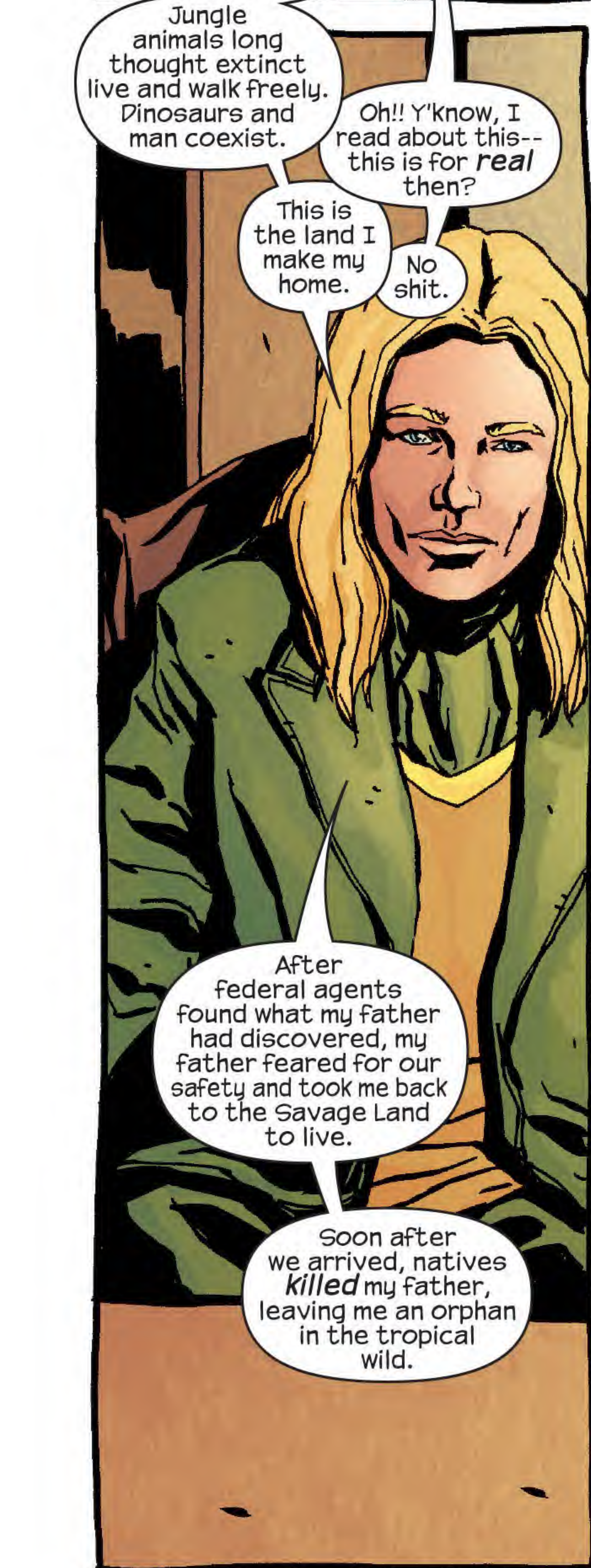
It's a jungle paradise hidden deep in the bowels of Antarctica. It is a land described as "the land time forgot."

Jungle animals long thought extinct live and walk freely. Dinosaurs and man coexist.

Oh!! Y'know, I read about this-- this is for **real** then?

This is the land I make my home.

No shit.



After federal agents found what my father had discovered, my father feared for our safety and took me back to the Savage Land to live.

Soon after we arrived, natives **killed** my father, leaving me an orphan in the tropical wild.



I didn't.

Wow, how did you make it out of there?

I met a sabretooth tiger-- and it was in his care and protection that I grew to manhood.

In the Savage Land.

In the jungle?

No shit.



I eventually became referred to as Ka-Zar, "Son of the Tiger"!

As I said, it is there I make my home.



My wife Shanna and I have had no luck finding Zabu. He has been missing for months.

We have exhausted every possible lead or--or idea we had on where to find him.

We need your help--a detective's help.



Someone with intuitive skills in the area of--



I'm sorry. Who is Zabu?

Is that your kid?

Oh, I'm sorry.

Zabu is the sabretooth *tiger* that I spoke of.

He is missing.



We're talking about a tiger?

Yes.

A full-sized tiger?

Um, yes.

A tiger is missing.

Yes.



And *what* do you need me to do?



I would like you to come with me.



Where?



To the Savage Land.

To the jungle in the middle of the Arctic?



Antarctic, yes.



How would we get there?

A cargo plane that I--



No.



I'm sorry.

No way in hell.

Jessica!



I'm not--
no--I'm not going
to the savage jungle
in the middle of the
Arctic.



I'd pay you
handsomely.



You'd
have to.

Dude, no
offense, but I don't
even go over the
Queensborough Bridge
because I'm scared the
Green Goblin might
drop someone
on me.

So, there's,
basically, no way in
hell I am going into
the jungle to fight
dinosaurs because
you lost your
cat.



Jessica!

I'm sorry
to be so, y'know,
me.

But Matt,
come on, *this* is
what you brought
me down here
for?

I-

Listen, Lord
Ka-Zar person.
I'm sorry you
lost your...

Seriously,
I *hope* you find
your cat.



I-

I'm so
sorry, I
thought--

Wow. And
I thought Shanna
got menstrual.

Alias Investigations

Hi
Ms. Jones.

My name
is Jim Eldred. I
would like t-t-to
schedule an
appointment.

I think--I'm
pretty *sure* the
Hulk is fucking my
wife.

I don't
have *proof* or
anything but I see
the way she looks
at him on the TV
and there's
something-

I--uh--I
would like to
hire you to
follow her.

Jesus!

Ever since the
Daily Bugle said something
nice about me the wackos
have been popping out of
the effin' woodwork.

I can't
take these
losers' money.

Well, I *could*.
But, I can't.

I need a *real*
case. A real case.
Something *juicy*.

Tsk--and I was such a
bitch to that Ka-Zar hotty
but I couldn't go to the
fucking jungle in the middle of
fucking nowhere.

Matt's probably
pissed, but I was
getting so nauseous
in his office and I had
to get out of there.

Still feel
like I might-

I should call and
apologize before
he totally--

Um, hi,
I am calling for
Jessica Jones.

My name is
Kim Rourke. I am--
uh--calling on behalf
of a--a few families that
are all looking for some--
uh some information
about the same
person.

I
don't know if
that is something
you do or not, I
have never called
an investigator
before.

Initially I
had called Avengers
Mansion about our
problem and a woman
said I should call
you...

...and that
not only did you
have incredible
intuitiveness as an
investigator...

...but you
also had a prior
history with the
person.

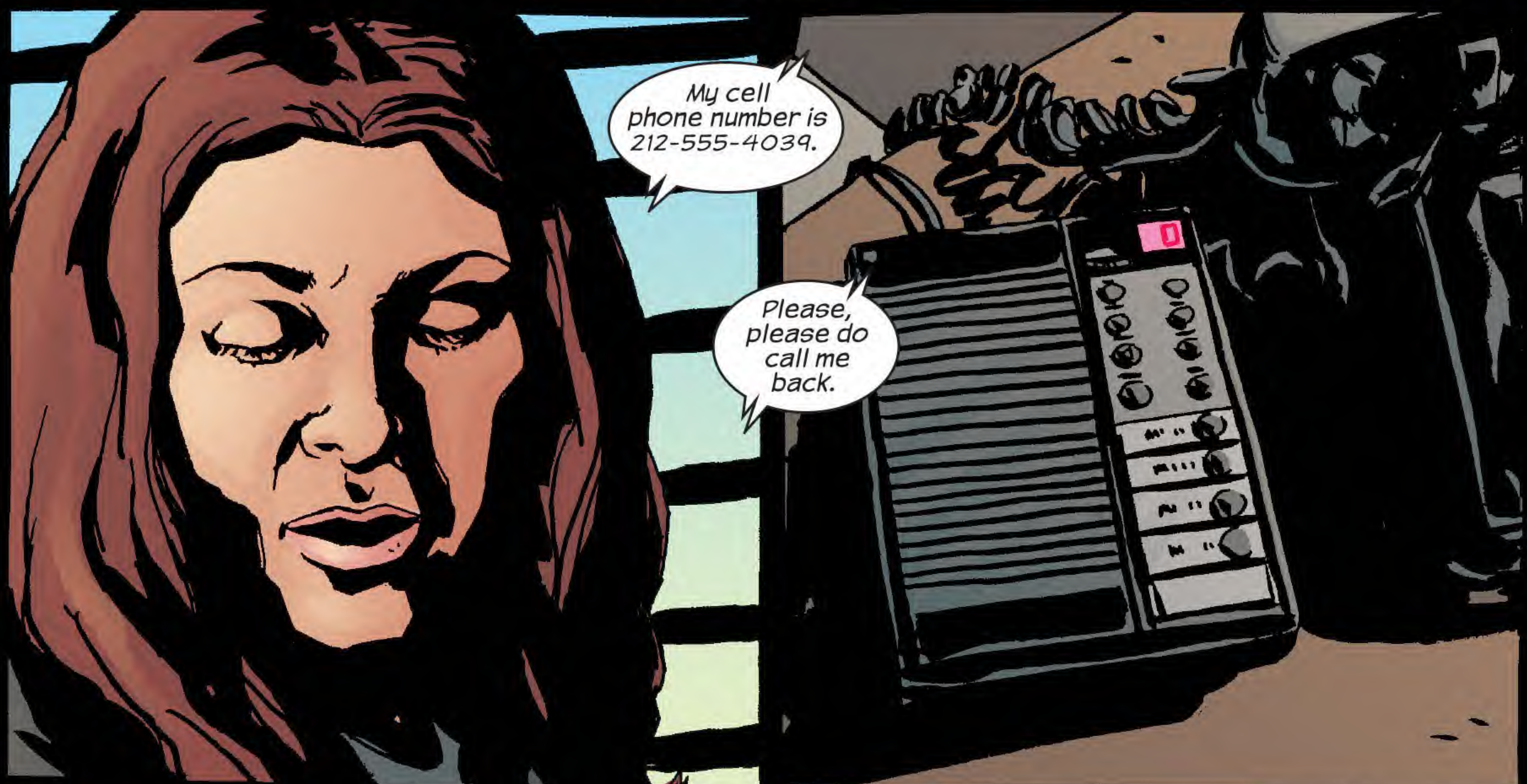
We need
help getting
information
on--well...

His
name is
Killgrave...



...but--but
they call him the
Purple Man in the
newspaper.

This is--
well, this is a very
important situation for
us and I really hope
you call us
back.



My cell
phone number is
212-555-4039.

Please,
please do
call me
back.

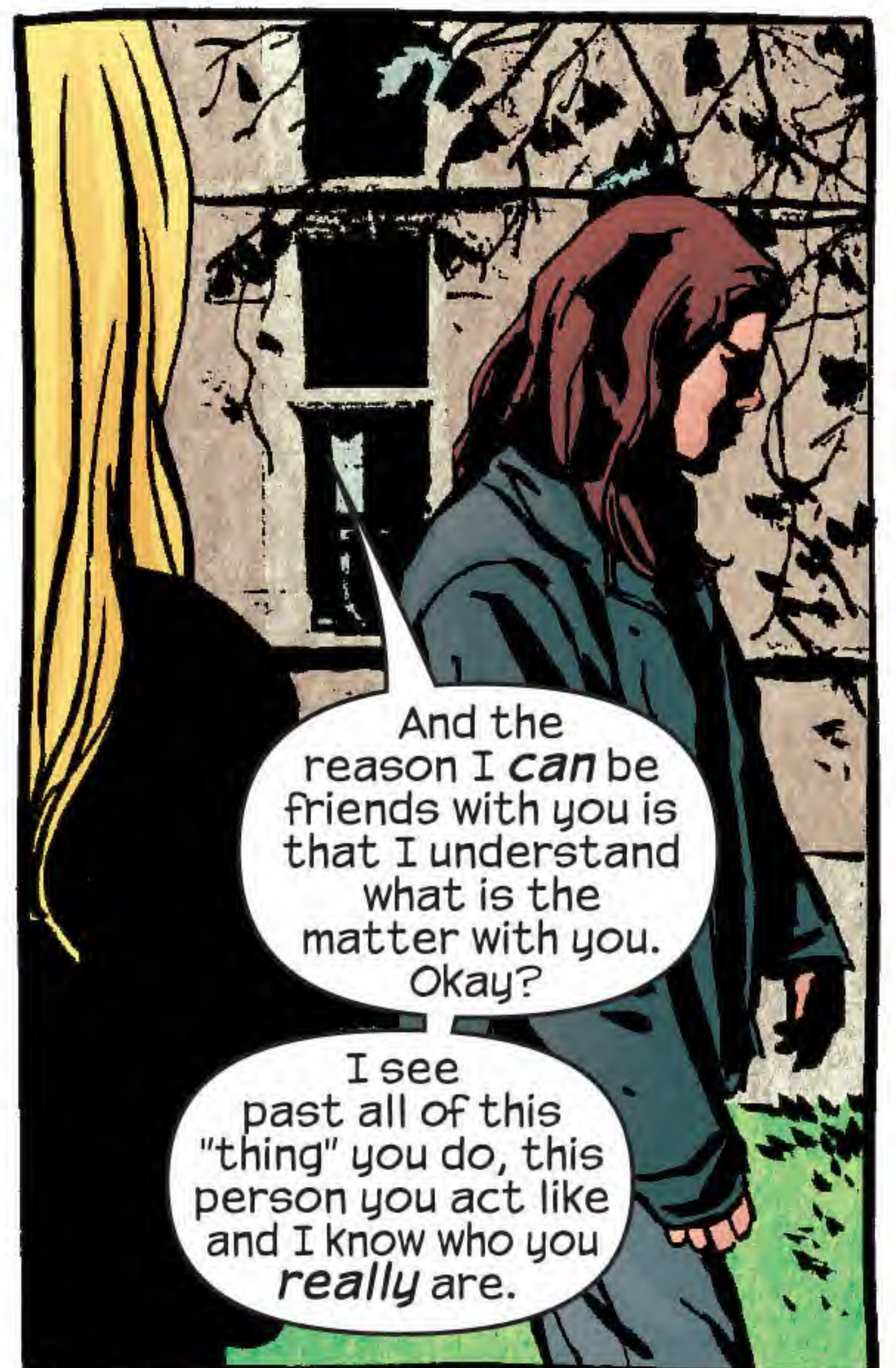


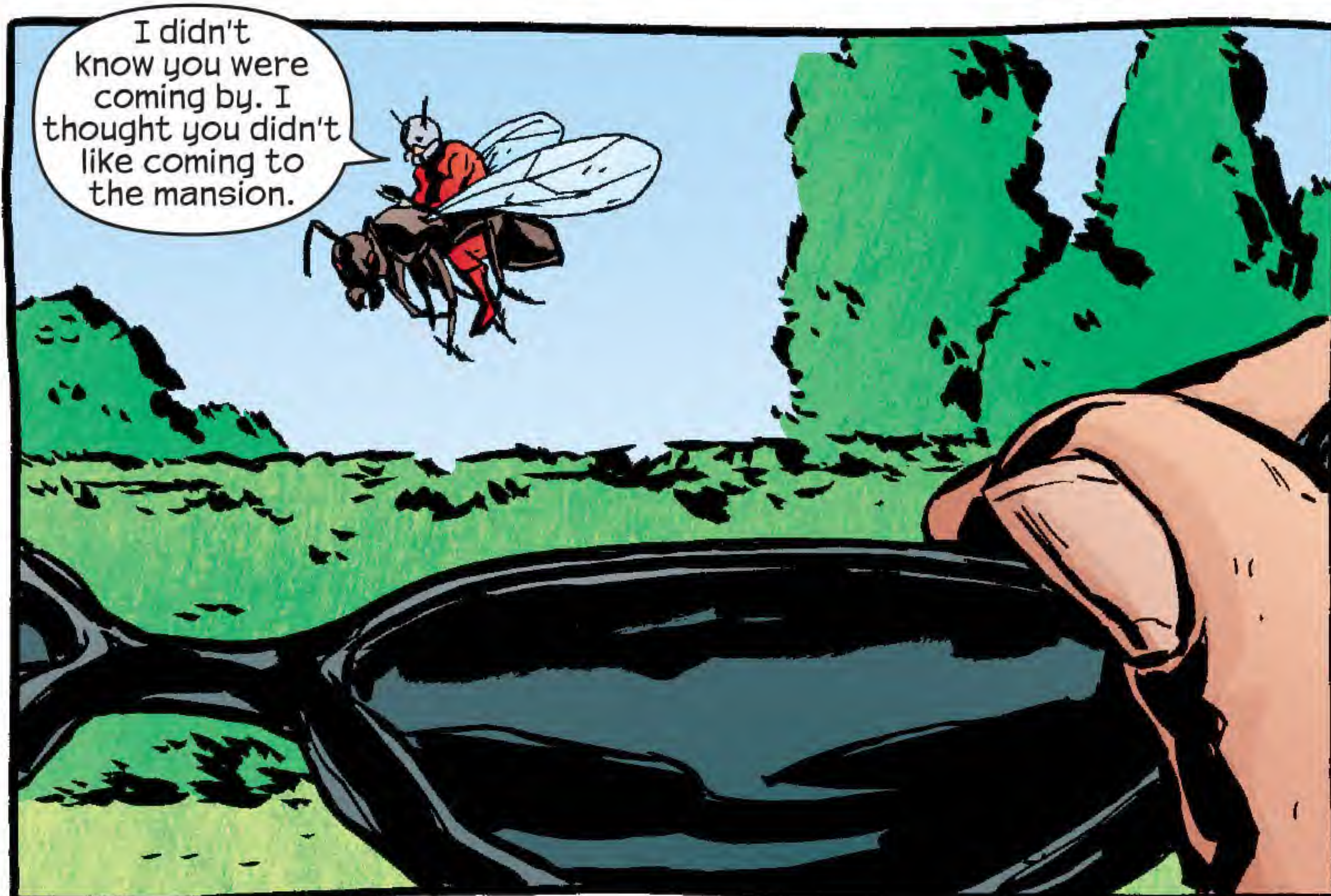
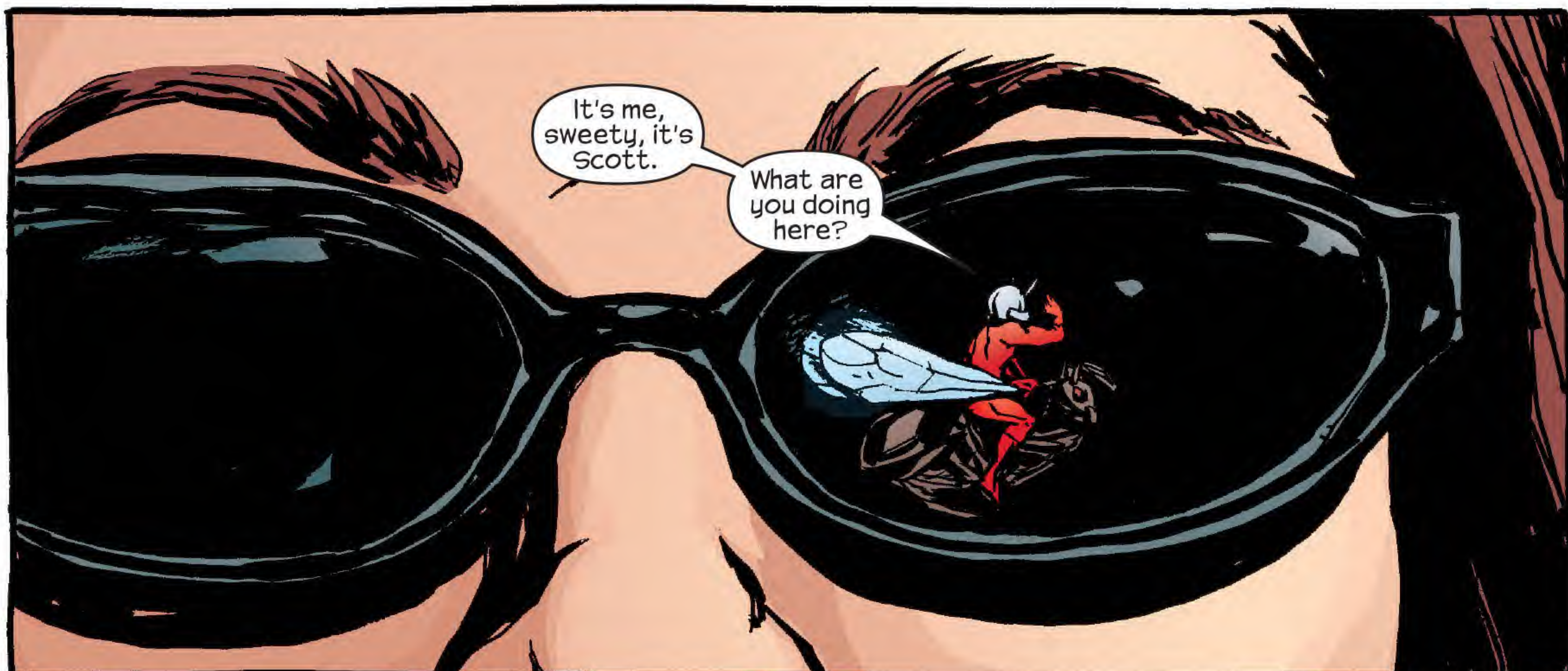
Thank
you.

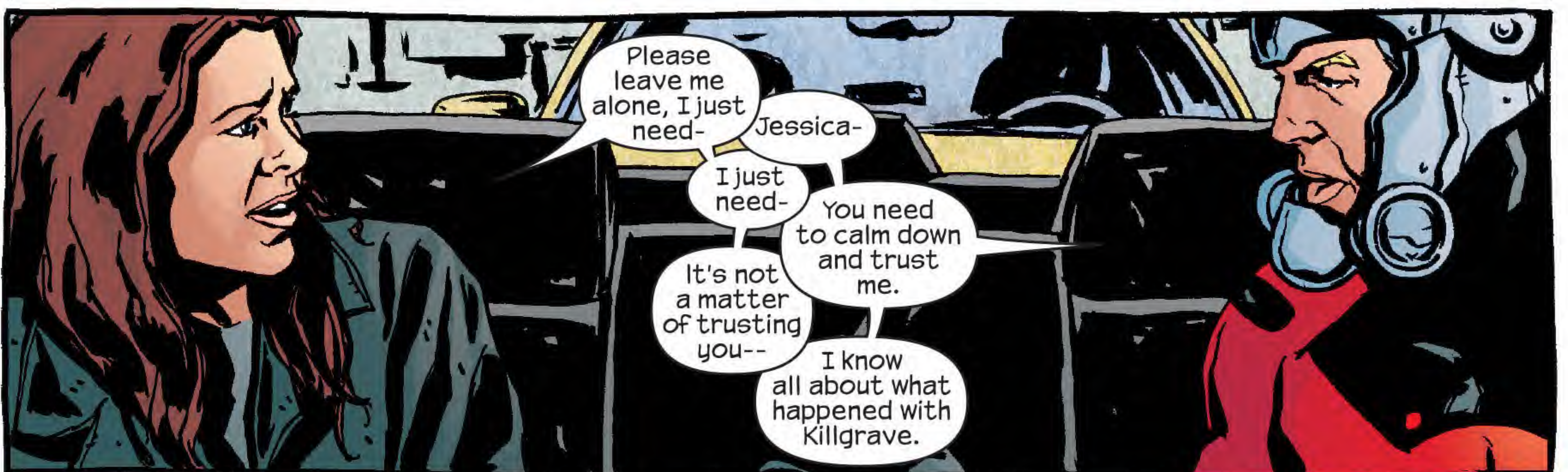
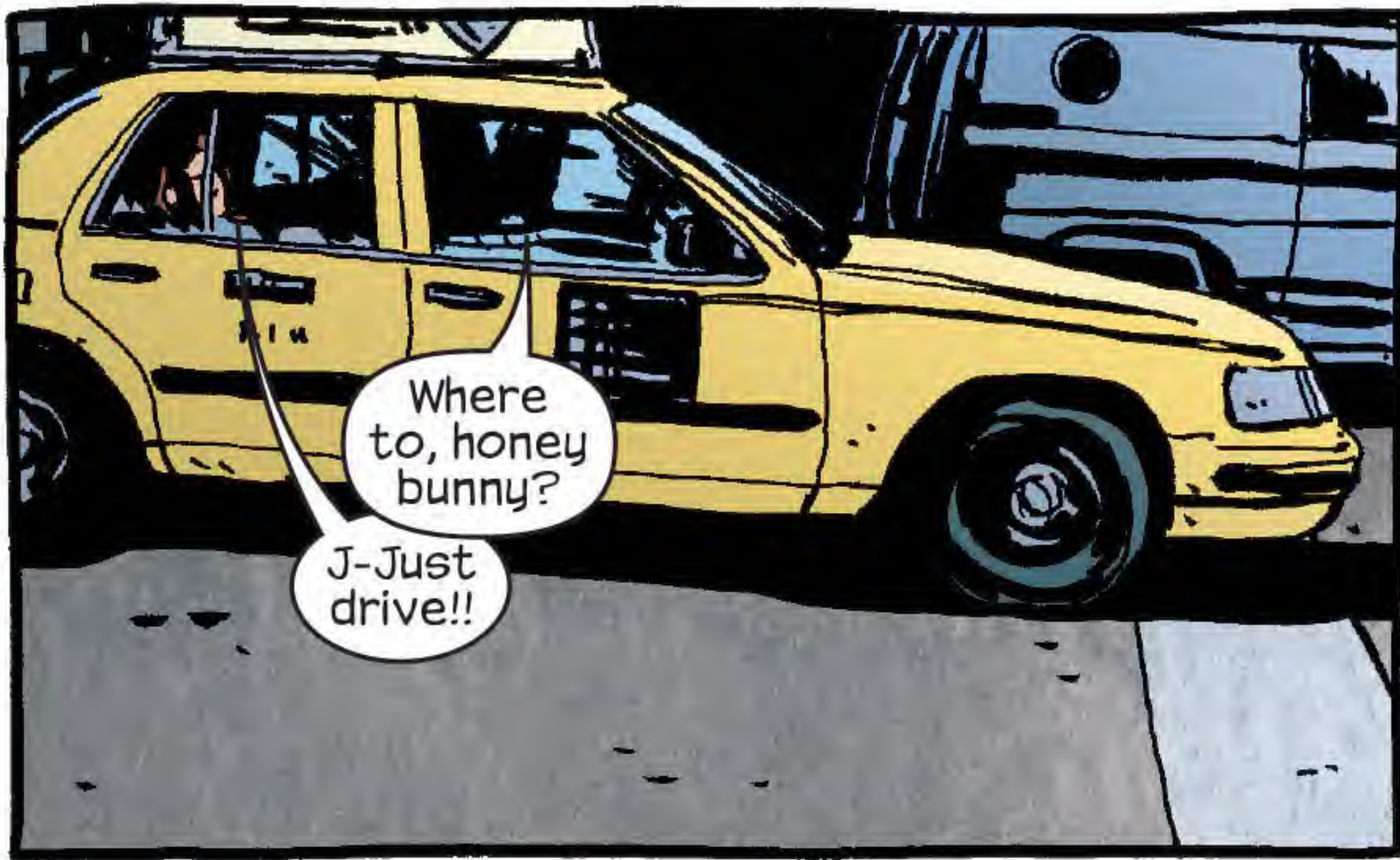


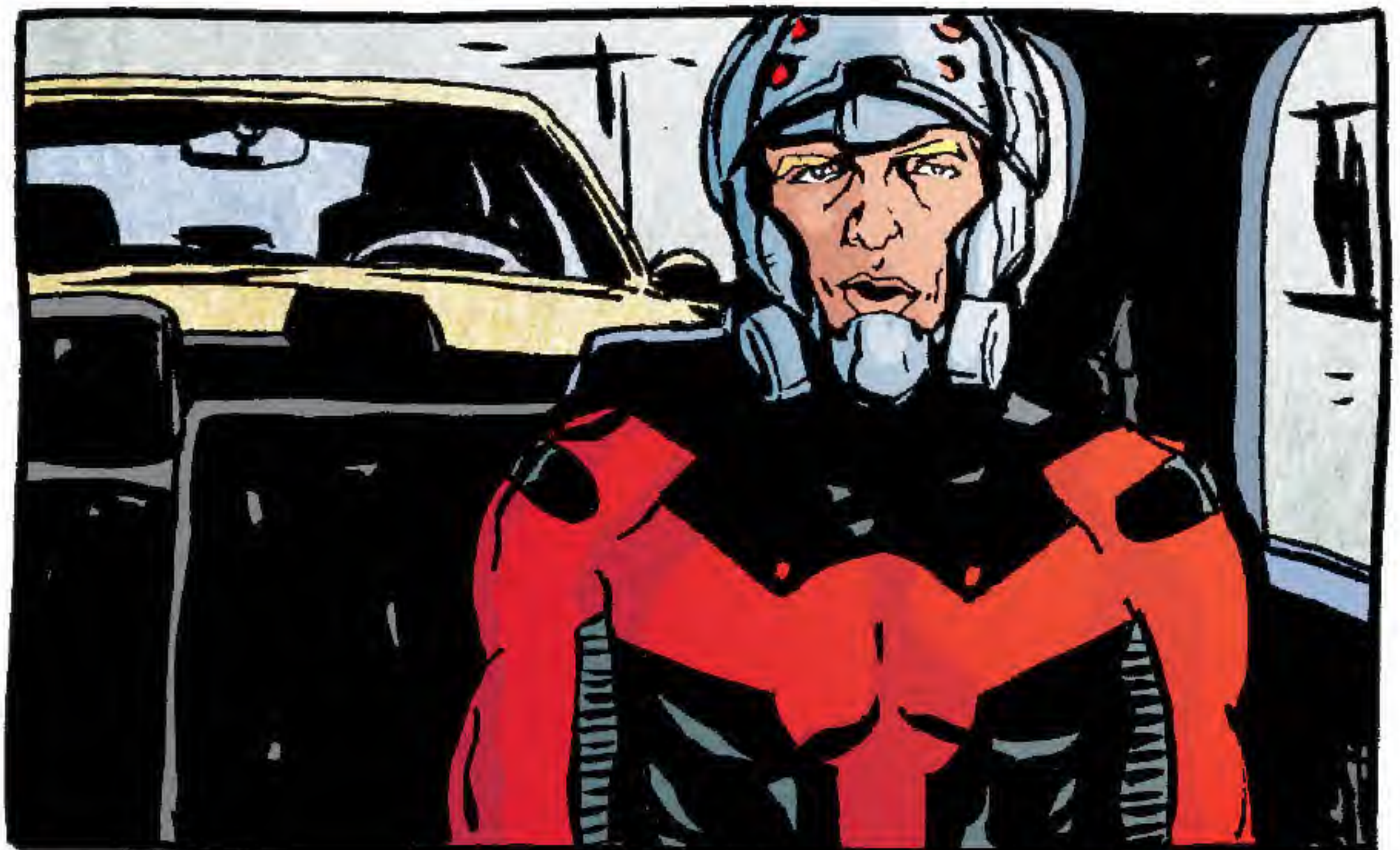
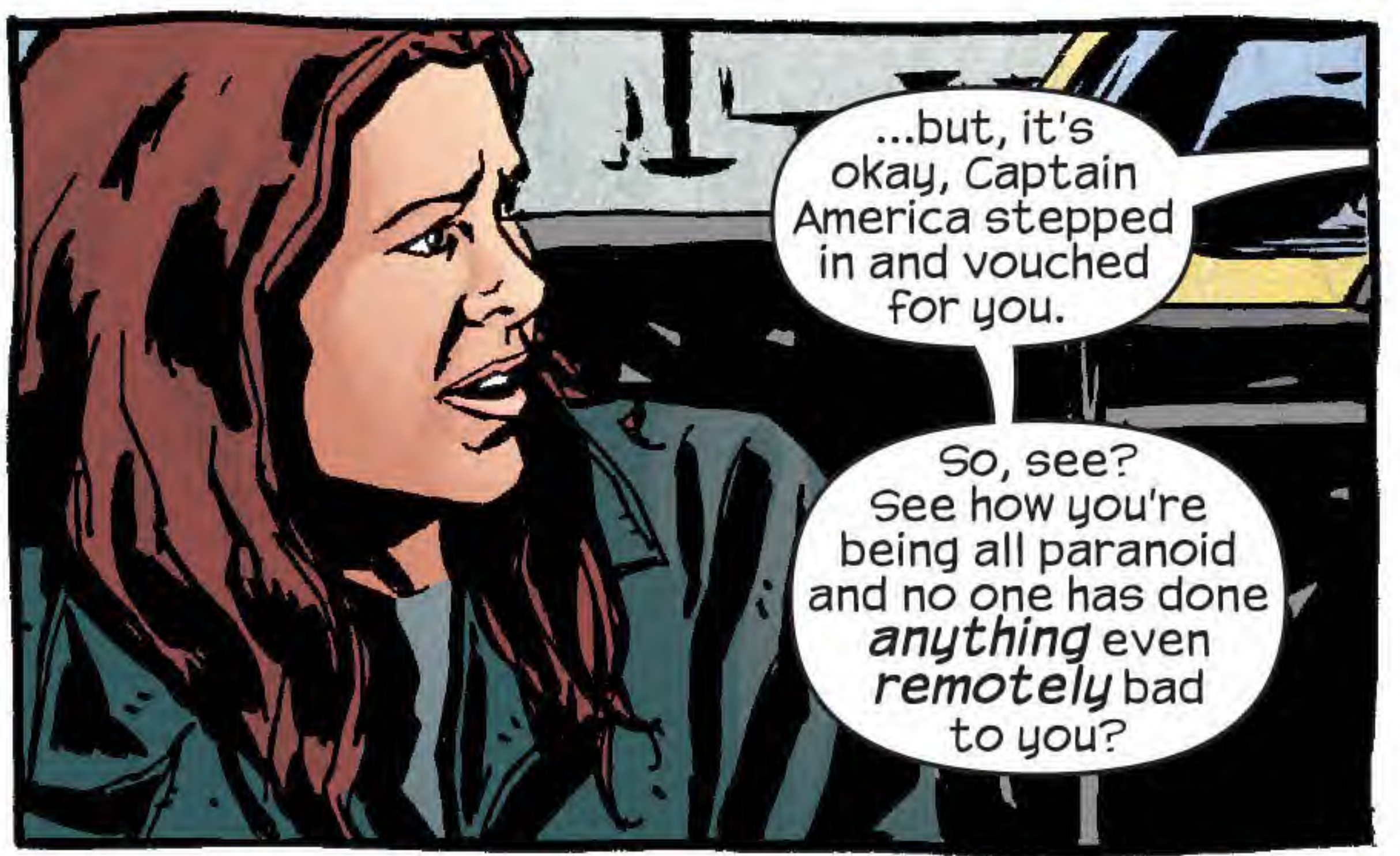
Avengers Mansion

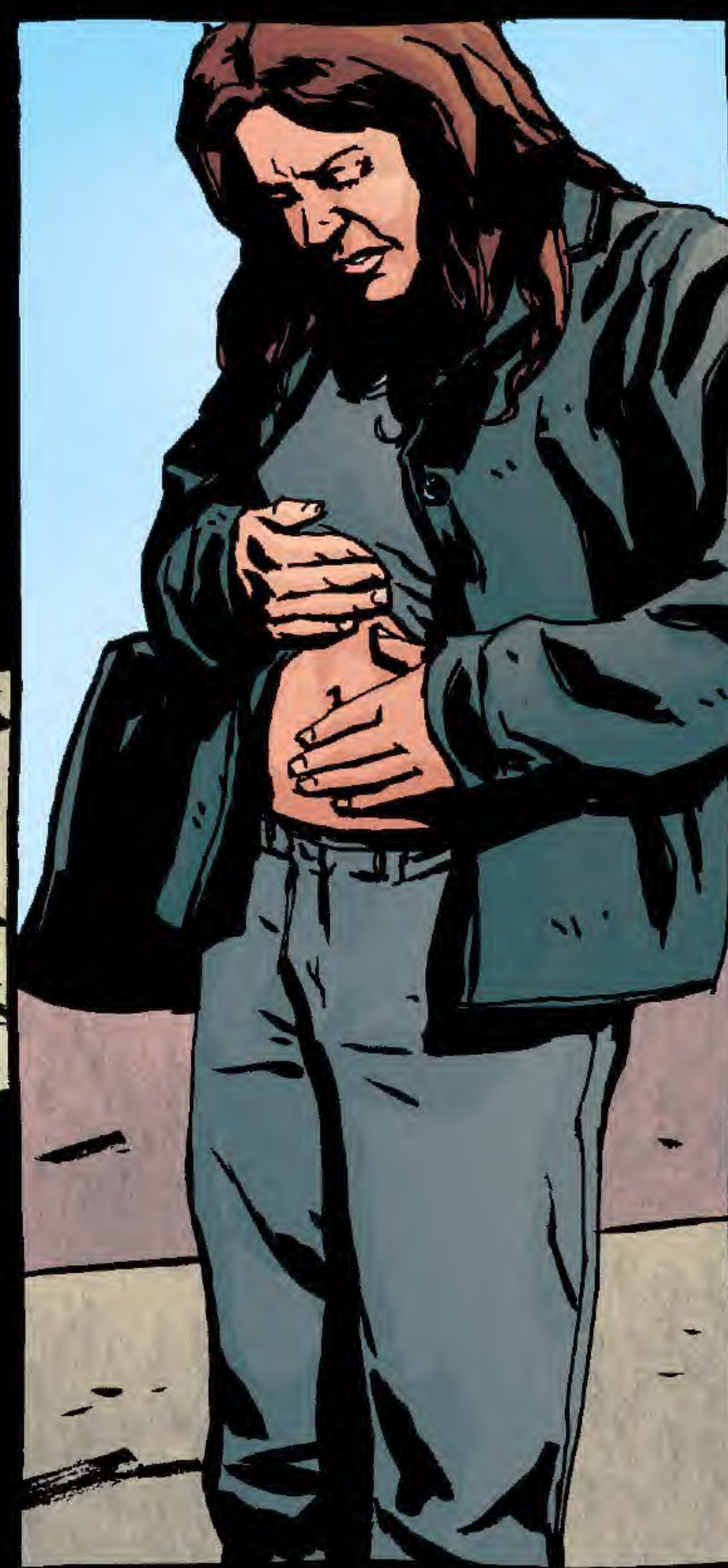












Alias Investigations



Um, hi,
I am calling for
Jessica Jones.

My name is
Kim Rourke. I am--
uh--calling on behalf
of a--a few families that
are all looking for some--
uh some information
about the same
person.

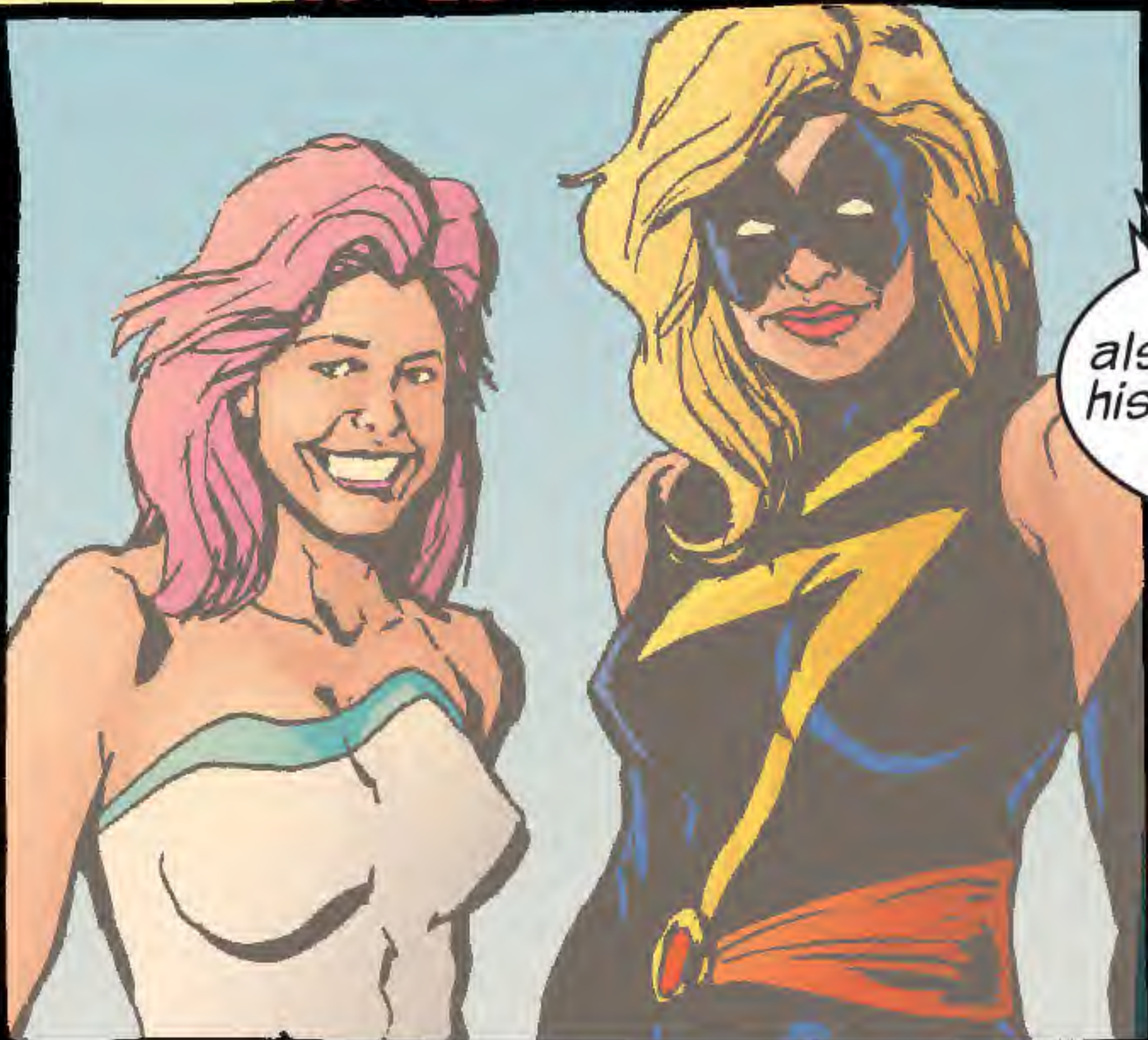
I
don't know if
that is something
you do or not, I
have never called
an investigator
before.



Initially I
had called Avengers
Mansion about our
problem and a woman
said I should
call you...

...and that
not only did you
have incredible
intuitiveness as an
investigator...

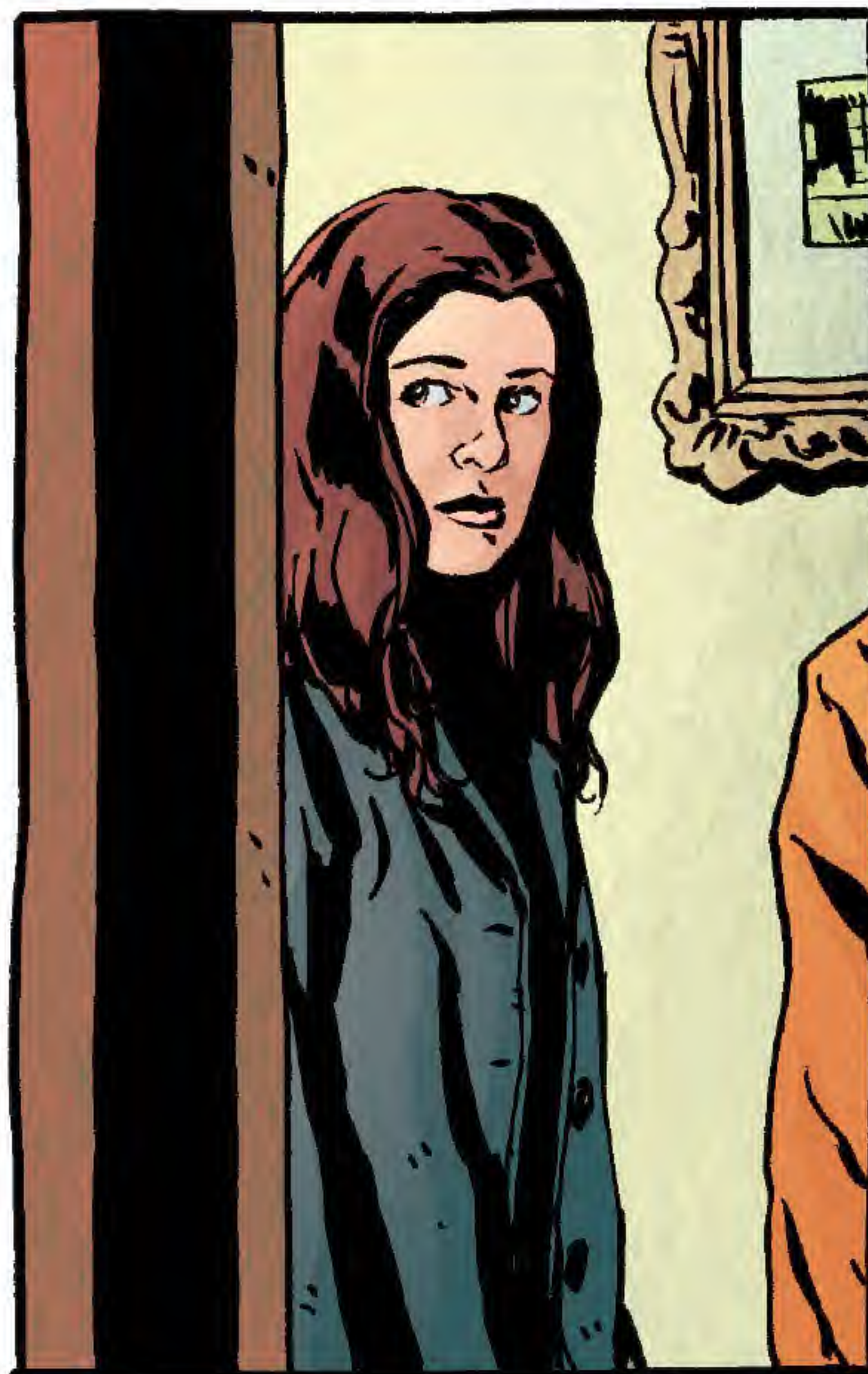
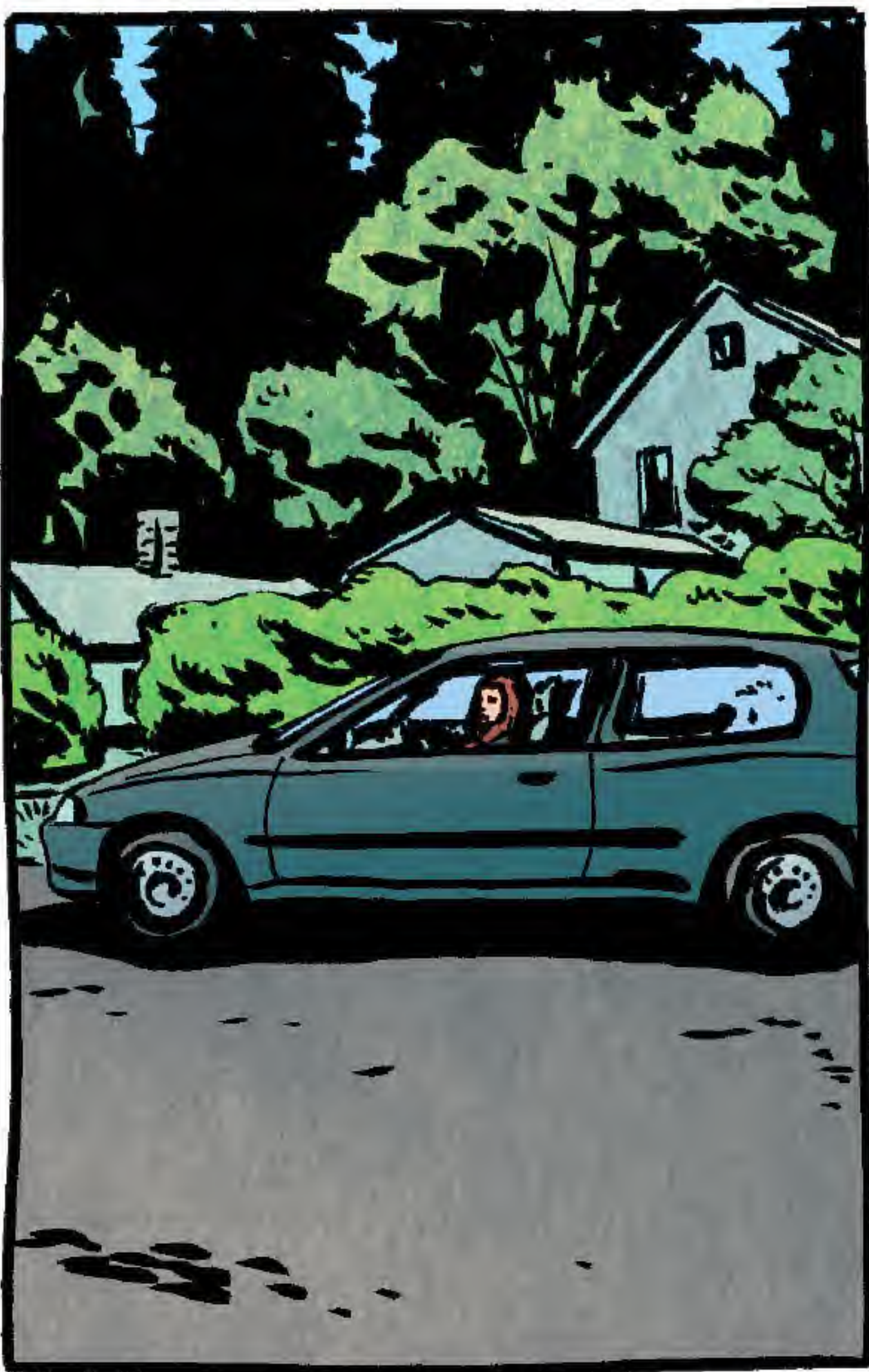
...but you
also had a prior
history with the
person.

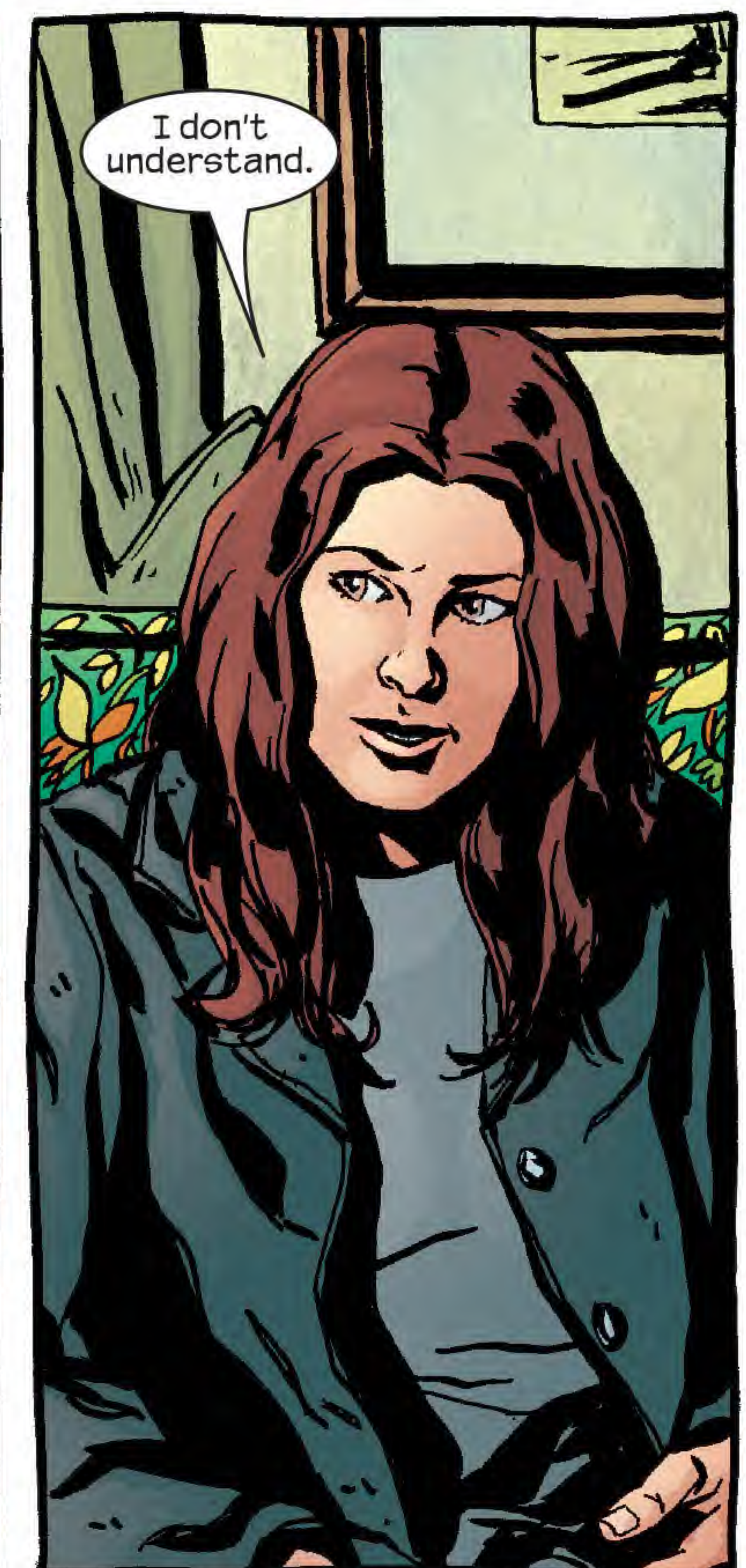


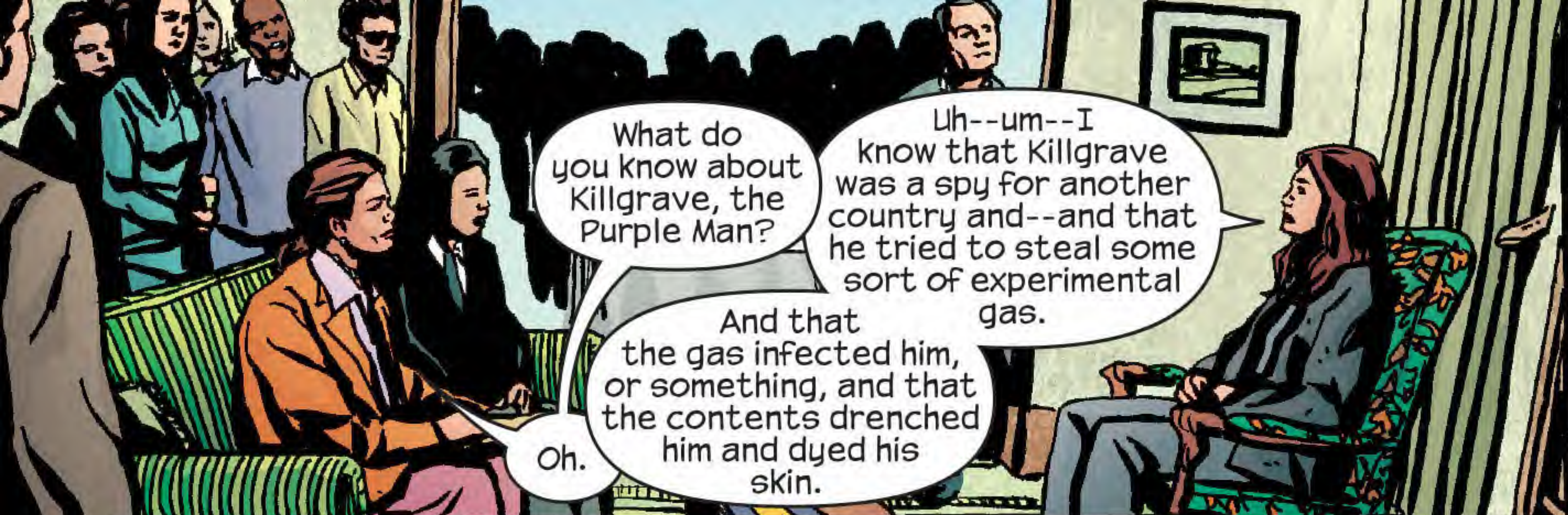
We need
help getting
information
on--well...

His
name is
Killgrave...

...but--but
they call him the
Purple Man in the
newspaper.







What do you know about Killgrave, the Purple Man?

Uh--um--I know that Killgrave was a spy for another country and--and that he tried to steal some sort of experimental gas.

And that the gas infected him, or something, and that the contents drenched him and dyed his skin.

Oh.

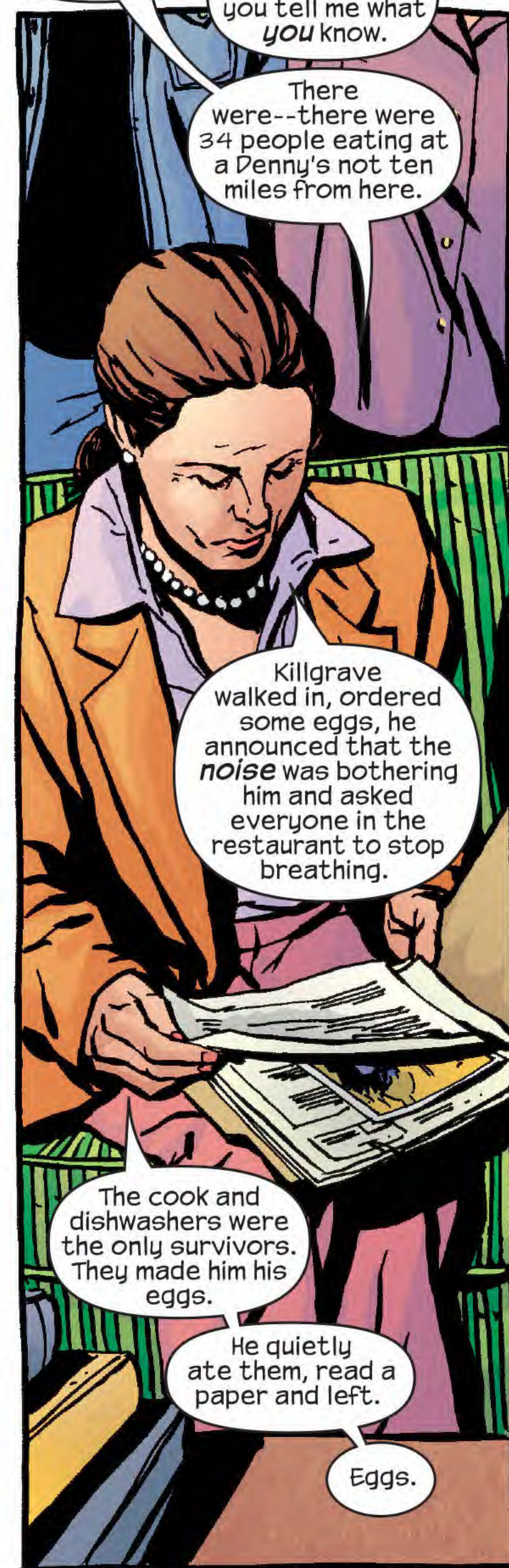


What?

We--uh--we never knew exactly how it was he got his powers--

Oh, well, why don't you tell me what *you* know.

There were--there were 34 people eating at a Denny's not ten miles from here.



Killgrave walked in, ordered some eggs, he announced that the *noise* was bothering him and asked everyone in the restaurant to stop breathing.

The cook and dishwashers were the only survivors. They made him his eggs.

He quietly ate them, read a paper and left.

Eggs.



34 people died in that restaurant because this maniac wanted some eggs in quiet.



This is just one of forty recorded incidents like this. Incidents that, frankly, I can't even find the words for.

I just don't--

This thing--

With hypnosis--they say that the hypnotist can't *make* you do anything you don't already *want* to do.

I looked it up. I asked, I know.

My sister--she did not want to *kill* herself! There's no *way* she--



It isn't hypnosis.

Killgrave, um, has the power to overpower people's wills.

He can make people do whatever he wants.

His power originates from his skin cells.



The pheromones and--and other secretions in his skin produce a combination of these psychoactive chemicals...

...which are inhaled by people without them knowing--against their will--

--or *absorbed* from the air through the skin.

And supposedly the chemicals induce a monomania--an overwhelming... mania.



It isn't hypnosis.

It isn't--the person--

The *victim* cannot be *blamed* for-- for-- for anything they do when they are under that asshole's control.

(Excuse my language.)

No, you're right, asshole is right.

I'm saying, I see you...

...you're looking for logic where there isn't any to be found.

You're looking for human reasoning--rationale--where there isn't any to be found.



What we're looking for is closure.



Well...

There were rumors that he died, but Killgrave is in a place called The Raft. It's a small island two miles off of Ryker's Island.

The maximum security prison off the harbor of Manhattan.

He is in the maximum, maximum security prison.

He has been removed from society forever.



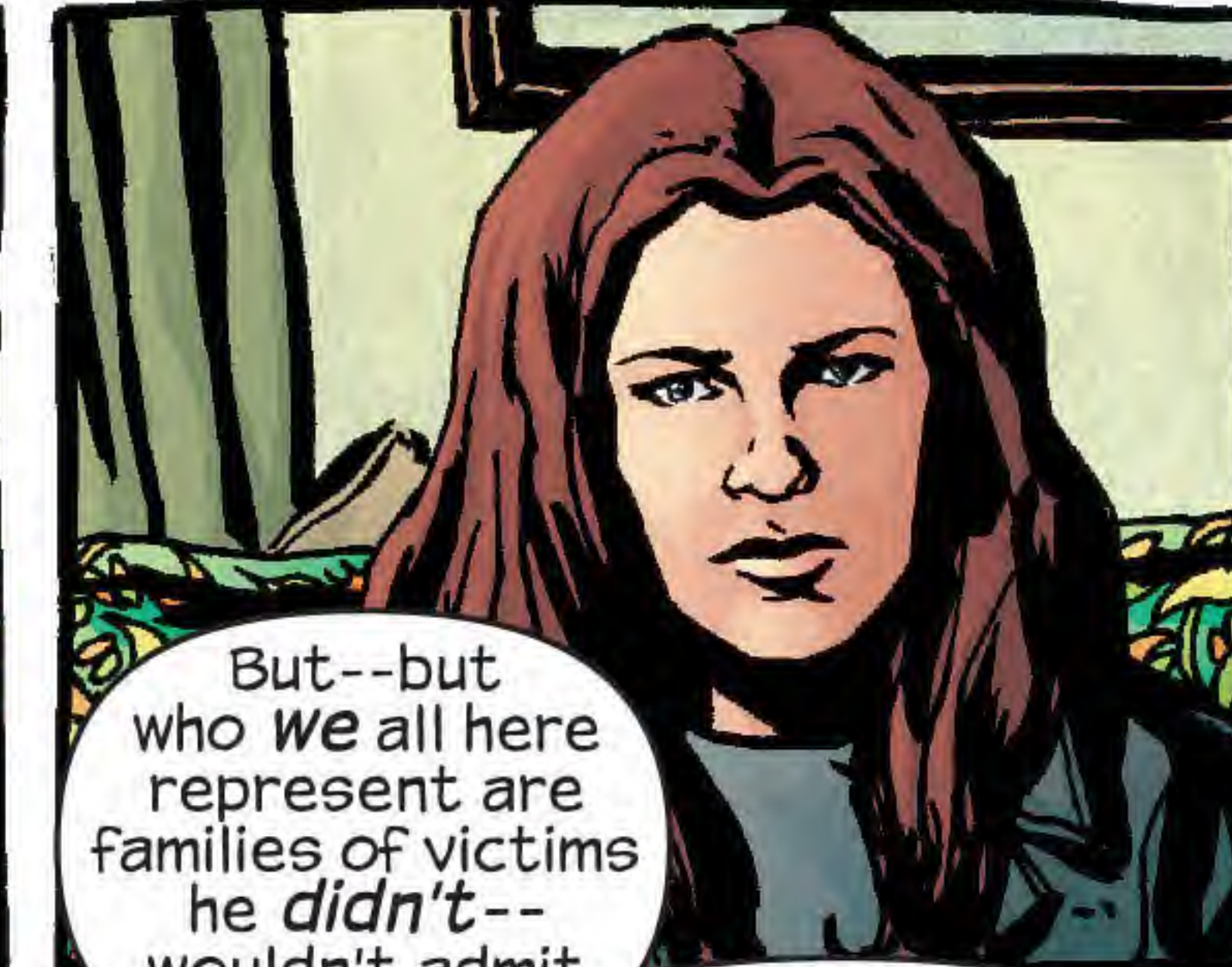
No, we know that. But see, here's the thing...

Killgrave was put away for murders he *admitted* to. Confessed to.

Once he was caught by the Defenders he, as I am told, *gleefully* detailed a handful of mass murders to the authorities.

Some of which you could have read about in the paper.

He was annoyed he wasn't getting the *credit*.

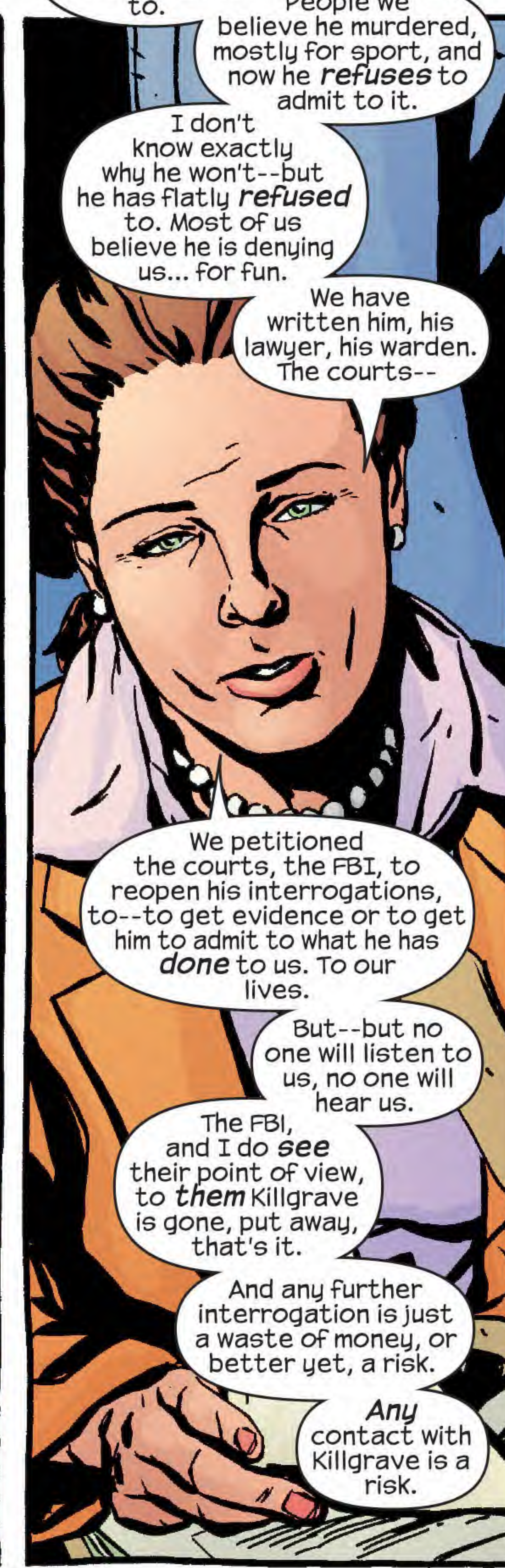


But--but who *we* all here represent are families of victims he *didn't*-- wouldn't admit to.

People we believe he murdered, mostly for sport, and now he *refuses* to admit to it.

I don't know exactly why he won't--but he has flatly *refused* to. Most of us believe he is denying us... for fun.

We have written him, his lawyer, his warden. The courts--



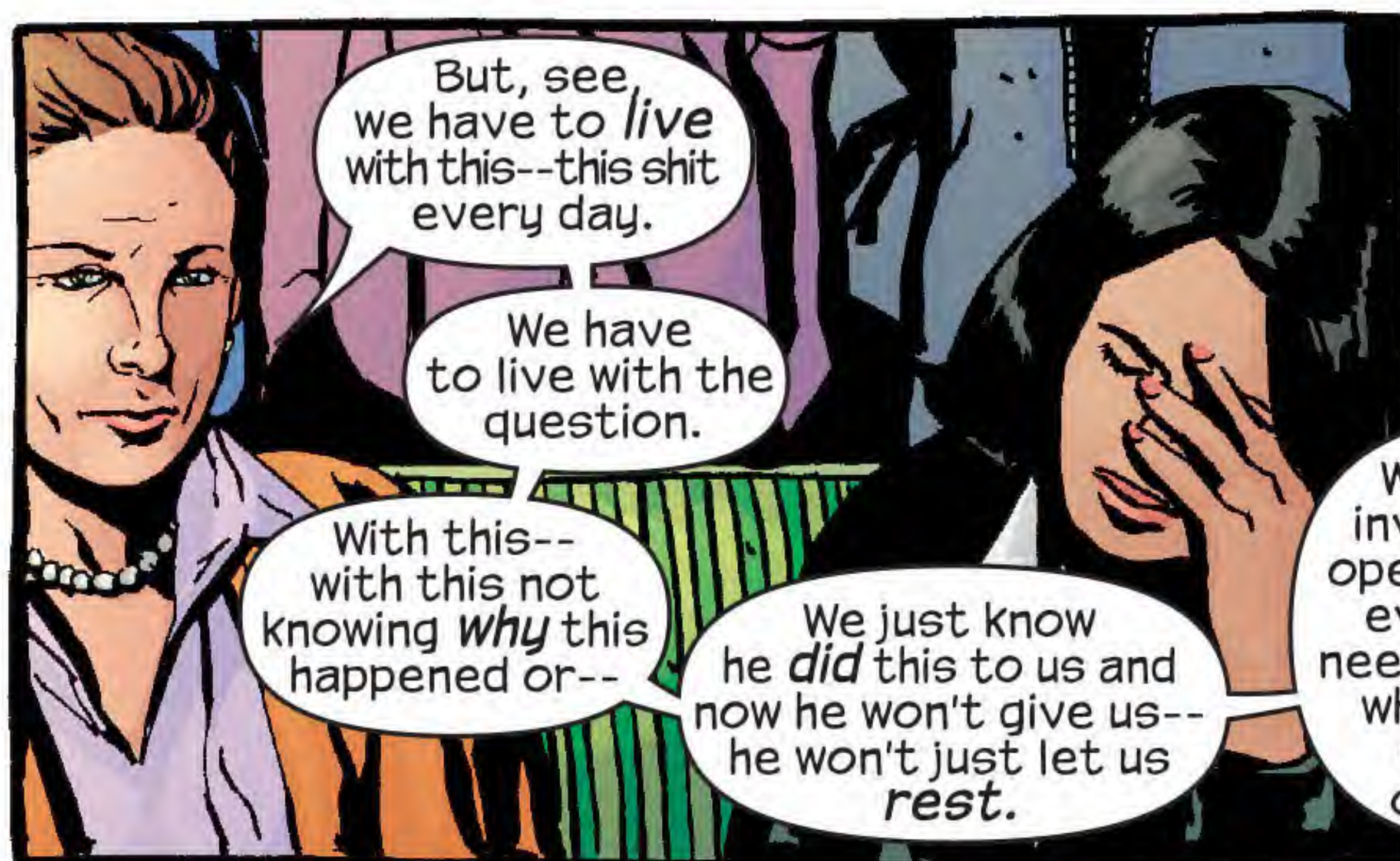
We petitioned the courts, the FBI, to reopen his interrogations, to--to get evidence or to get him to admit to what he has *done* to us. To our lives.

But--but no one will listen to us, no one will hear us.

The FBI, and I do *see* their point of view, to *them* Killgrave is gone, put away, that's it.

And any further interrogation is just a waste of money, or better yet, a risk.

Any contact with Killgrave is a risk.



But, see we have to *live* with this--this shit every day.

We have to live with the question.

With this-- with this not knowing *why* this happened or--

We just know he *did* this to us and now he won't give us-- he won't just let us *rest*.



We need the investigations opened. We need evidence--we need him to admit what he did or something concrete--

We need to put it to rest.



Excuse me.

You used to be a super hero, right? Is that right?



Yes.



And you've --you've come up against this man--this Killgrave.



Yes.

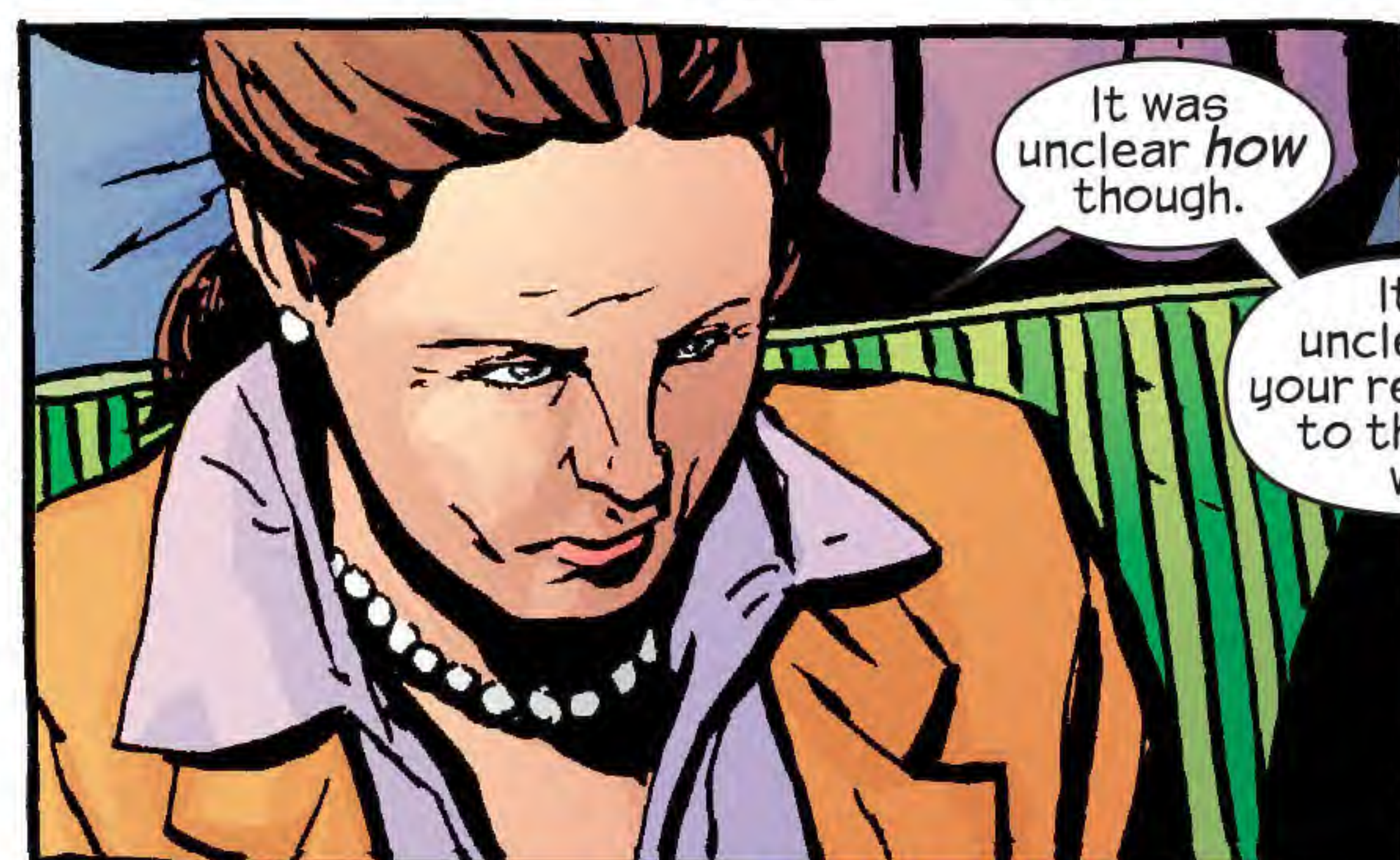


In doing my internet research on Killgrave, your name--you came up a couple of times.

It said you were involved in one of his captures.



Yes.



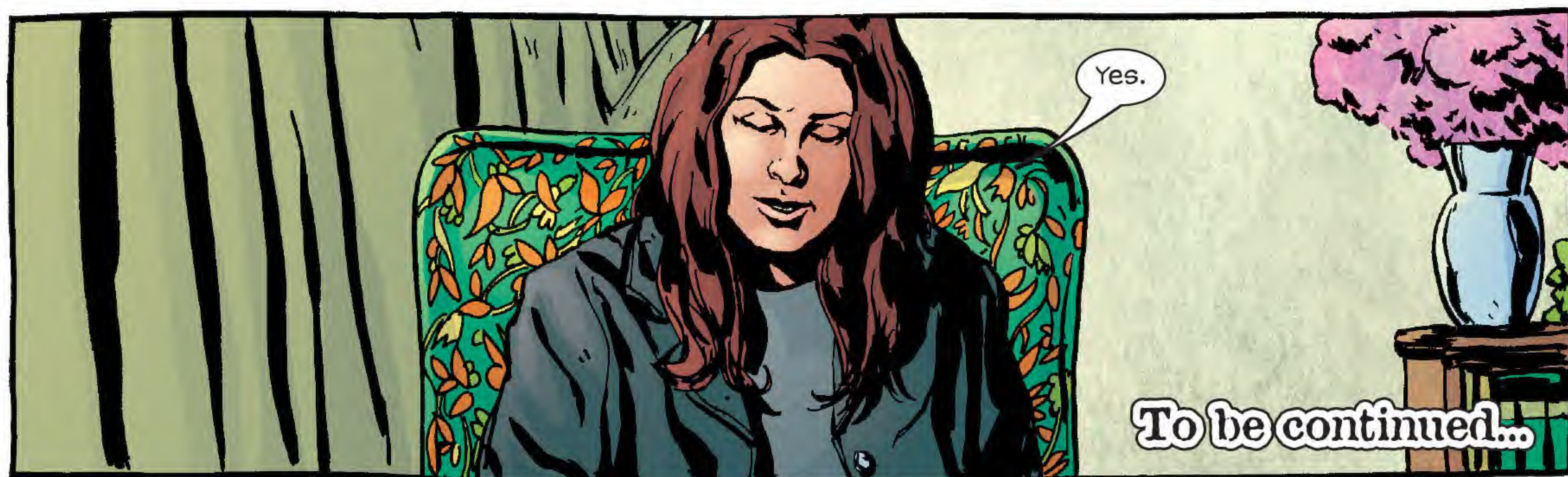
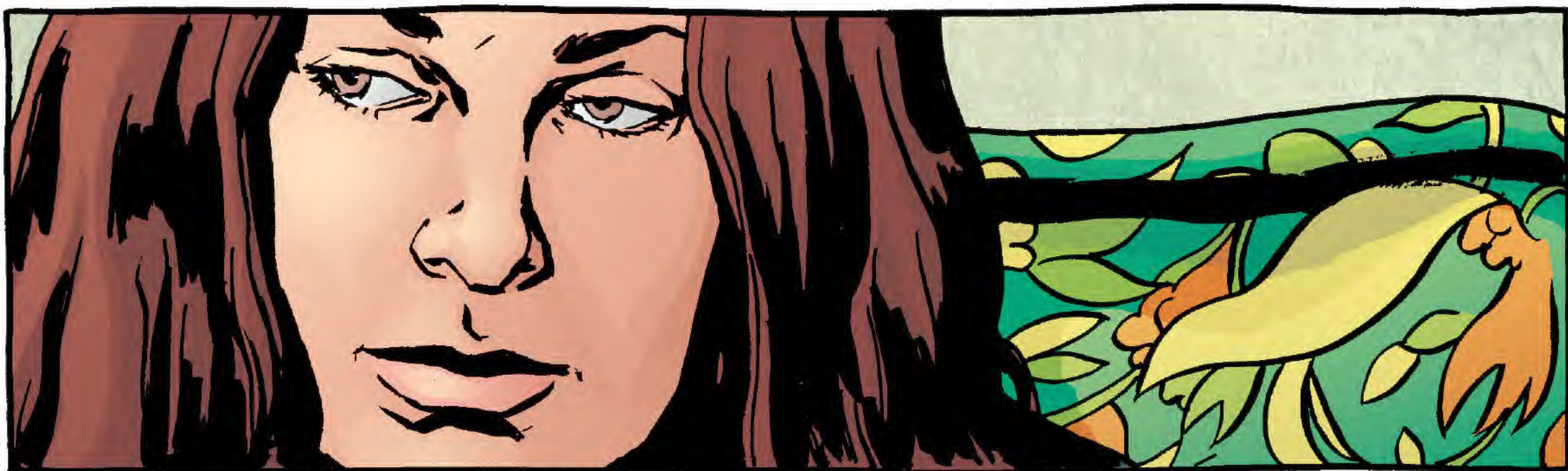
It was unclear *how* though.

It was unclear what your relationship to the event was.



It--

I--





BENDIS



GAYDOS



BAGLEY

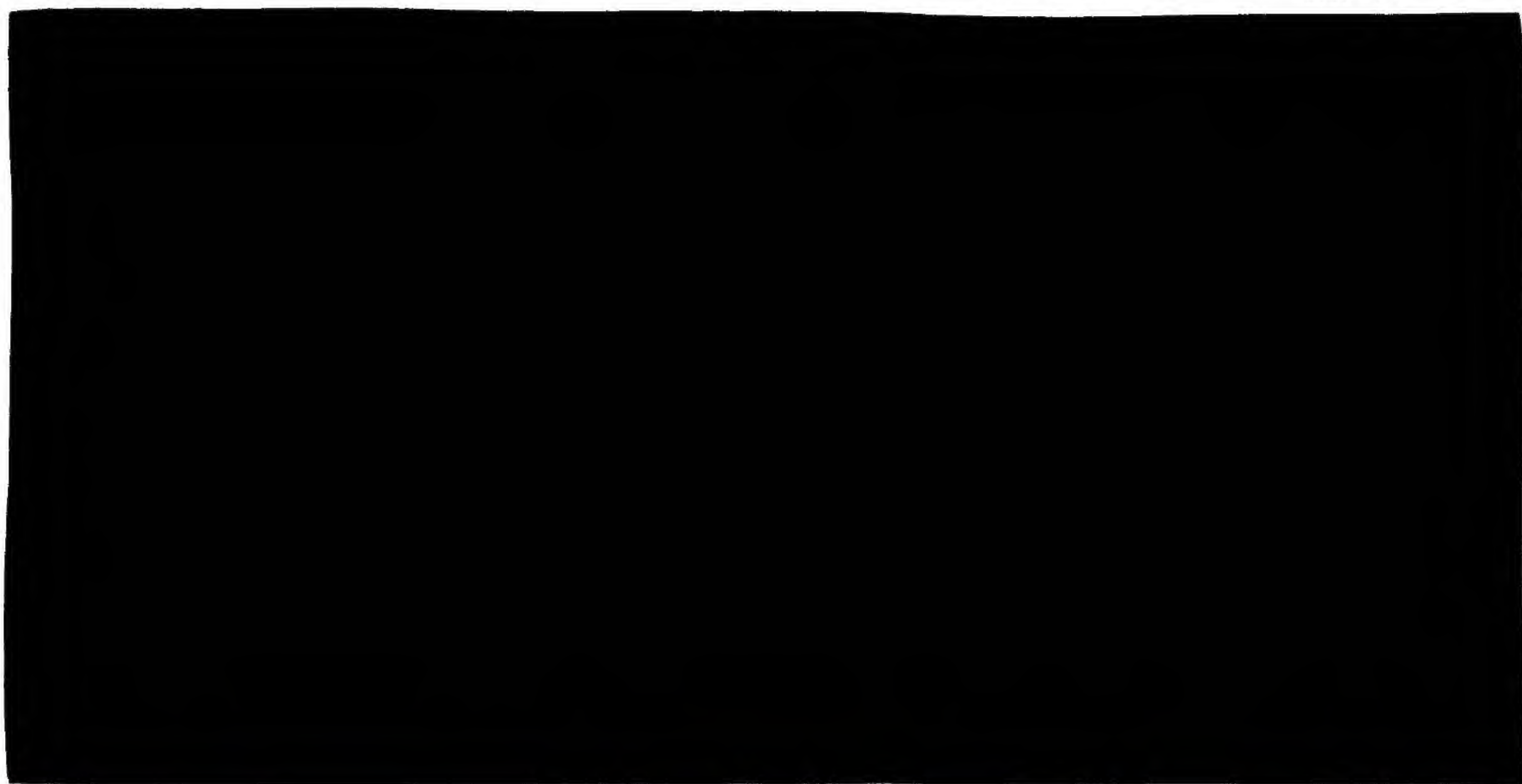
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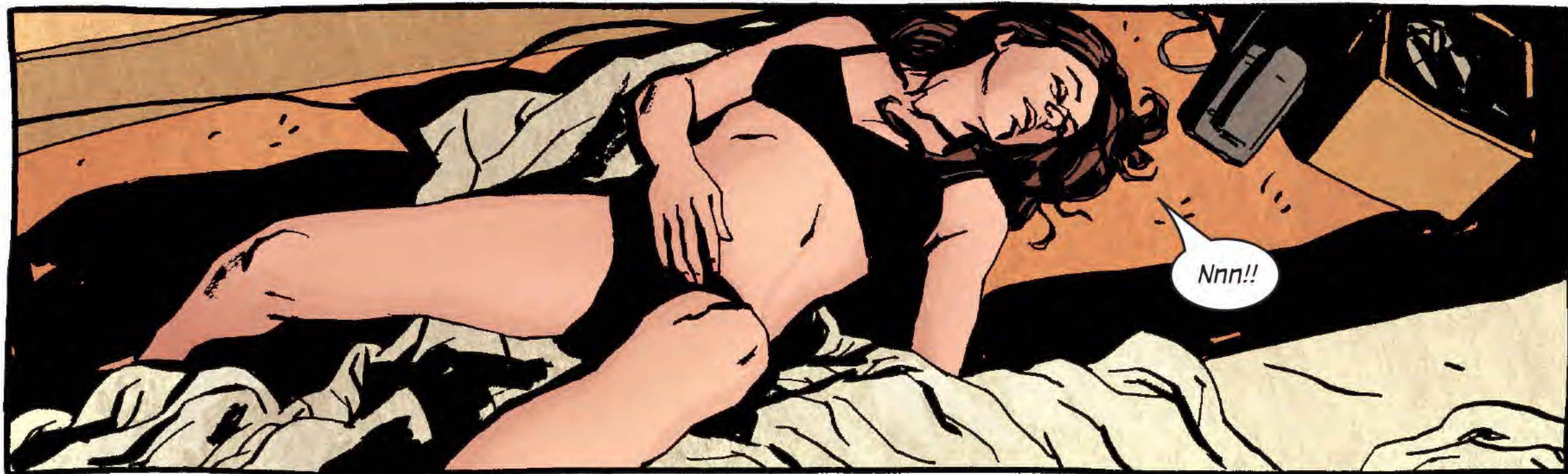
AliasTM

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

PURPLE
PART 2

MACK





Nnn!!



Where the fuck am I?

Seriously.

Where the fuck--I have no idea where I--ah!

Fffgod damn it!

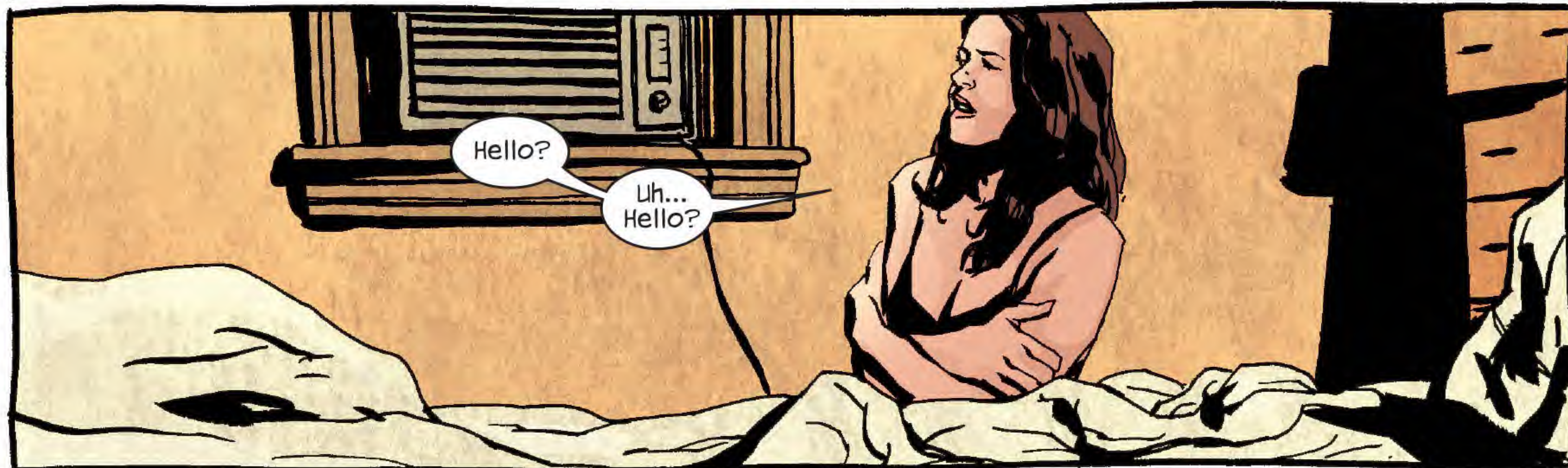
Where are my clothes?



Oohh...

Please tell me I didn't fuck someone I don't know.

Please--oh thank god.



Hello?

Uh... Hello?









So what sent you off on your little binge?

This time.



I haven't had a drink in-- in a good long while.



Not what I asked.



Yeah, uh, I don't want to talk about it.



Girl, how much shit from you am I supposed to take?



I'll pay for it, I said.



Don't care about the fucking window!!

What happened?



Killgrave.



The Purple fucker?

Guy looks at you and makes you do whatever he says?

With the hat?



Yeah, uh--

People-- these people hired me to be their investigator.

To--um-- uh find some evidence on him.

They want me to get him to admit to murdering these people they knew/love.



Yeah?



I-- uh--thing is--

I have a history with him...



...is the thing.

History?



This the thing?

Your big secret?



I ran into that Purple dude once or twice, me and Danny.

Guy's a little fuck with an attitude.



Did he, like, make you do something to him?



This is--this is--

I don't know--

A few years ago...

WHEN HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT JESSICA JONES WAS ALMOST KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT WITH A MYSTERIOUS MILITARY ISOTOPE, SHE FOUND THAT SHE HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS! JESSICA HAS VOWED TO USE HER POWERS FOR GOOD, CHAMPIONING THE CITY AS THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

JEWEL IN:

PURPLE HAZE

I TELL YA,
THANK GOODNESS
FOR *FLYING*!

IT GIVES ME
A MINUTE TO STOP
THINKING ABOUT LOOKING
FOR A JOB OR THE FACT
THAT I JUST CAN'T FIND
A *BOYFRIEND*.

WHAT'S A
GIRL GOT TO DO
IN THIS TOWN TO
FIND A DECENT
GUY?



BASHFUL
BRIAN BENDIS
WORDS AND CREATED BY
MAGNIFICENT **MIKE GAYDOS** MARVELOUS **MARK BAGLEY**
ART BOY ART PAGES 8-11 & 18-23
MAJESTIC MATT **HOLLINGSWORTH** DELIGHTFUL **DEAN WHITE**
COLORS COLORS 8-11 & 18-23

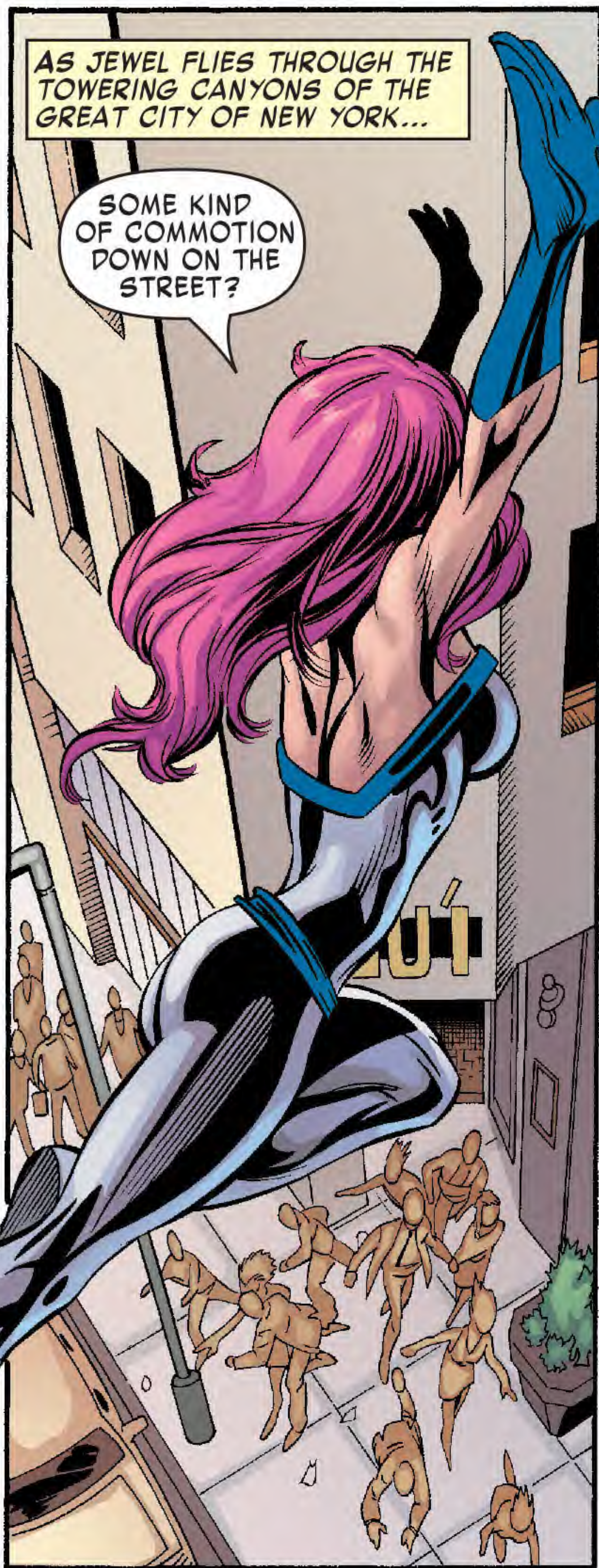
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
COOL CORY PETIT
LETTERS

MINDFUL **MARC SUMERAK** AMAZING **ANDY SCHMIDT**
ASSISTANT EDITORS

TERRIFIC **TOM BREVOORT**
EDITOR

JAW-DROPPING **JOE QUESADA**
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BRILLIANT **BILL JEMAS**
PRESIDENT



AS JEWEL FLIES THROUGH THE TOWERING CANYONS OF THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK...

SOME KIND OF COMMOTION DOWN ON THE STREET?



WHAT'S GOING ON?

ITS HORRIBLE, JUST HORRIBLE.

WHAT IS?



WHAT THE--?



SMACK!

SMACK!

OH GOD! SOMEONE STOP THEM!!

AAAAGRRHHH!!!



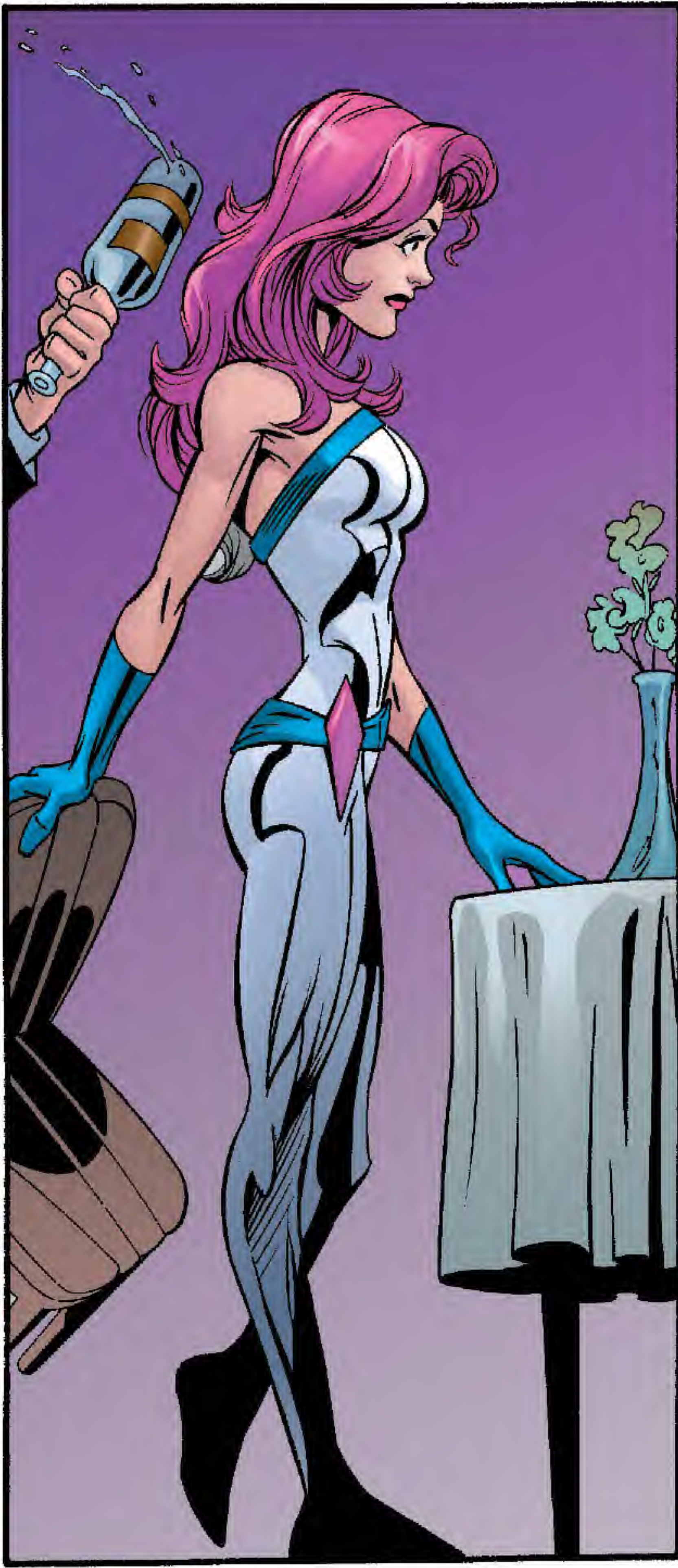
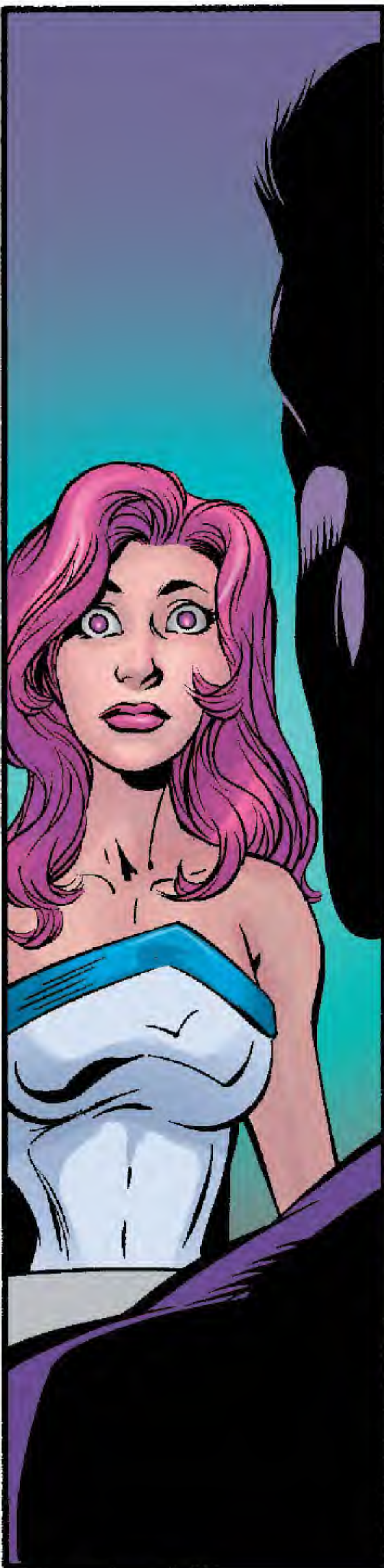
HEY!! HEY!! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

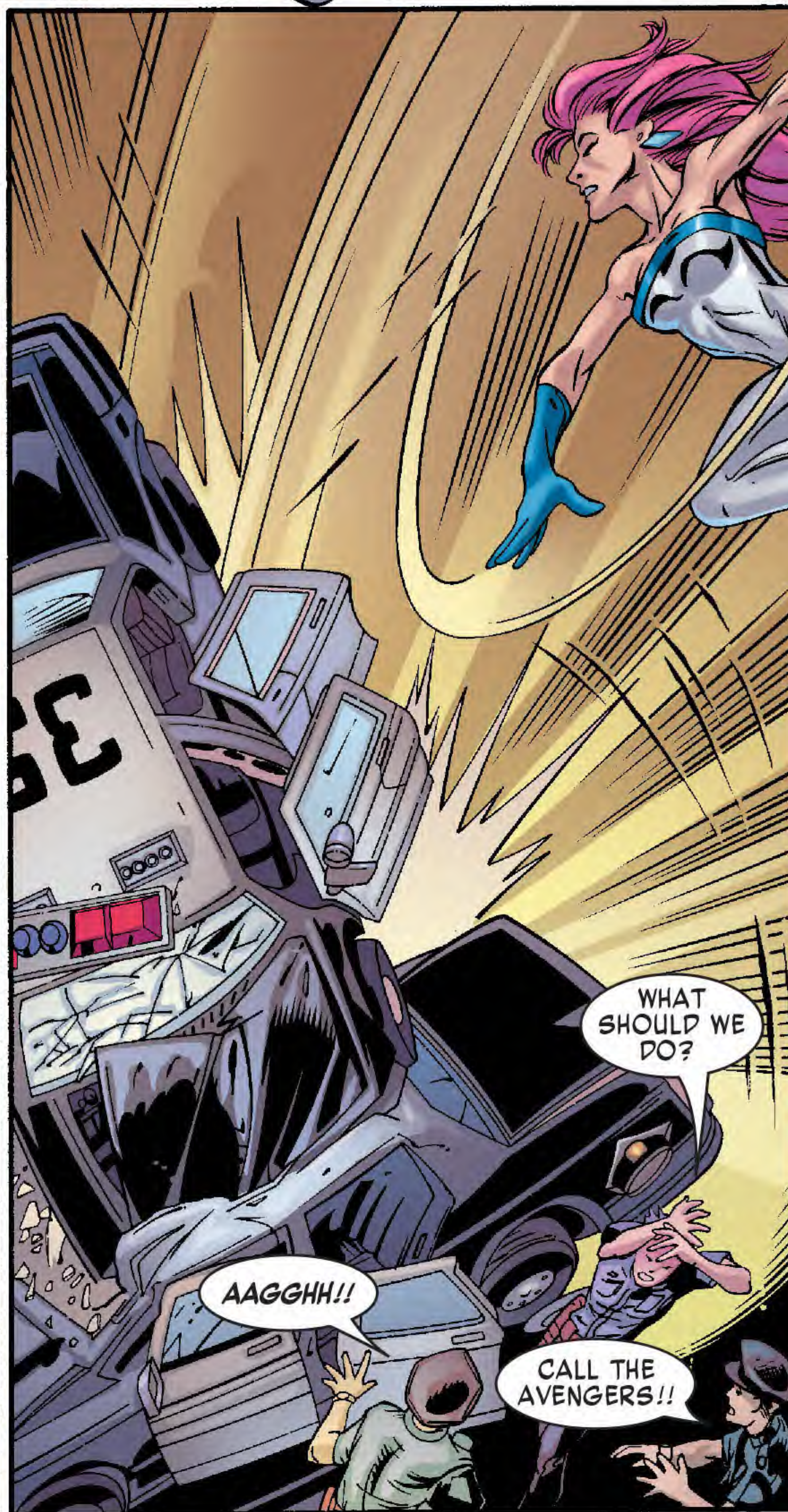
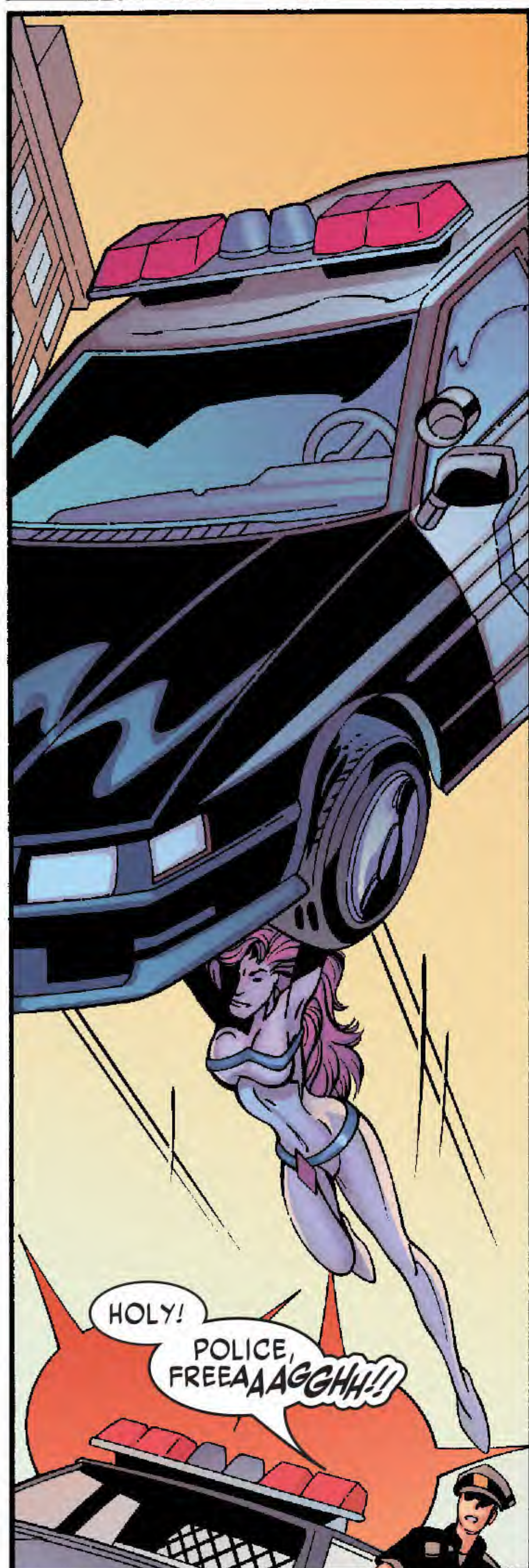
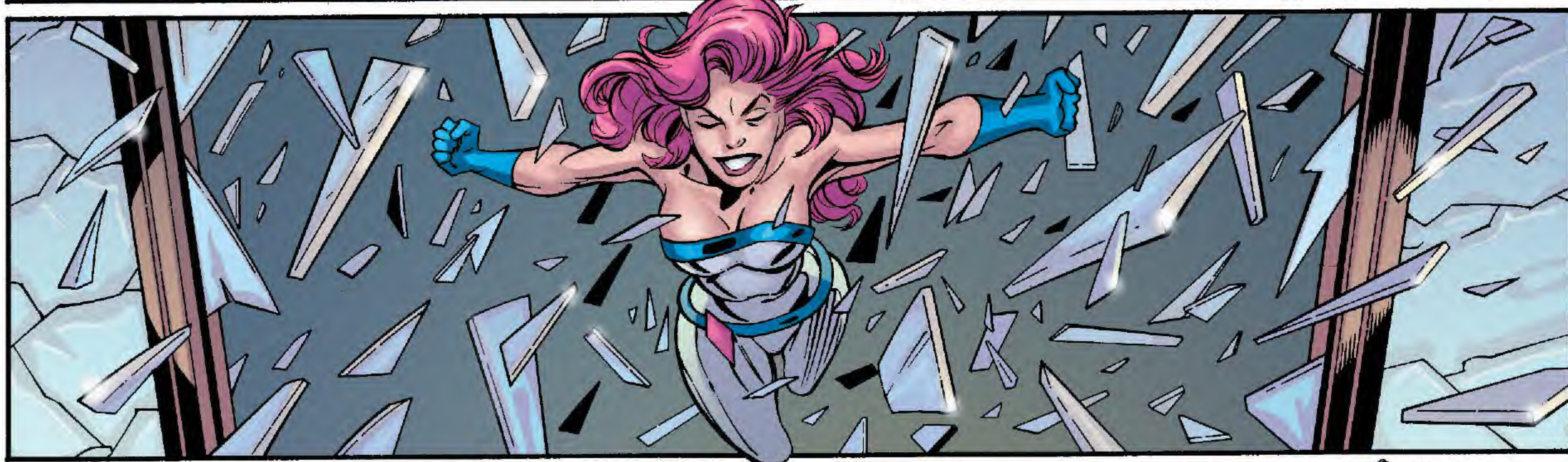
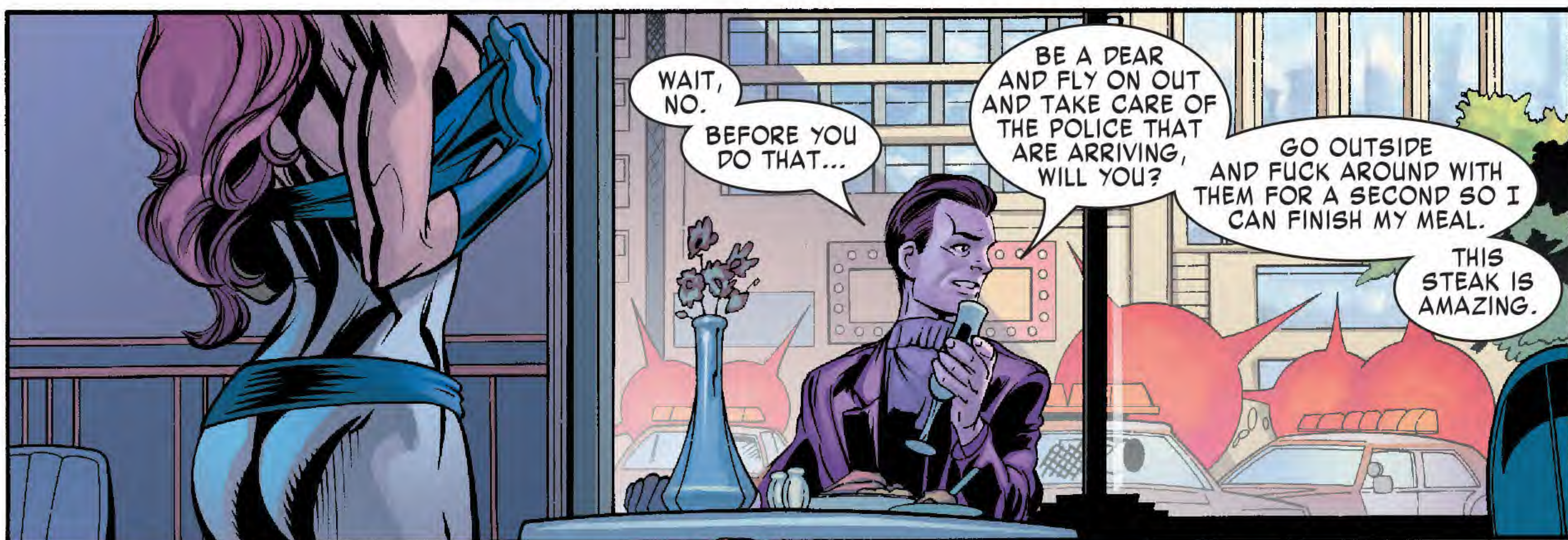
AAARRGGH!

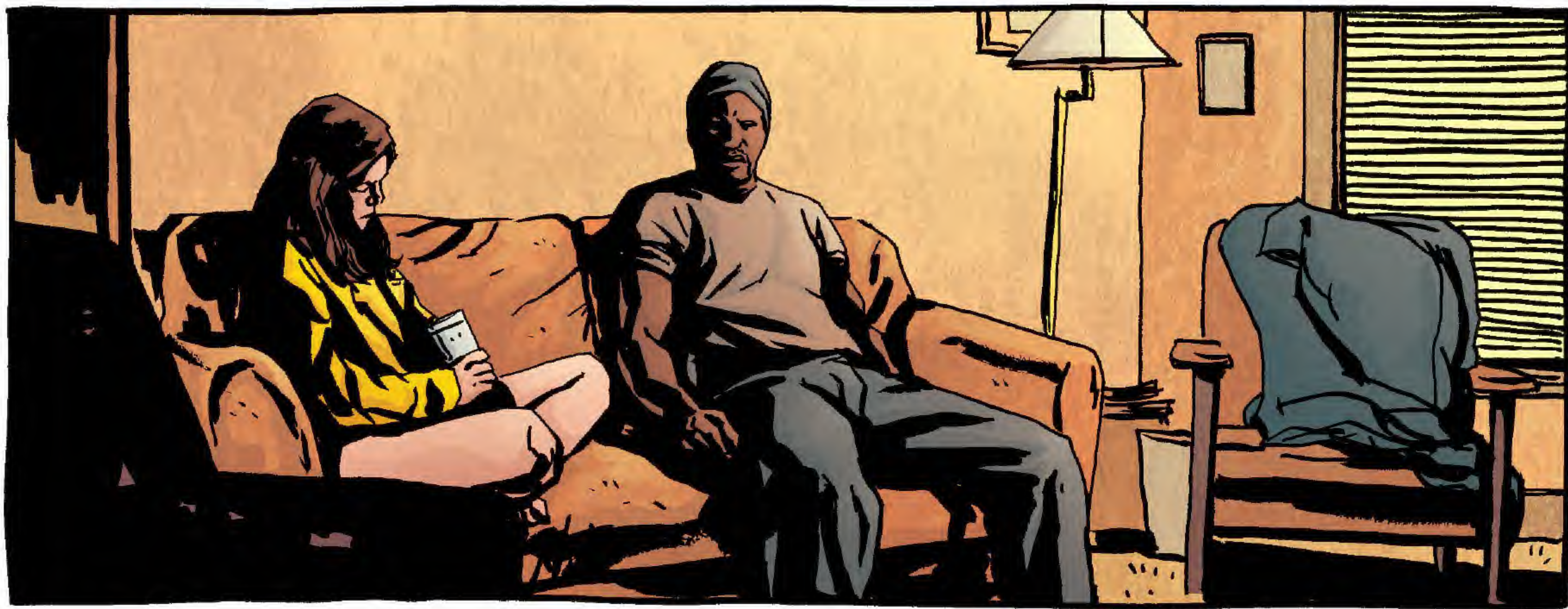
HEY!

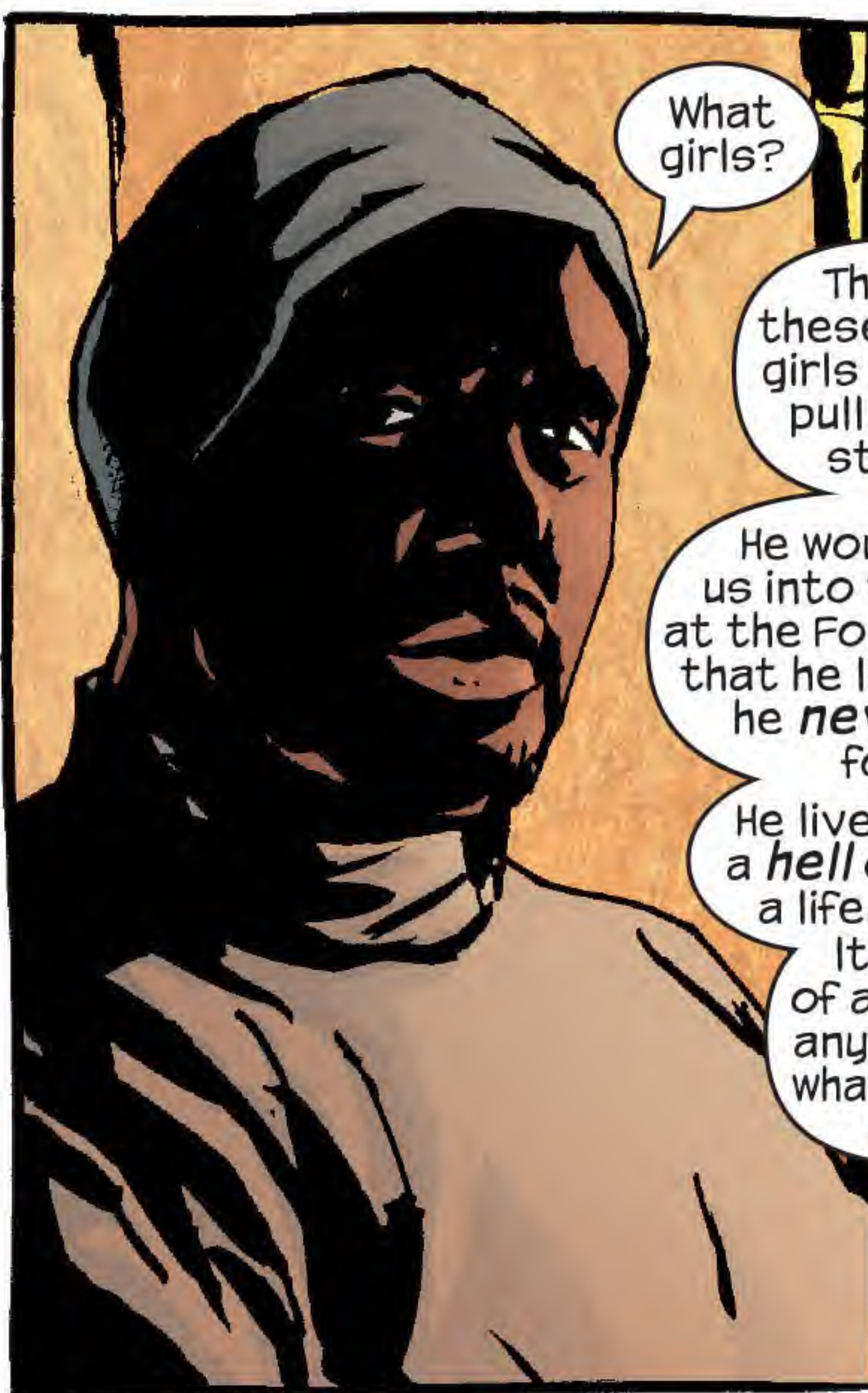
STOP IT!

THEY ARE ONLY DOING WHAT I ASKED?















Guy's in jail now, right?

You put him there?
Yeah.
No.



Who did?

Pss--
Everyone *but* me.

You know...



...anything you did then, when you were with him-- you can't take the--



I know! I know!

He *put* it in my head.

He *made* me do it. He *made* me say it.



It doesn't-- you have to understand--

It doesn't *change* the fact that I *did* it or *said* it.

No one understands. They say they do, but they don't.



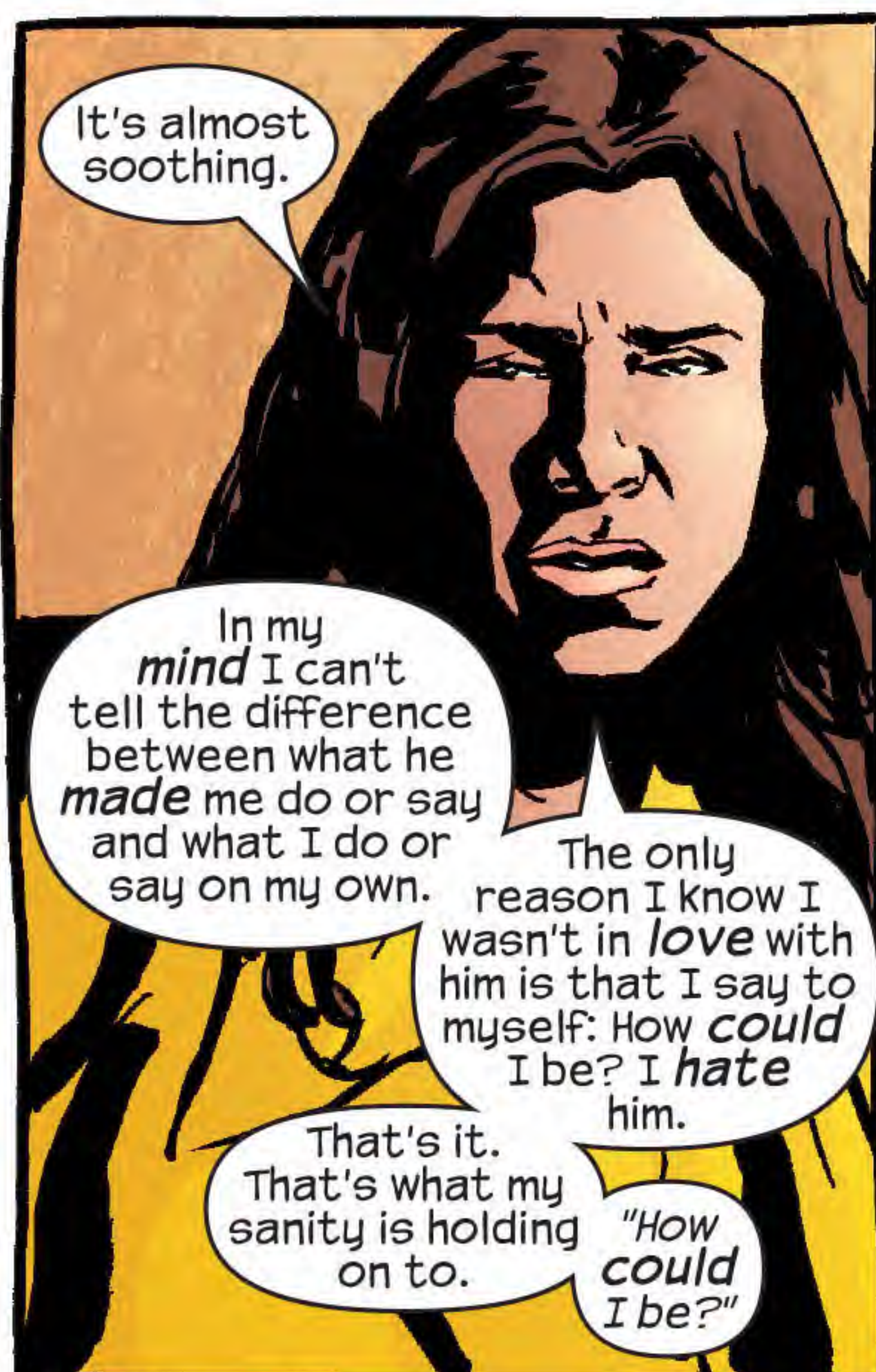
In your head--it doesn't *feel* any different than when you think it *yourself*, you see?

It feels--

Not only does it *feel* the same, it actually feels *better* because the thought, the *command*-- is pure.

It's strong.

It's there. Loud and clear.



It's almost soothing.

In my *mind* I can't tell the difference between what he *made* me do or say and what I do or say on my own.

The only reason I know I wasn't in *love* with him is that I say to myself: How *could* I be? I *hate* him.

That's it. That's what my sanity is holding on to.

"How *could* I be?"

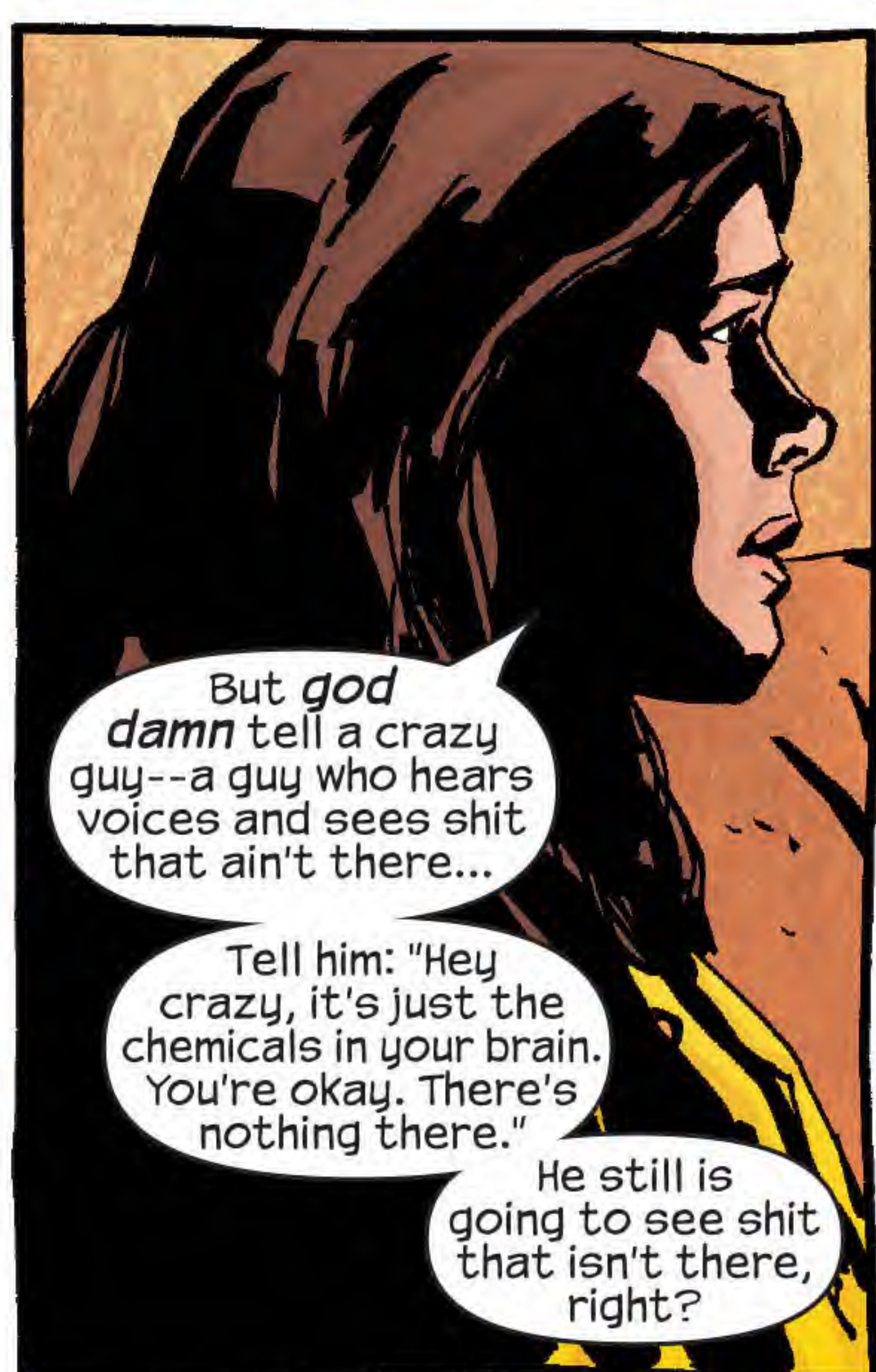


But that's where it ends.

Other than *that* it feels like I *was* in love with him.

And I know it's chemicals and pheromones or *whatever* he does to make you do what he wants...

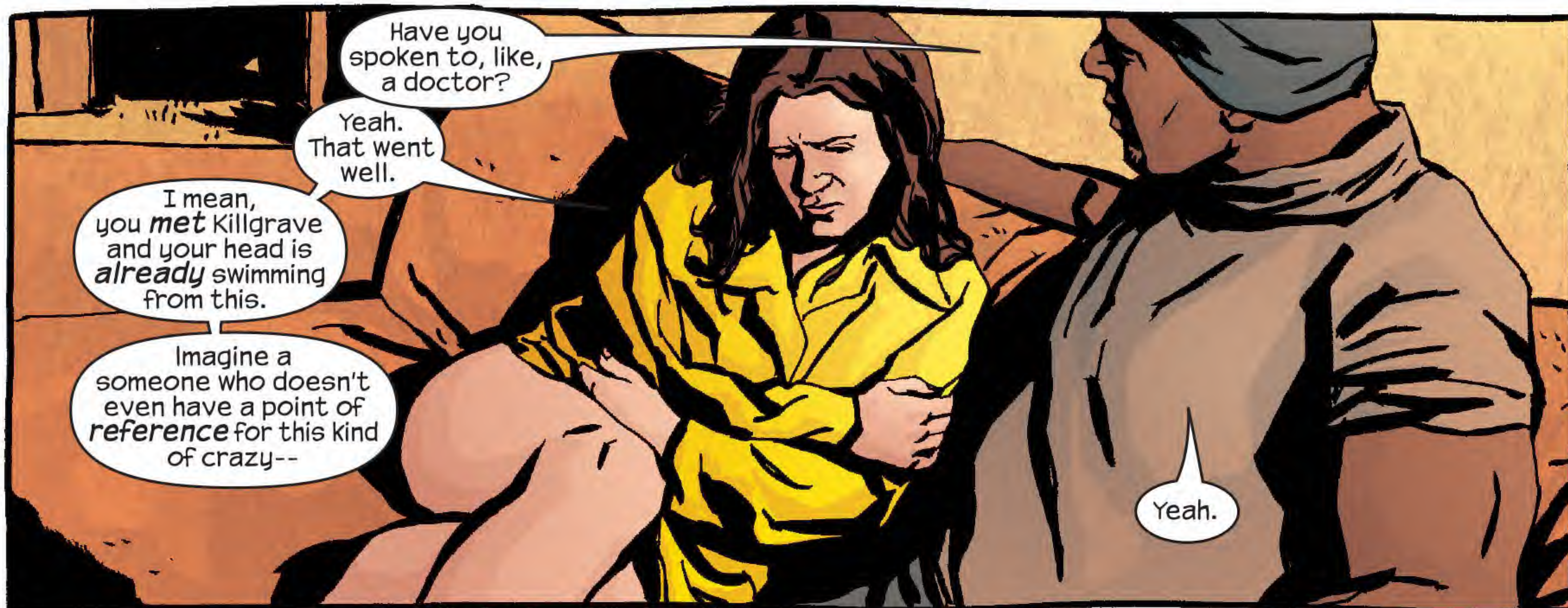
I know.



But *god damn* tell a crazy guy--a guy who hears voices and sees shit that ain't there...

Tell him: "Hey crazy, it's just the chemicals in your brain. You're okay. There's nothing there."

He still is going to see shit that isn't there, right?





THIS SHIT!!

THIS SHIT!!



DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I CAN'T STAND THIS FUCKING--I REALLY DESPISE HIM.

YOU KNOW WHAT? I SWEAR TO GOD, ON ALL THAT IS HOLY, THAT IF I KNEW WHO THIS FUCK REALLY WAS--

--THIS SELF RIGHTEOUS PIECE OF CRAP--

--I WOULD MOLEST AND TORTURE EVERYONE IN HIS LIFE.

I WOULD TURN HIS LIFE INTO--INTO--



YOU KNOW WHAT? I AM SO SICK OF LOOKING AT YOU ANYHOW.

PUT ON YOUR STUPID, FUCKING SLUT COSTUME AND I WANT YOU TO GO OVER TO AVENGERS MANSION, OR--OR THE BAXTER BUILDING--

--OR WHEREEVER IT IS THESE STUPID FUCKING COSTUME FRAT BOYS HANG OUT AND FUCK EACH OTHER--

--AND I WANT YOU TO BEAT HIM!!

YOU HEAR ME? YOU STUPID, STUPID LITTLE BITCH!!

I WANT YOU TO TAKE A RUSTY PIPE AND I WANT YOU TO SHOVE IT UP DAREDEVIL'S STUPID FUCKING ASS!!

ANY COSTUME FUCK YOU FIND ALONG THE WAY--FUCKING KILL THEM!

GO!! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT AND NEVER COME BACK!!



Now, the second I'm out of range of Killgrave's chemical bombardment of my brain...

The *second* I get the hell away from him, I start coming out of it.

Finally.

The *brainwashing*, or whatever the fuck it is, starts wearing off.

And it wasn't a pleasant experience.

I mean, this mind control shit he's been pumping into me has *been* there for eight months.

Every day, every night: eight months.

And so as soon as Killgrave *wasn't* there, my body, my brain--it had no fucking idea what to do!!

I was having some kind of a nervous breakdown.

I found myself *still* determined to do what he told me to do, but now I could feel my body trying to stop.

But I'm still going ahead with my mission.

I knew what I was doing was fucked up, but I couldn't--stop--*doing*--it.

I bolt right towards Avengers Mansion looking for Daredevil, just like he told me to...

(Even though I know as well as anyone on the planet that Daredevil isn't there, shouldn't be there, and I don't think has *ever* been there).

But I can't *stop* doing what Killgrave told me to do.

I *can't* stop.

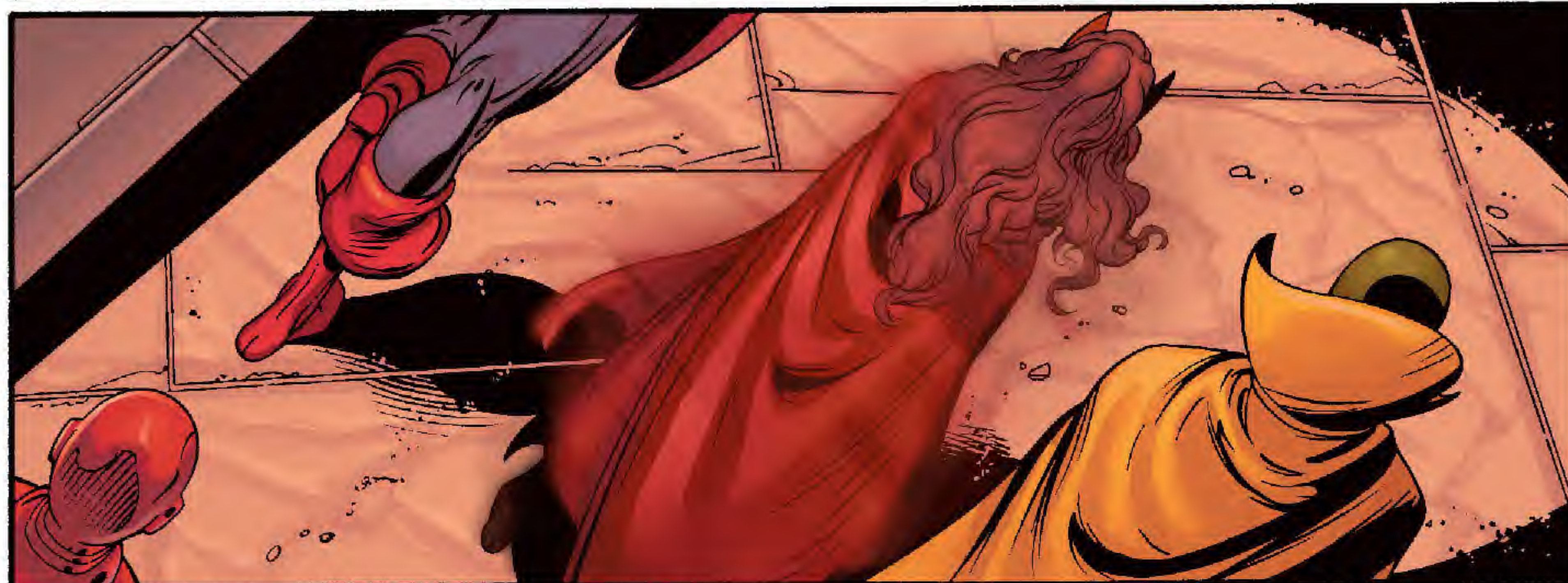
I can't *stop*.

Also now, I can't *see* straight. My head is *throbbing*. I--I can hear my heart looking for a way right the fuck out of my chest!

And I *still* don't *stop* what I'm doing.

So just--just as I am getting there, a couple of those Avengers jet things are coming in for a landing.

The Avengers are just coming home from some big mission.





And here I am,
all whacked out.

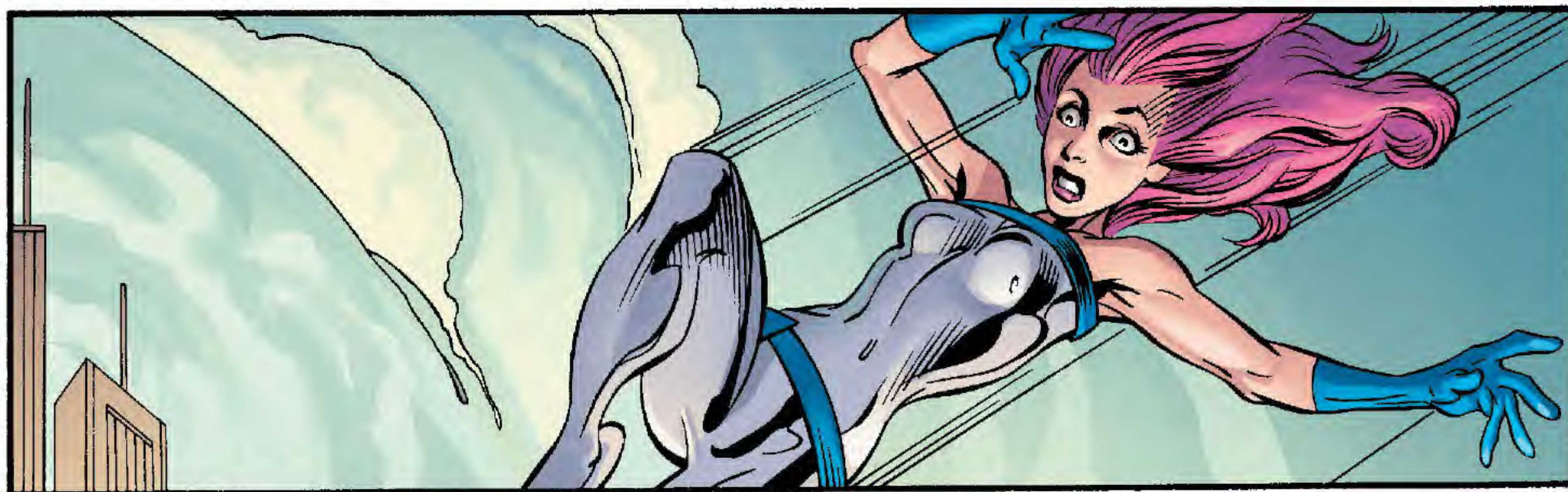
And I know I sound
like a retard, but from
my fucked up point of
view I was doing what
Killgrave asked.



I swooped down and
tried to kill Daredevil.

Except it wasn't
Daredevil, not even
close. It was the
Scarlet Witch...

(Who I happen to
be a *huge* fan of)



And she was totally
caught off guard and
I'm god damn lucky I
didn't take her head off.

And, I don't know if it
was just the act. The
hitting.

But the second
I *hit* her--I was
finally awake!



I knew where I was
and what I was doing.

More importantly--
I knew what I just did
and what it *looked* like.

It all happened in
a *second!!*

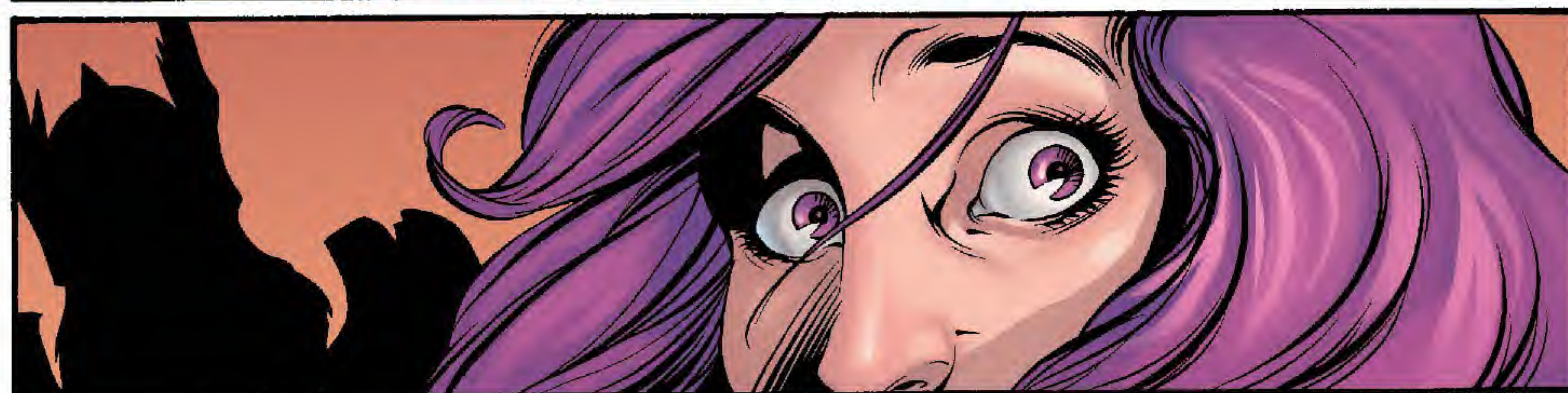
I mean, a *second*.



There I am surrounded
by not only the Avengers,
who are just shocked to
shit to find themselves
coming home from some
huge cosmic whatever...

(where they probably
saved the whole
fucking universe...)

...and there they
are looking at some
costumed bimbo who
just swooped down
and *hit* one of them!!



Who, now, was just
standing there with a
stupid look on her face.



And, oh yeah, not only was it the Avengers that I happen to side swipe...

But I pick a day where the Avengers *and* the Defenders, the old school classic Defenders, are doing some big *team-up*.

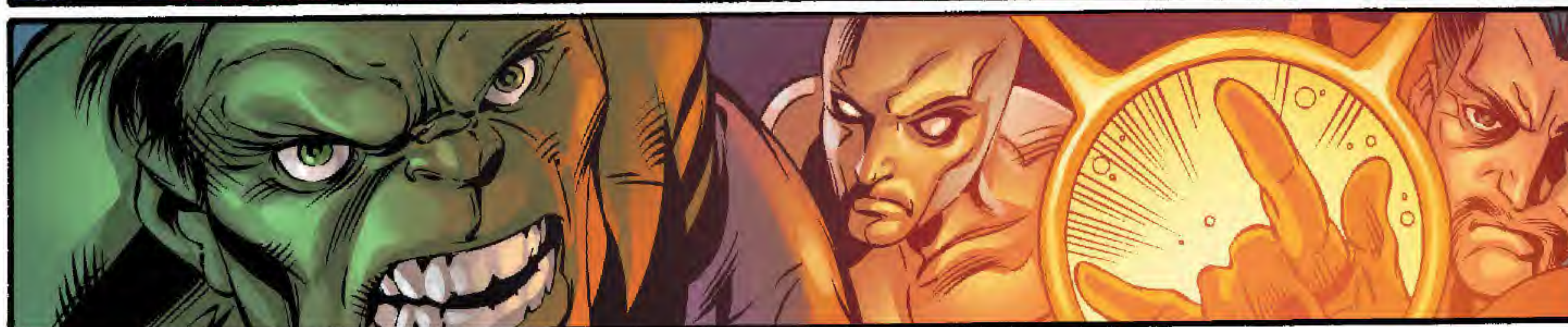
So not only do I got Captain America, Thor, Iron Man, and the Scarlet Witch's husband ready to just beat my ass...

...but now I got the fucking Incredible Hulk, that Dr. Strange dude, the Namor guy...

All of 'em.



I mean, I was--I was so *fucked* it wasn't even funny.



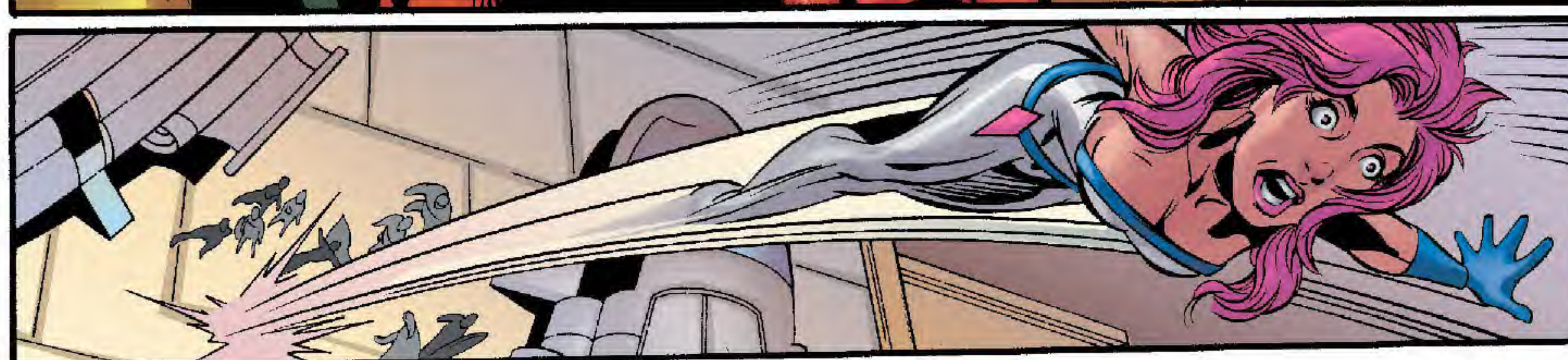
And I could--I could imagine in my mind's eye the scene where I try to say: 'I'm sorry everyone, I thought she was Daredevil and I think I was under someone else's mind control, but now I'm not. I'm okay now.'

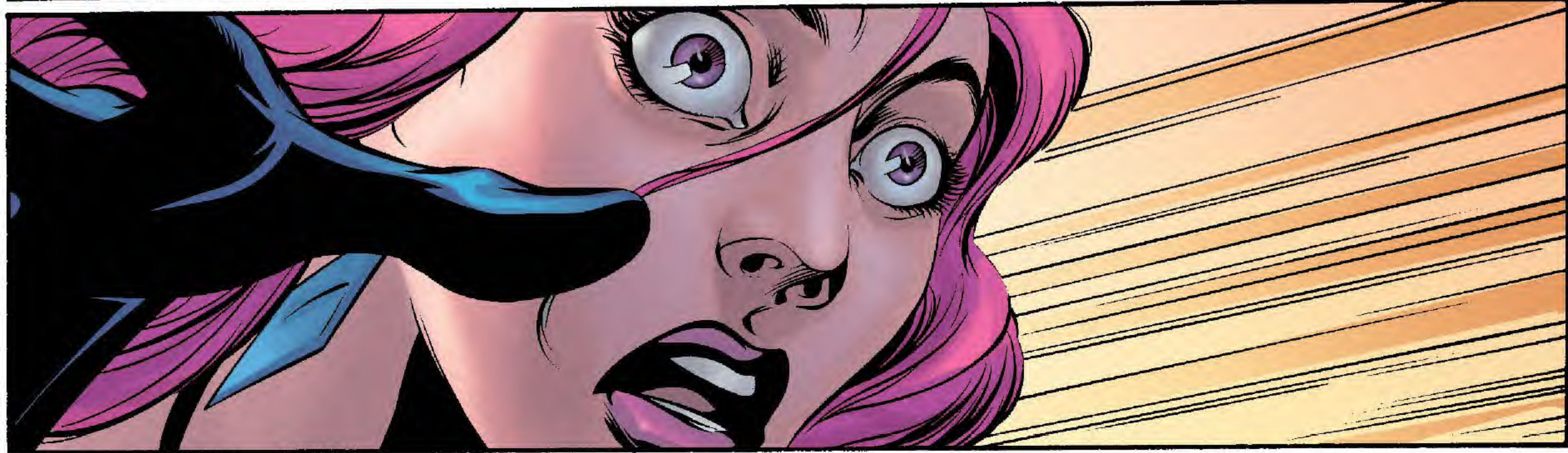
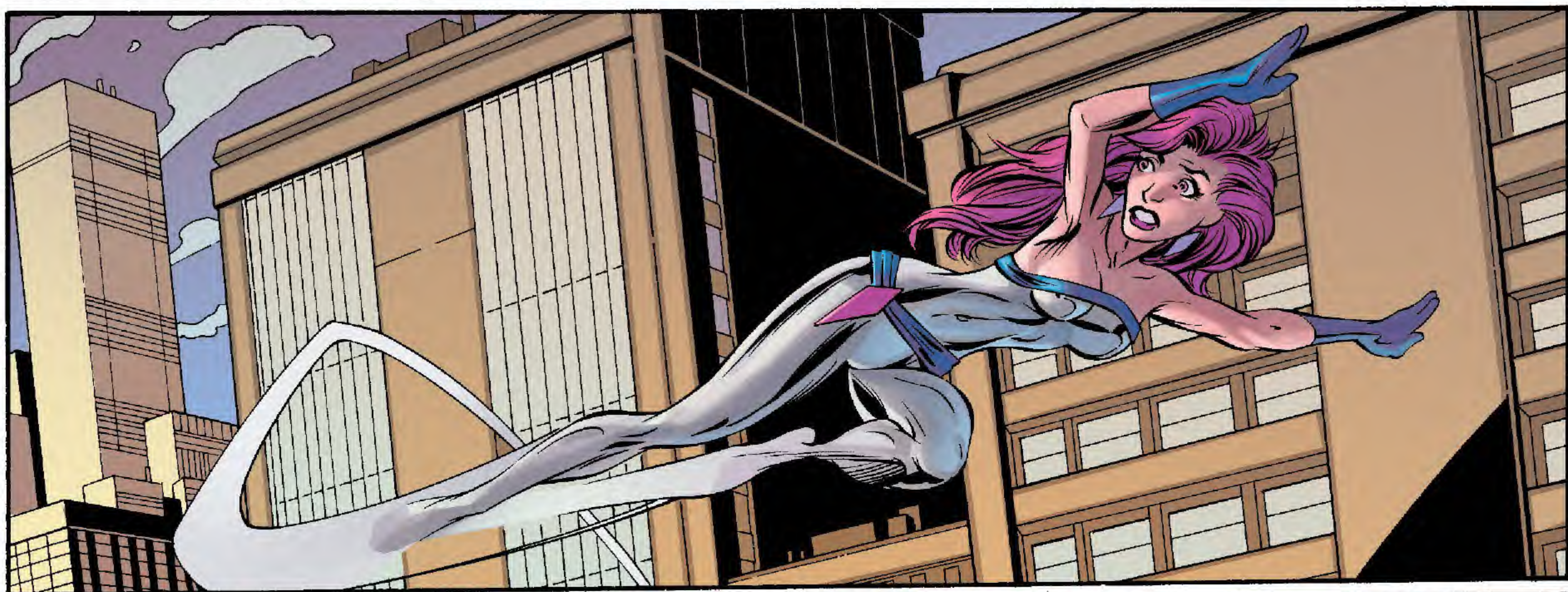
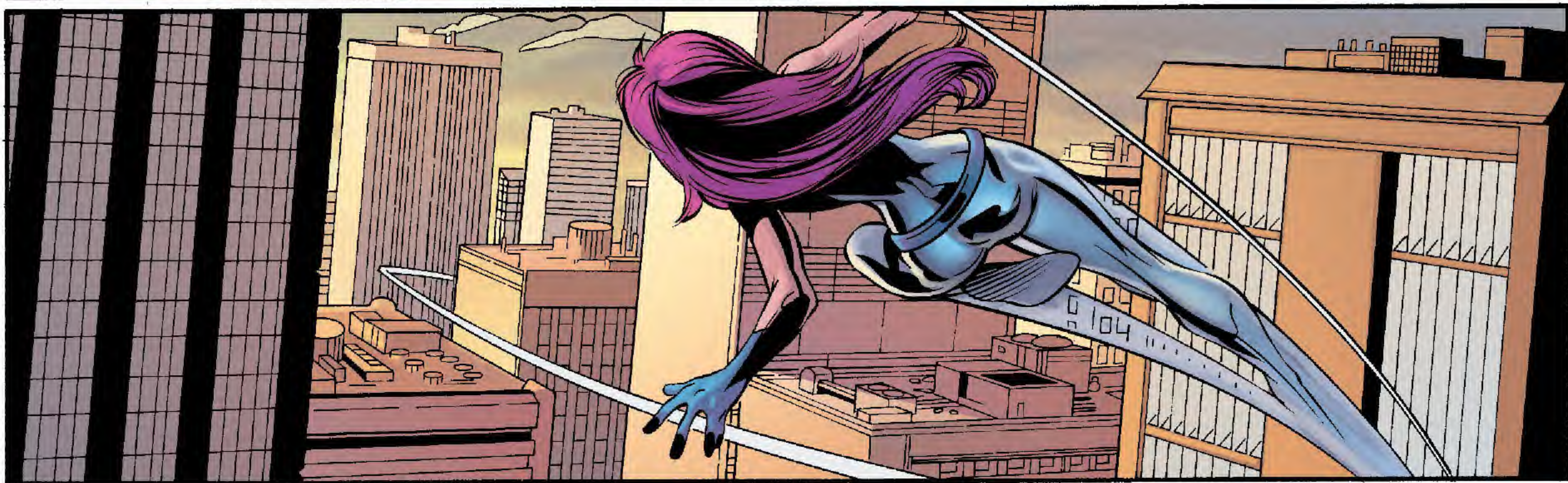


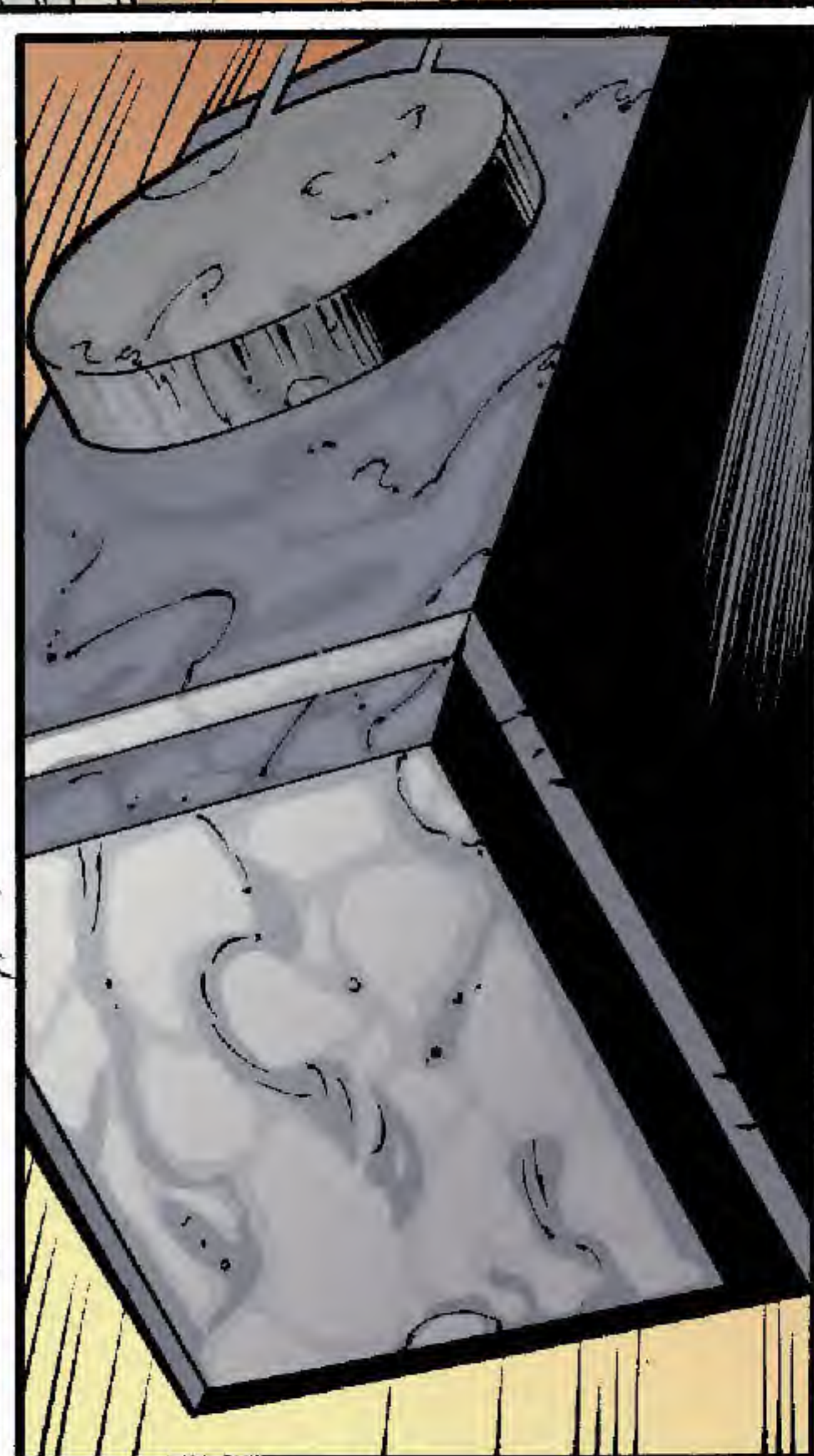
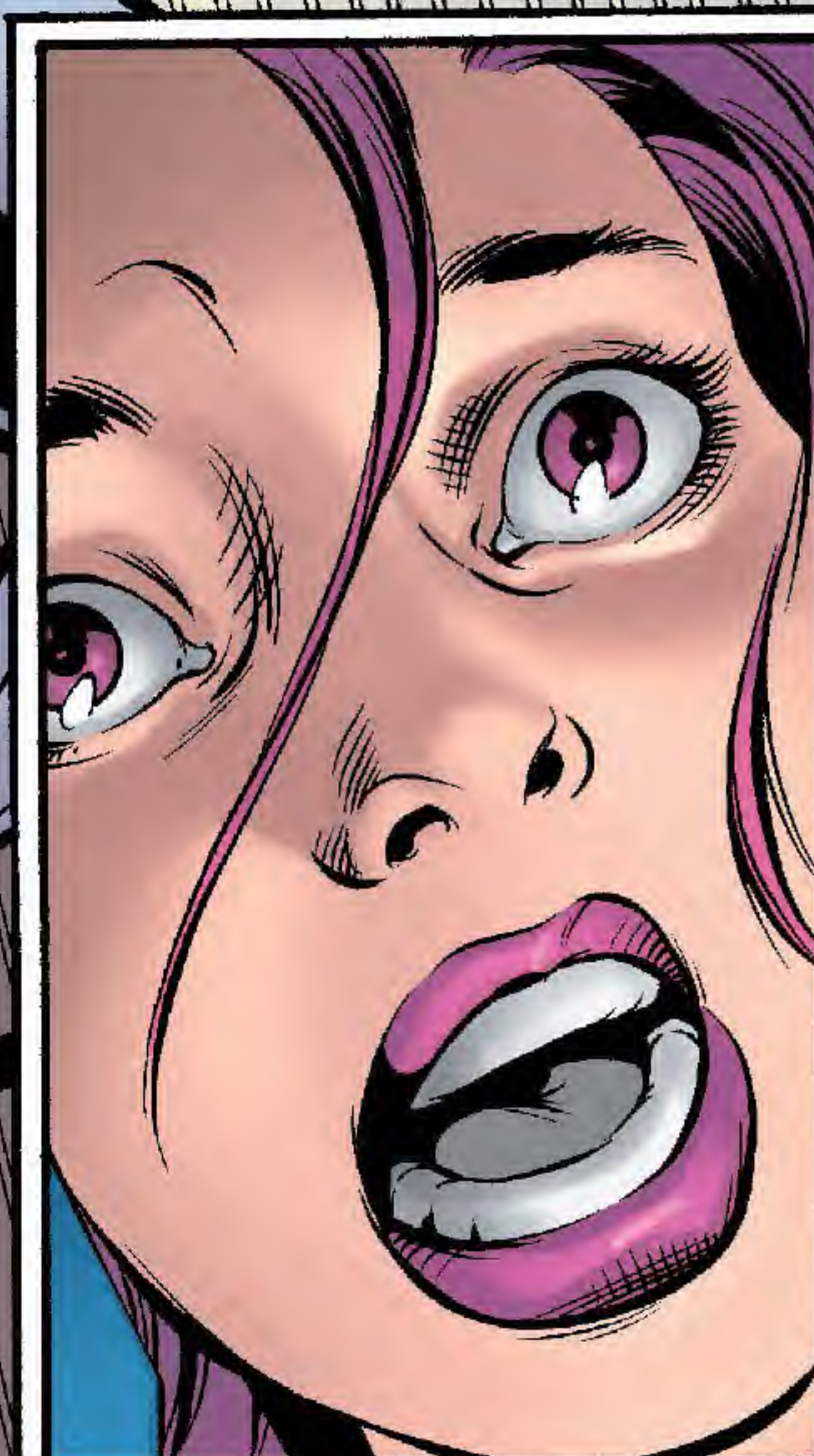
I could hear my brain trying to form the explanation and I heard how fucked it sounded, so I just...



I mean, what the hell could I do?







And that--that was the fun part.

To be continued...



TM

BENDIS



GAYDOS



BAGLEY



MAYS

No. 26

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

AliasTM



PURPLE
PART 3

feel

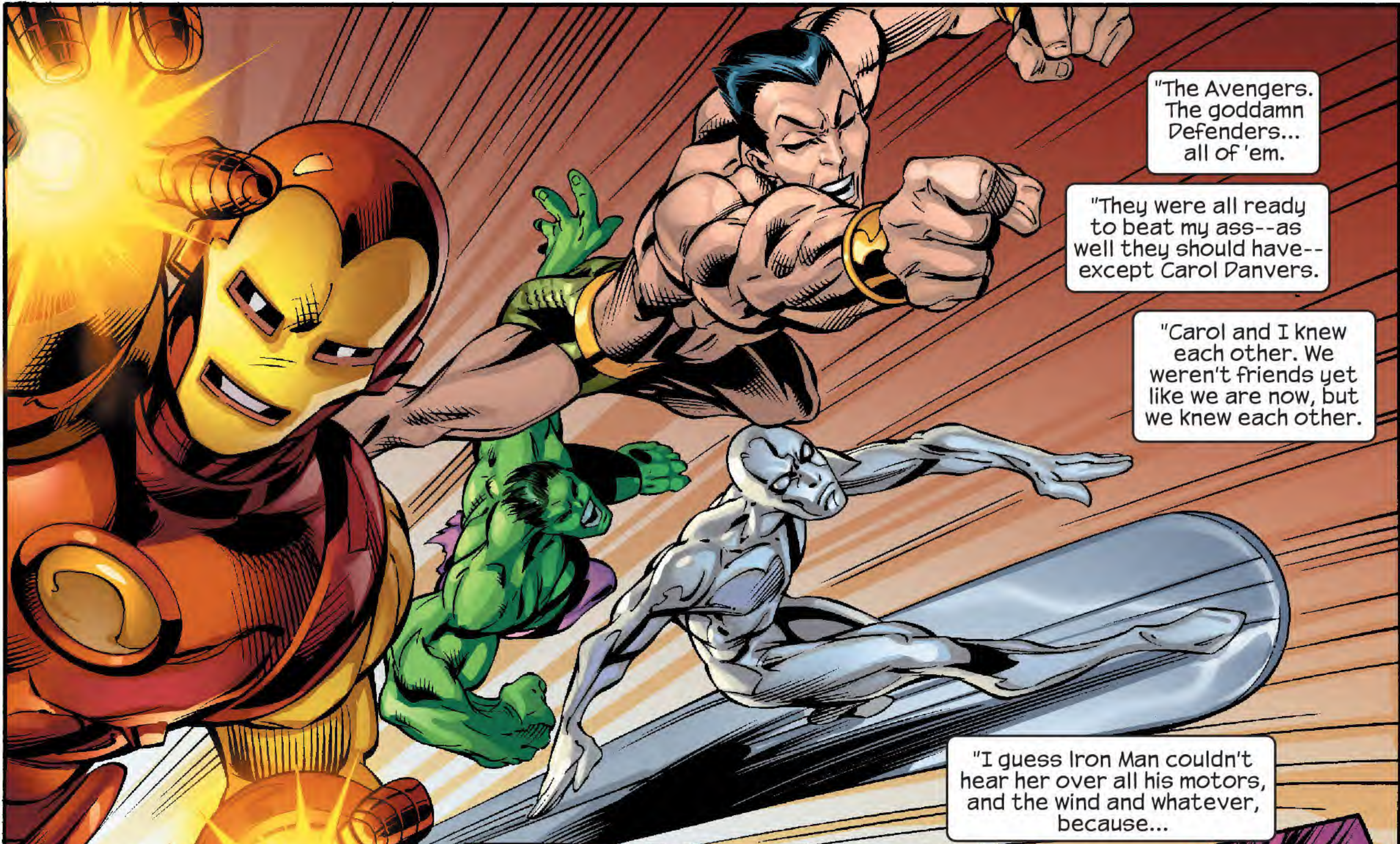






"I was fast
enough to dodge
the one, but..."





"The Avengers.
The goddamn
Defenders...
all of 'em.

"They were all ready
to beat my ass--as
well they should have--
except Carol Danvers.

"Carol and I knew
each other. We
weren't friends yet
like we are now, but
we knew each other.

"I guess Iron Man couldn't
hear her over all his motors,
and the wind and whatever,
because...



"And, listen,
to be honest...

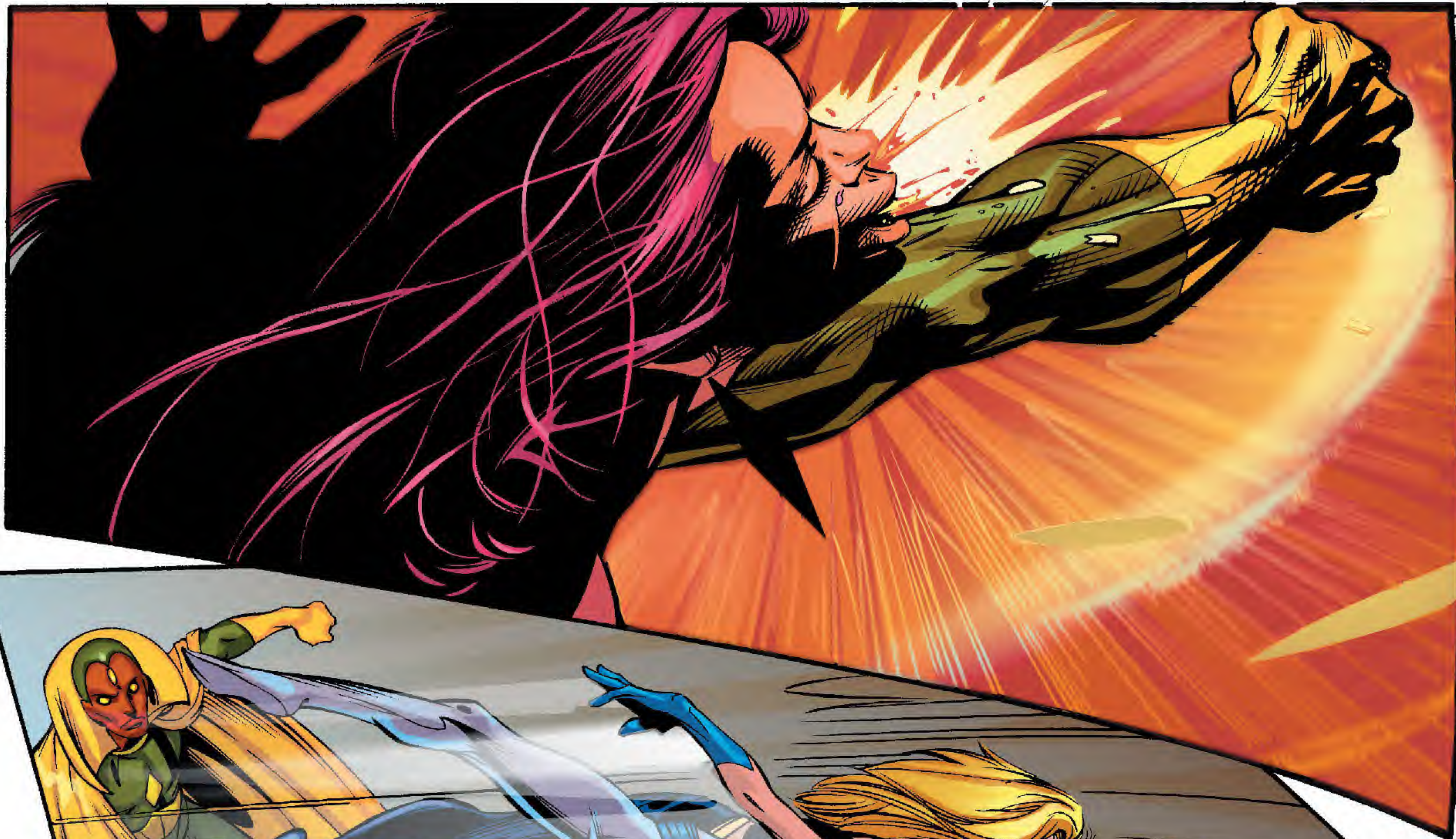
"The time I've spent telling you
all this has taken longer than
the entire thing took.

"This entire thing lasted a
second--a half a second.

"I mean, Whoom!
Thor. Whoosh!
Iron Man.

"And before I could
even focus on the
fact that the Vision...

"--the Scarlet Witch's
husband, or whatever,
was coming right at me--"





My, uh, my neck was messed up.

My nose was broken.

Lost some teeth. I did some damage to my spine.



Oh, and my retina detached...

...yeah...

And on top of it my mind kind of gave up on me.

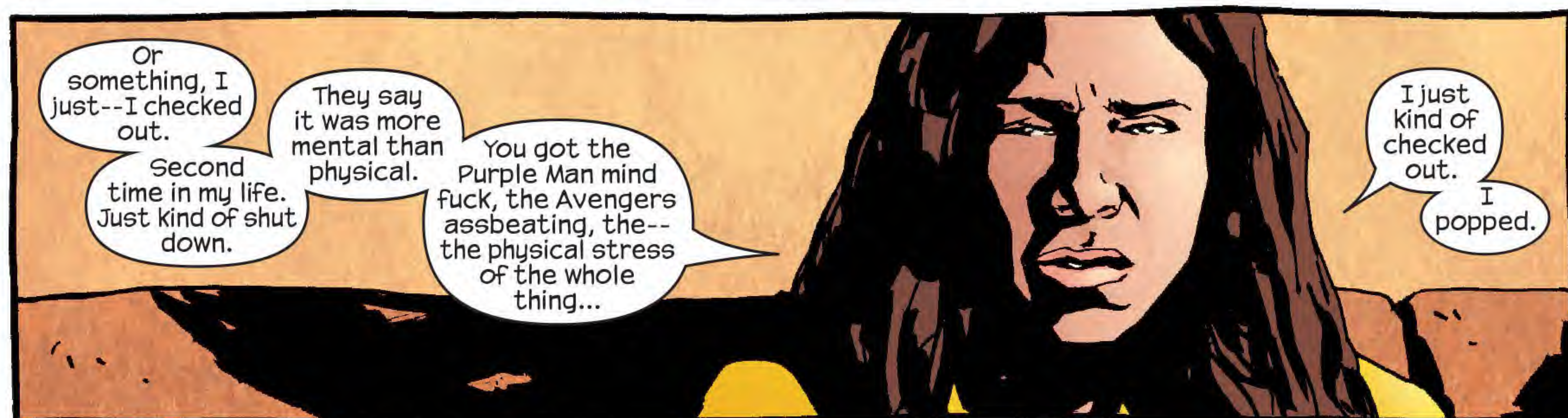
What does *that* mean?

I popped.

Or... something.

I went into a coma.

A coma?



Or something, I just--I checked out.

Second time in my life. Just kind of shut down.

They say it was more mental than physical.

You got the Purple Man mind fuck, the Avengers assbeating, the-- the physical stress of the whole thing...

I just kind of checked out.

I popped.



You're fucking pitying me and I told you...not to.



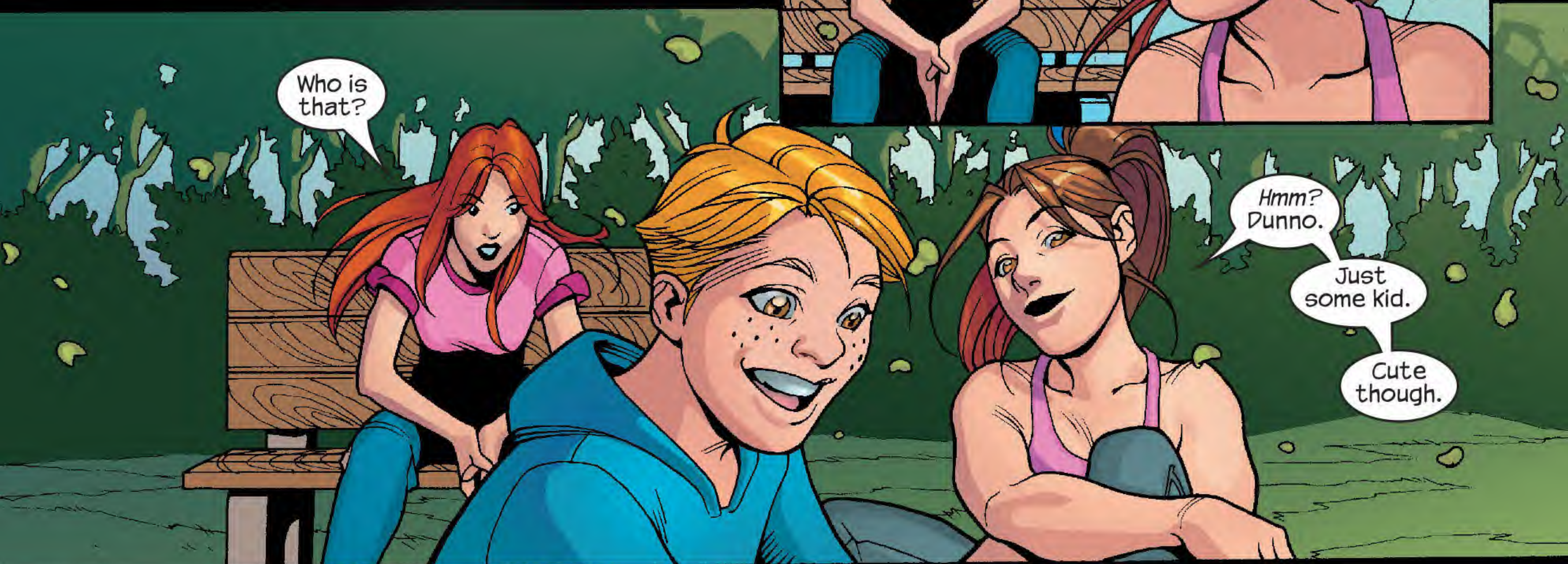
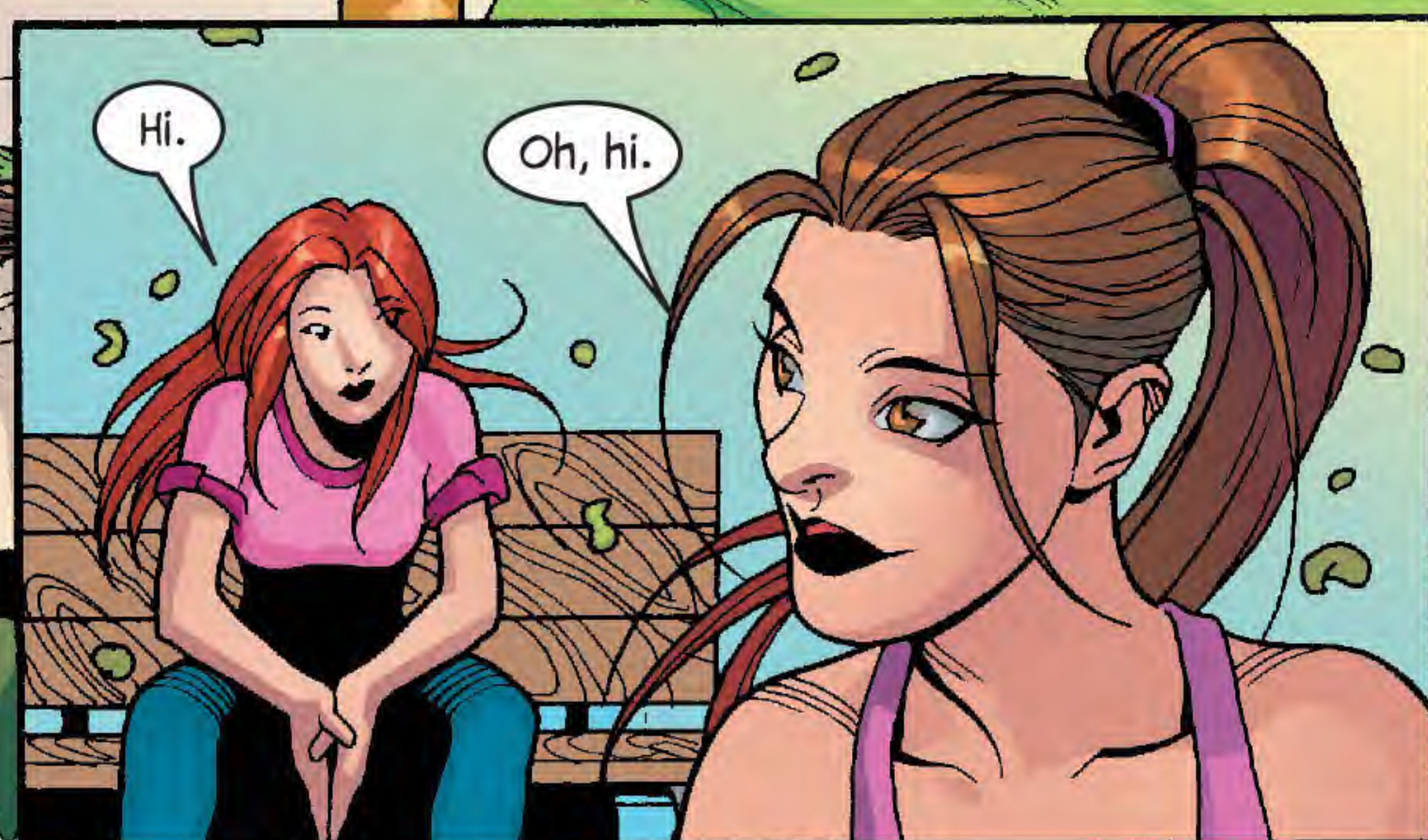
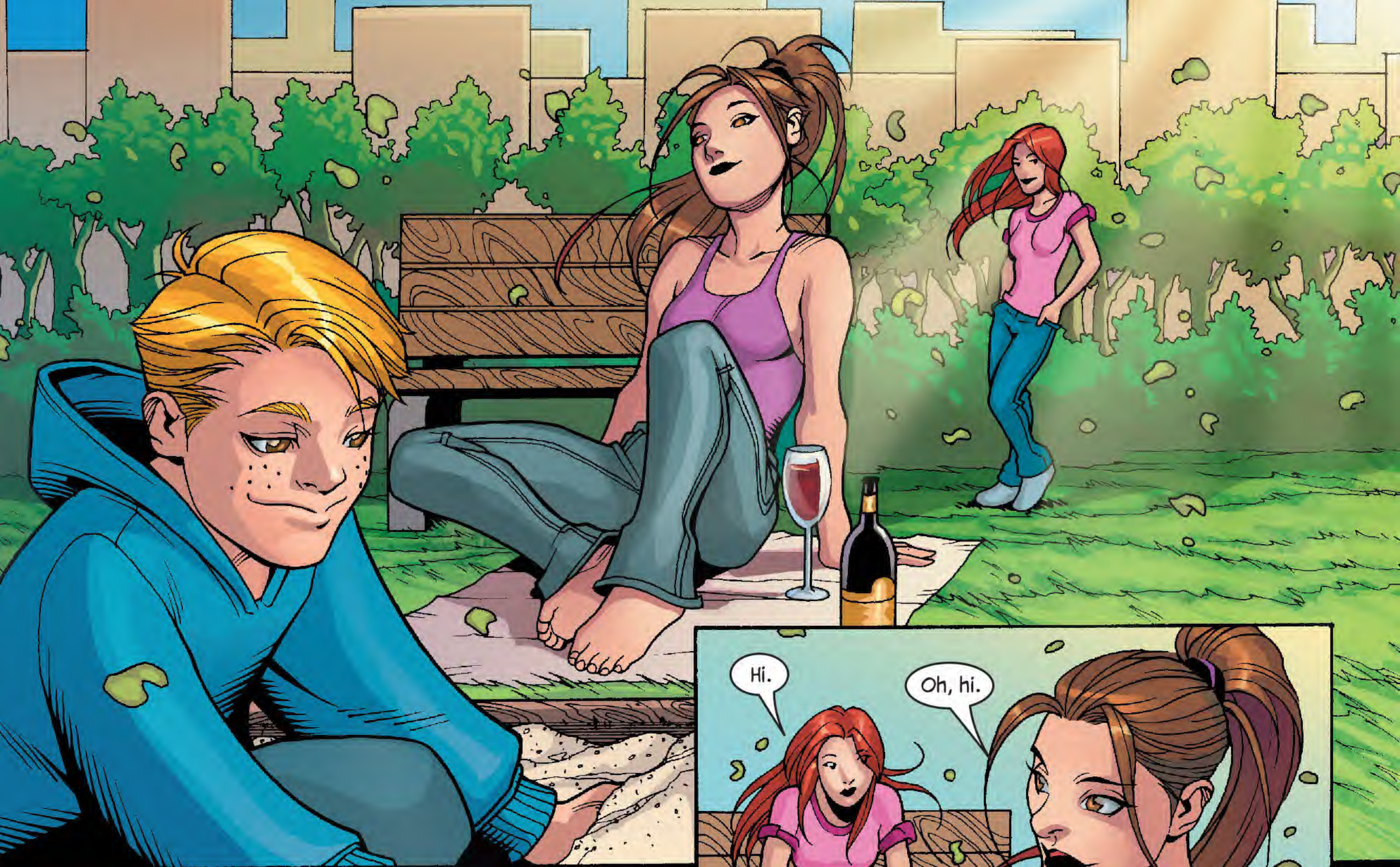
How long were you gone? How'd you come out of it?

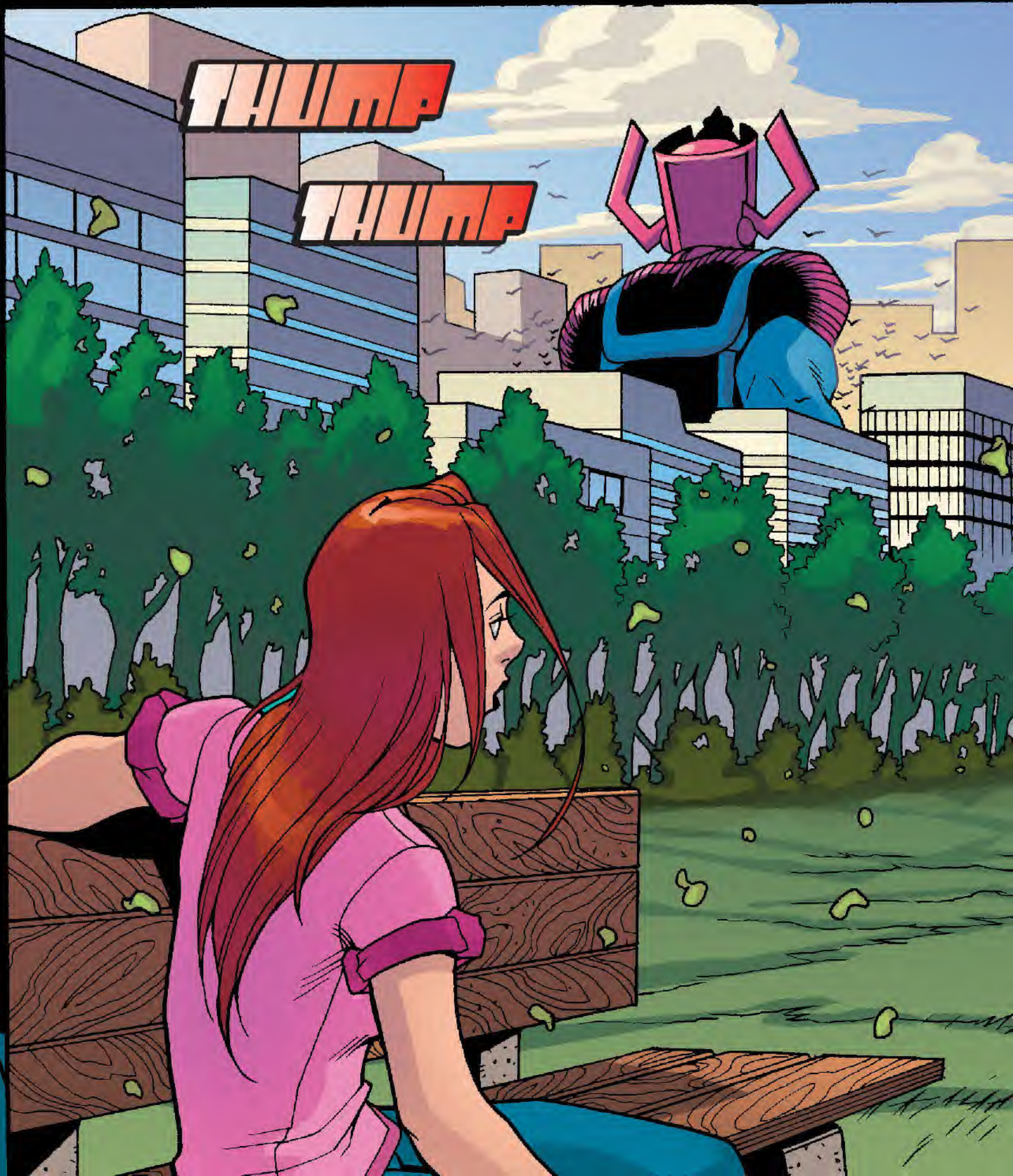
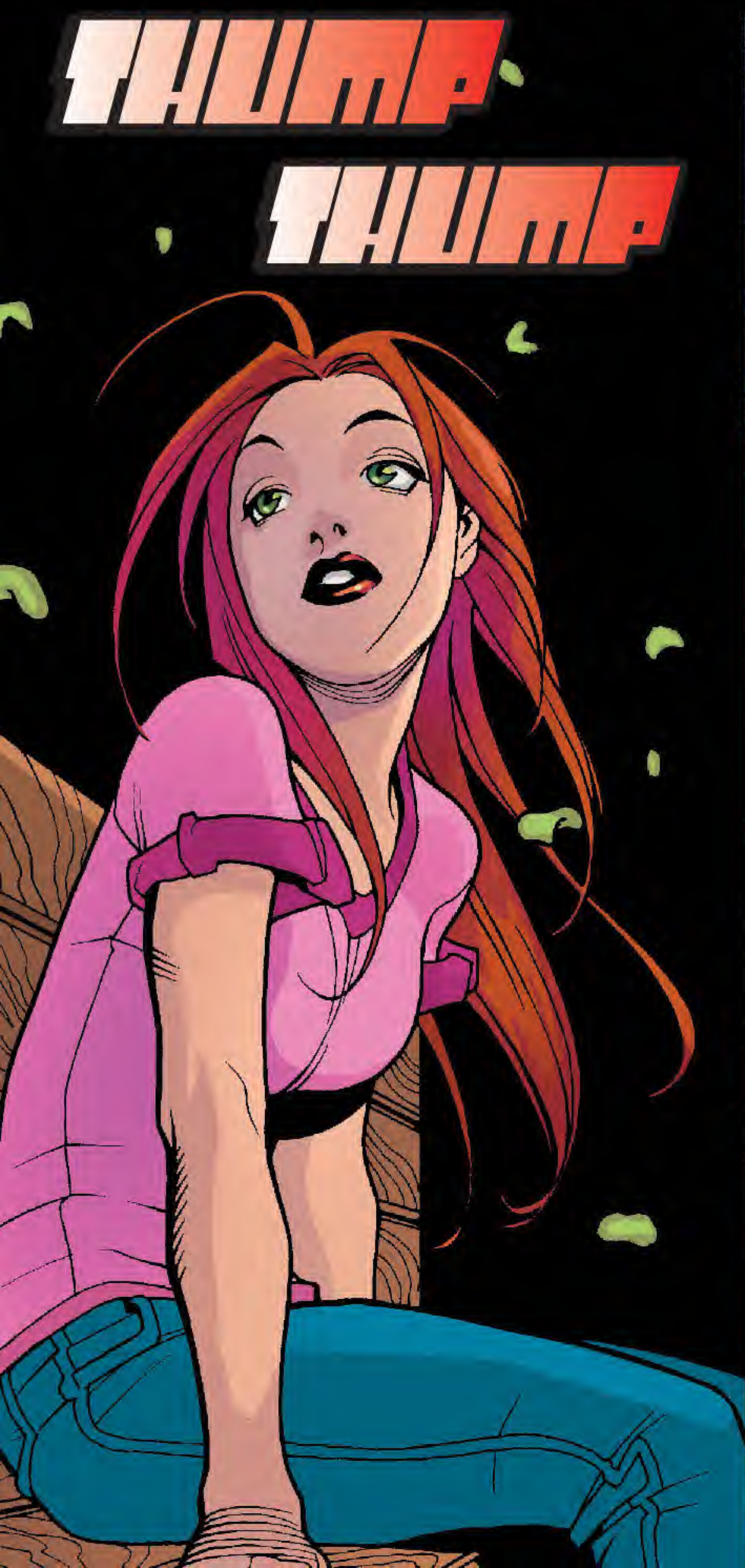
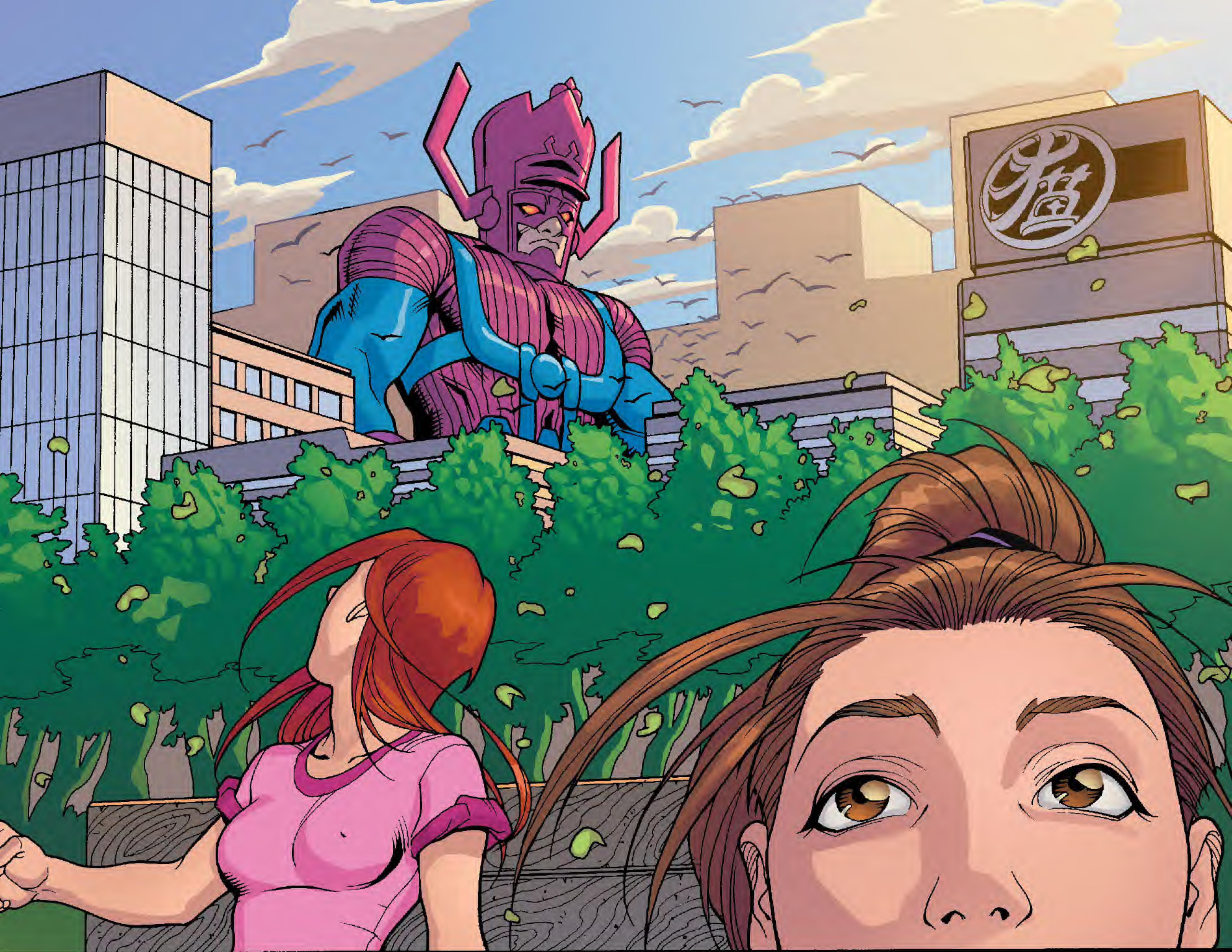


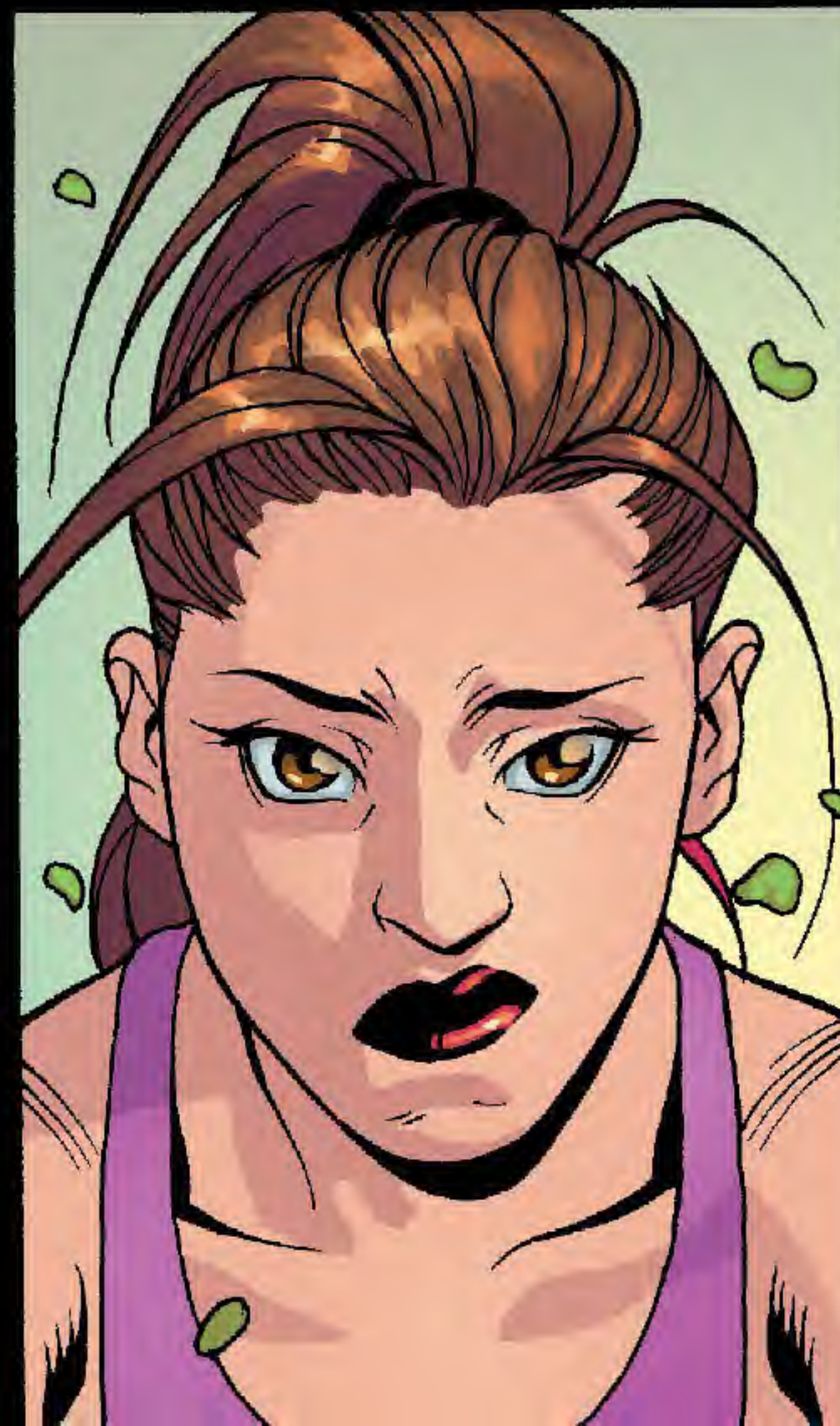
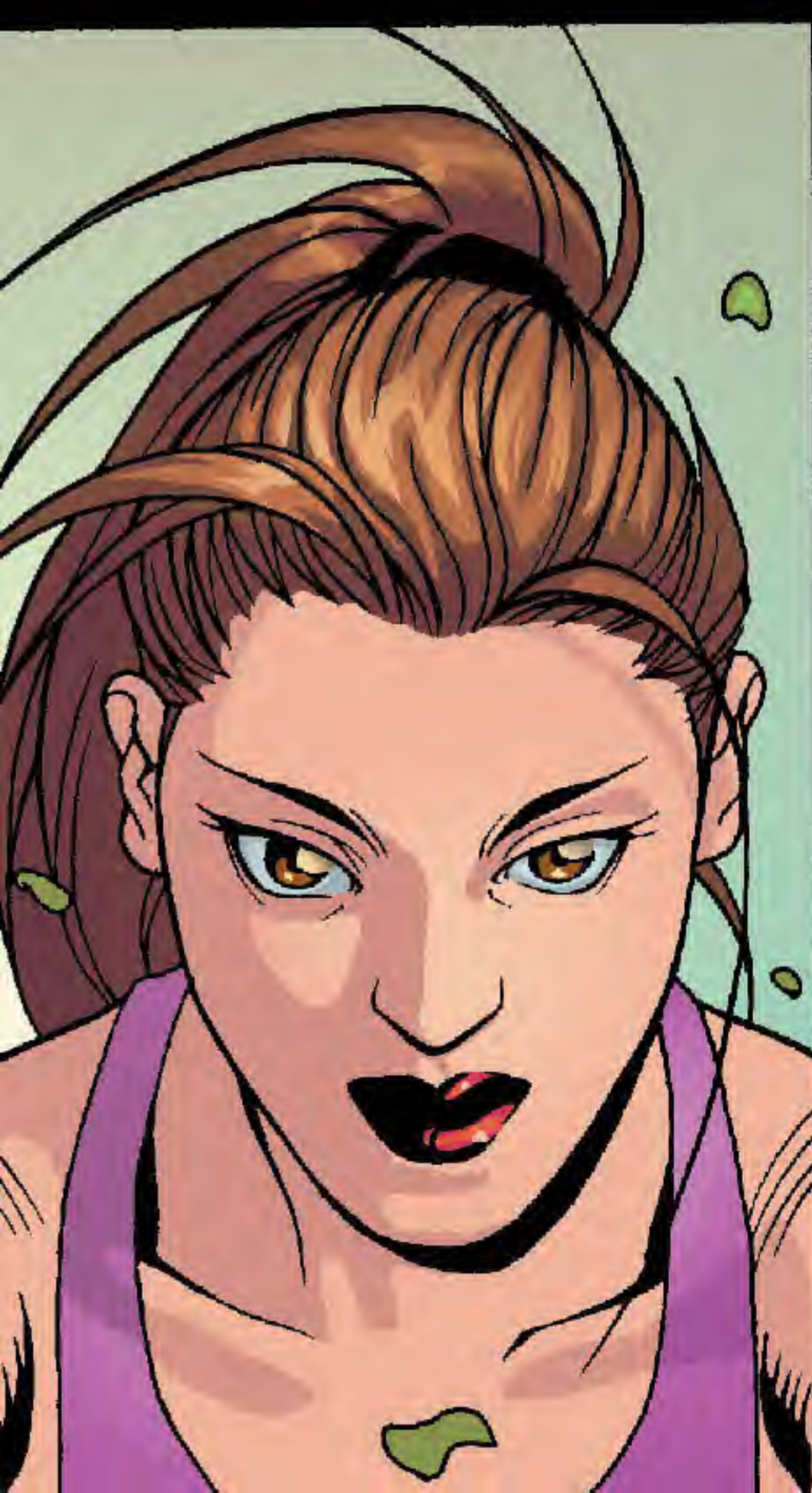
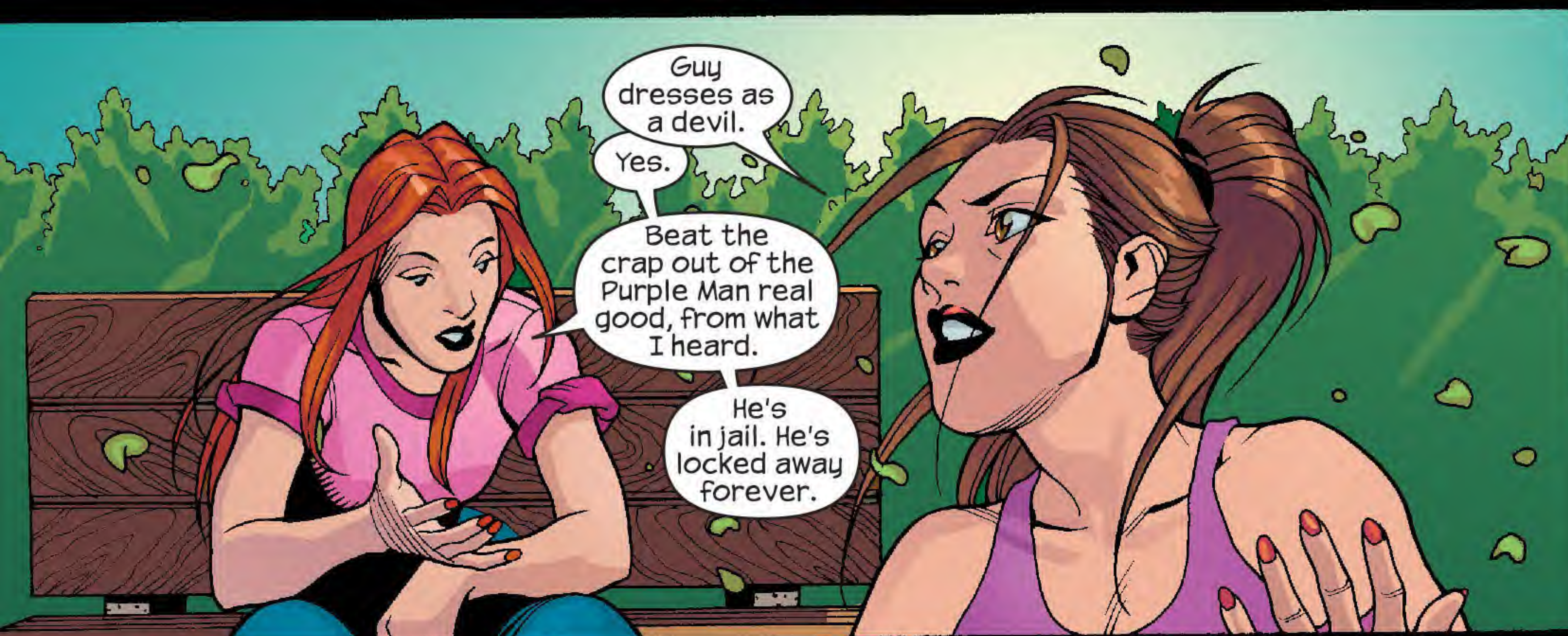
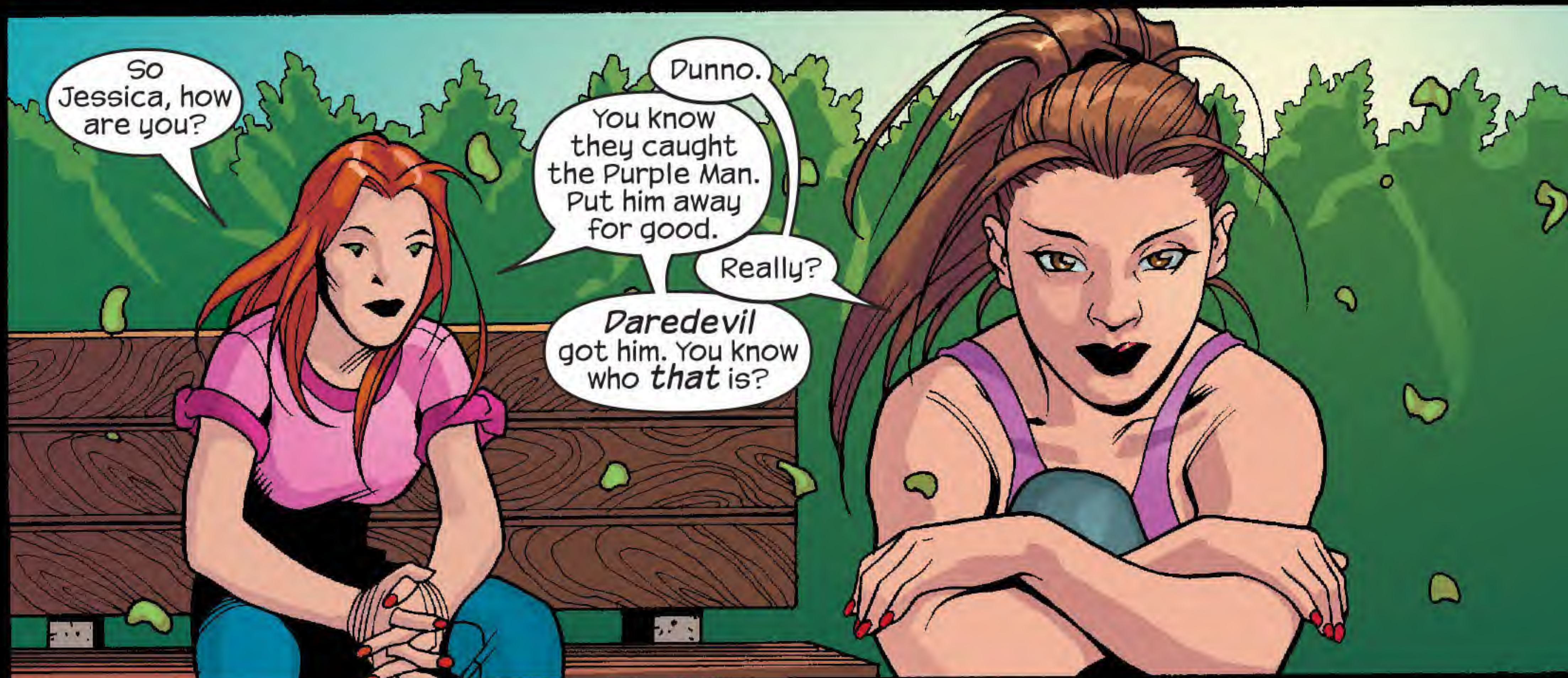
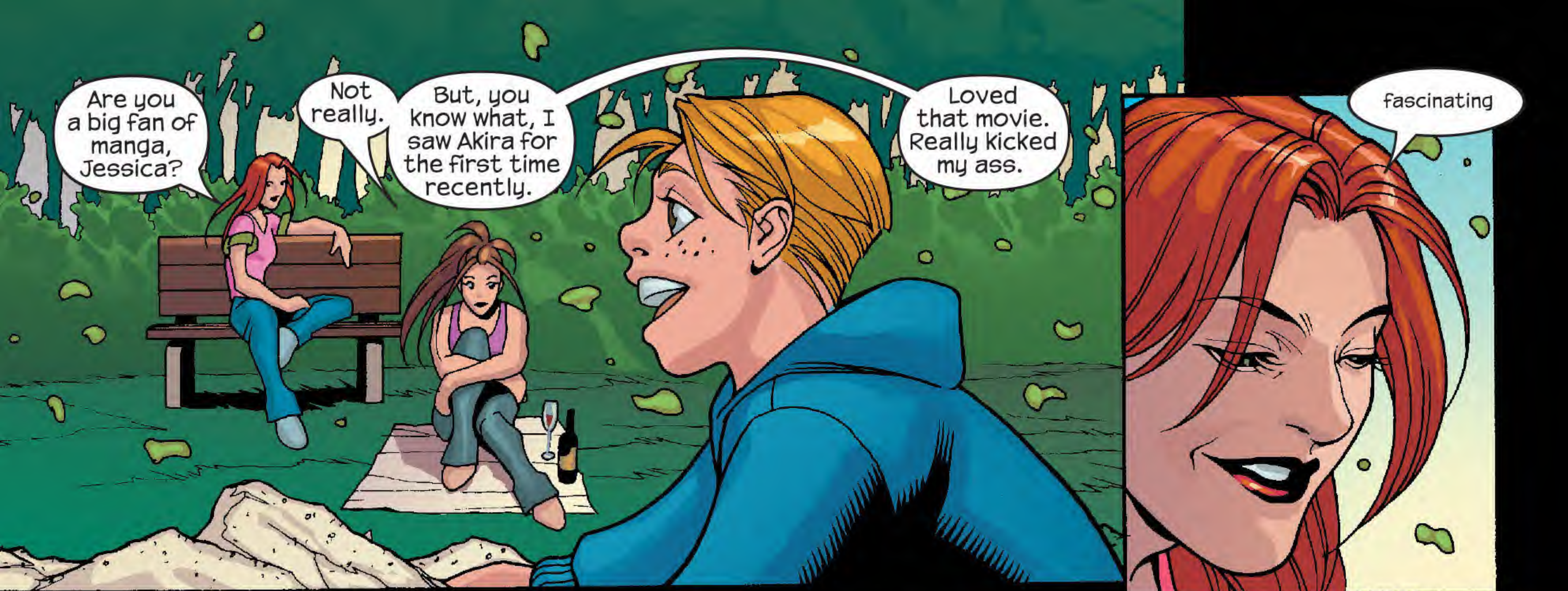
Do you know the X-Men?

Some of 'em.

Do you know who Jean Grey is?









Resentment?
Of course not.

He
loved
me.



No, he
didn't,
Jessica.



In his
own way
he did.



My
name is Jean
Grey.

I'm
one of the
X-Men.



Oh
yeah? Hey,
good for
you.

I'm here
as a favor to
a friend.

I'm going
to help you
into the next
phase of
your life.

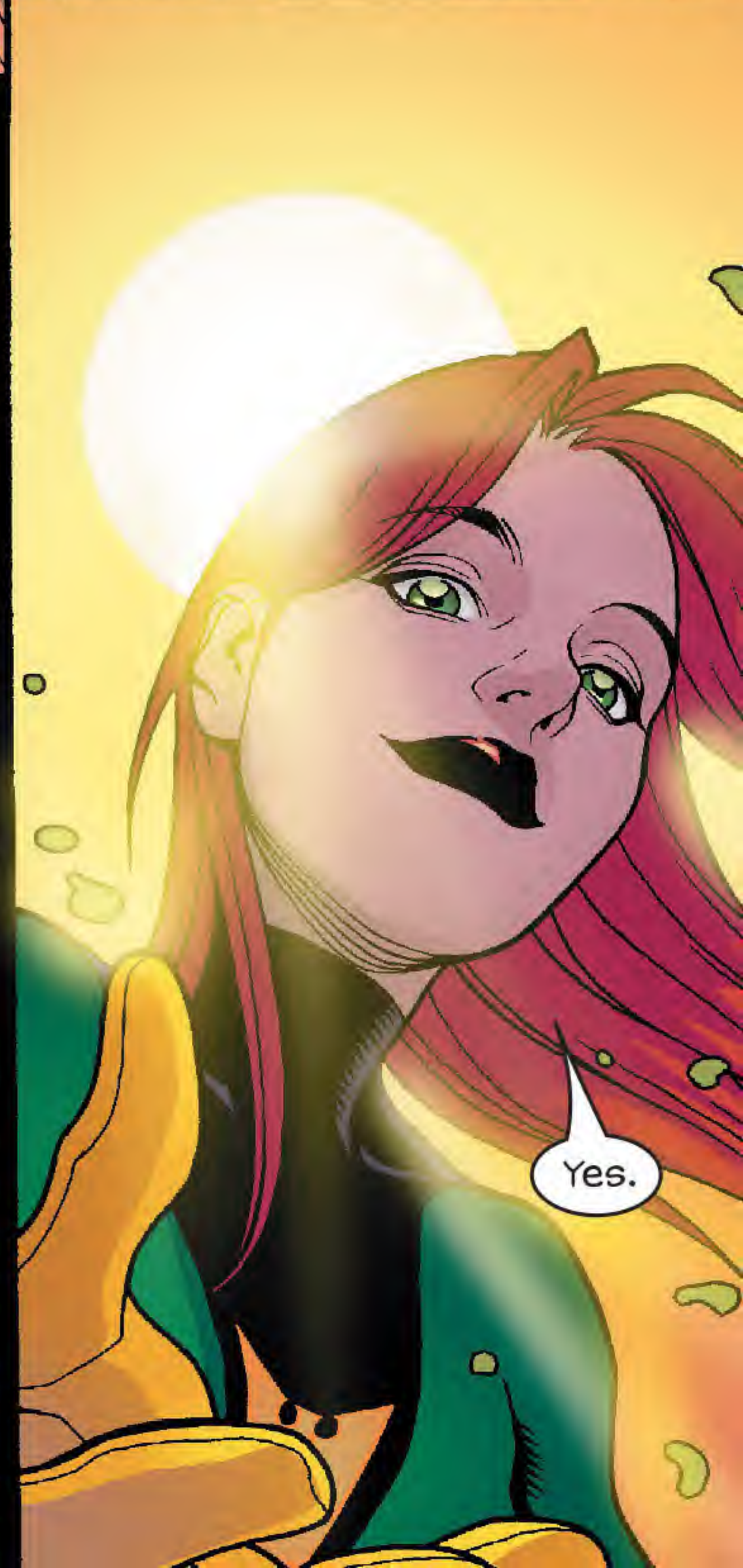
The good
news is, it won't
be *too* hard on
you.

But I
need you
to trust
me.

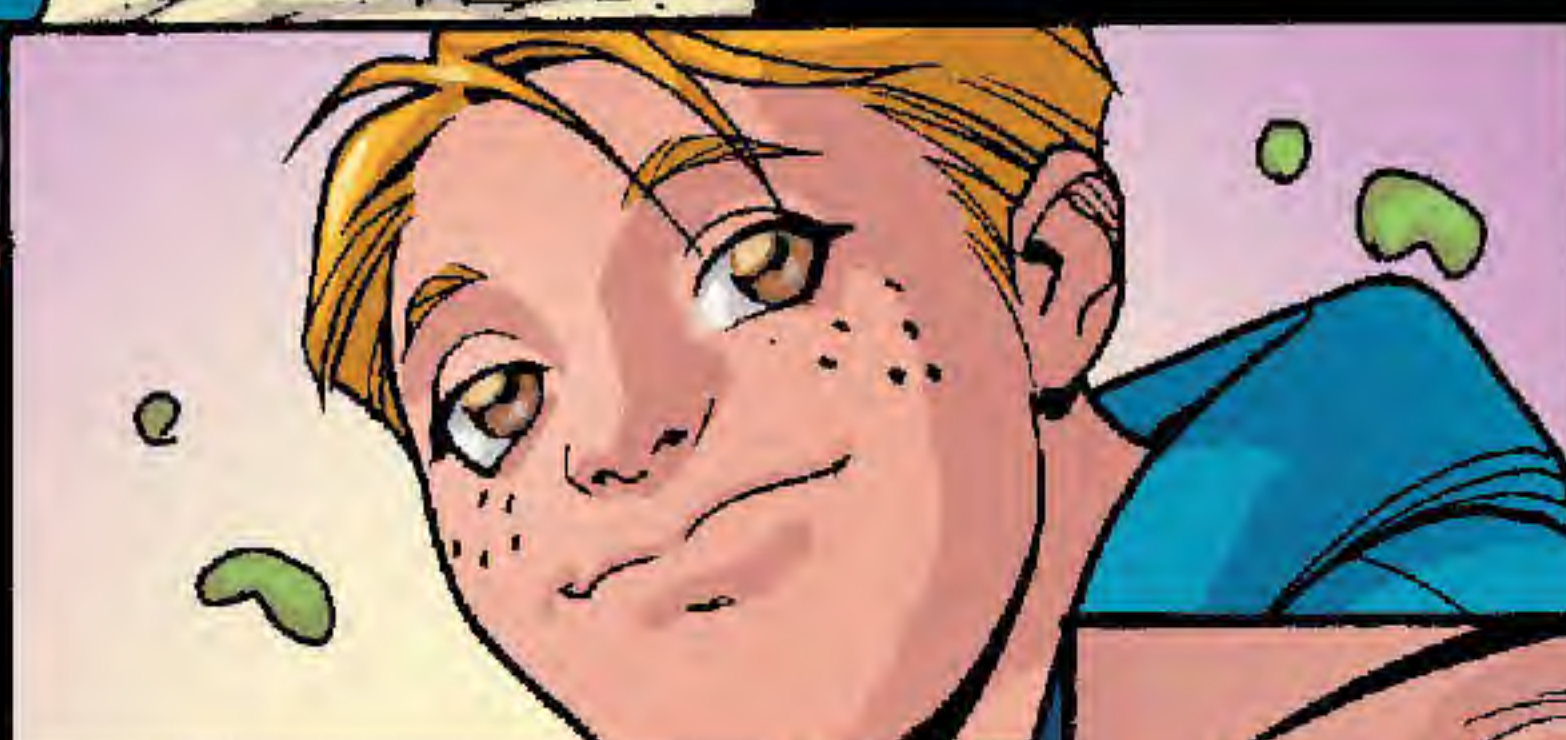
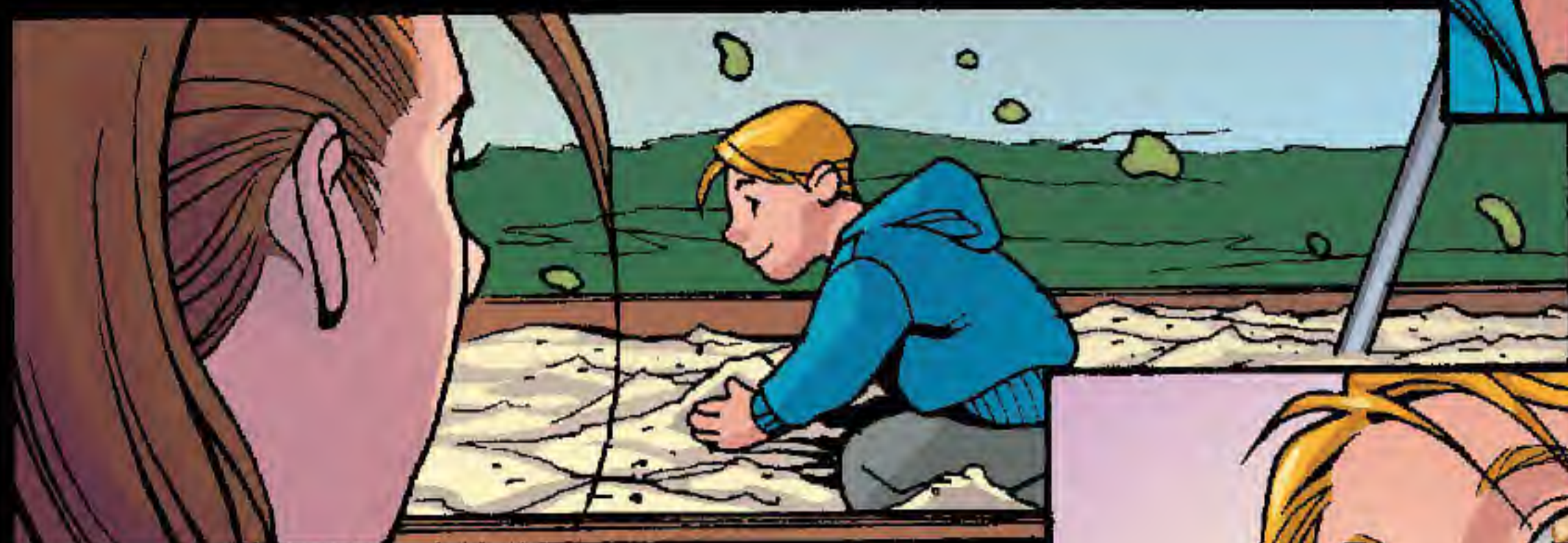
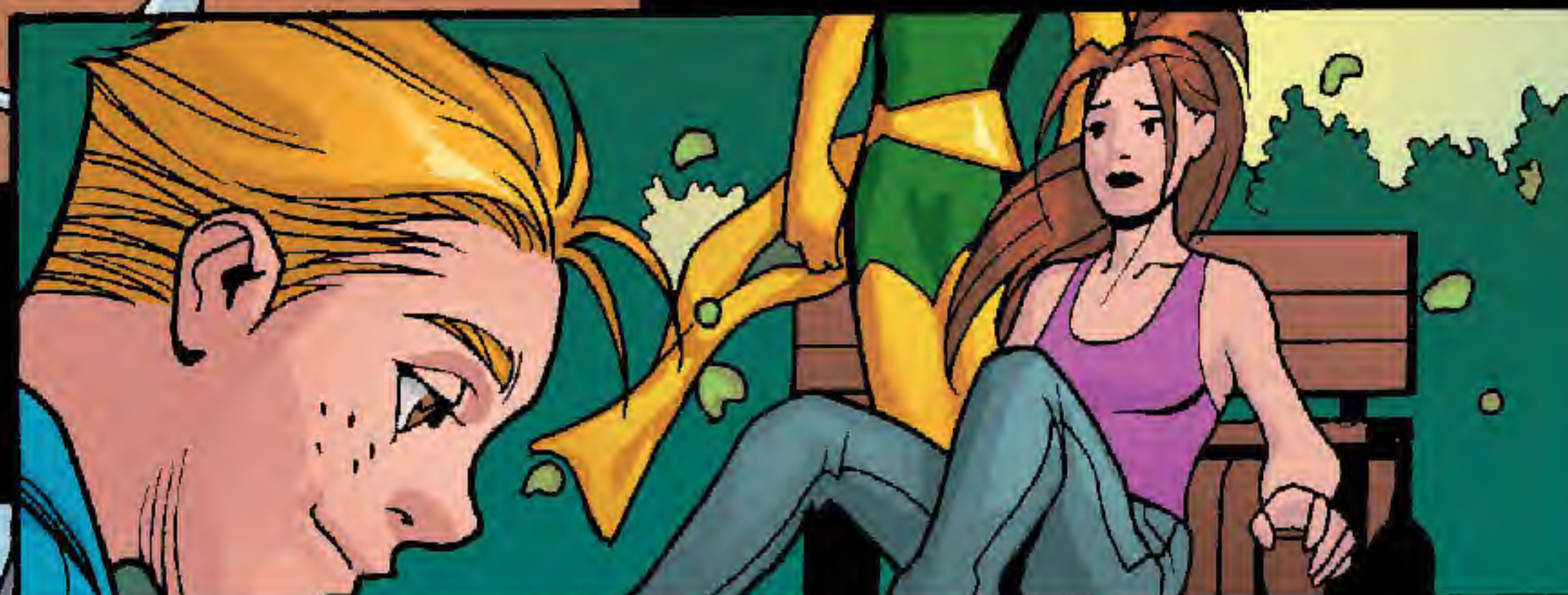
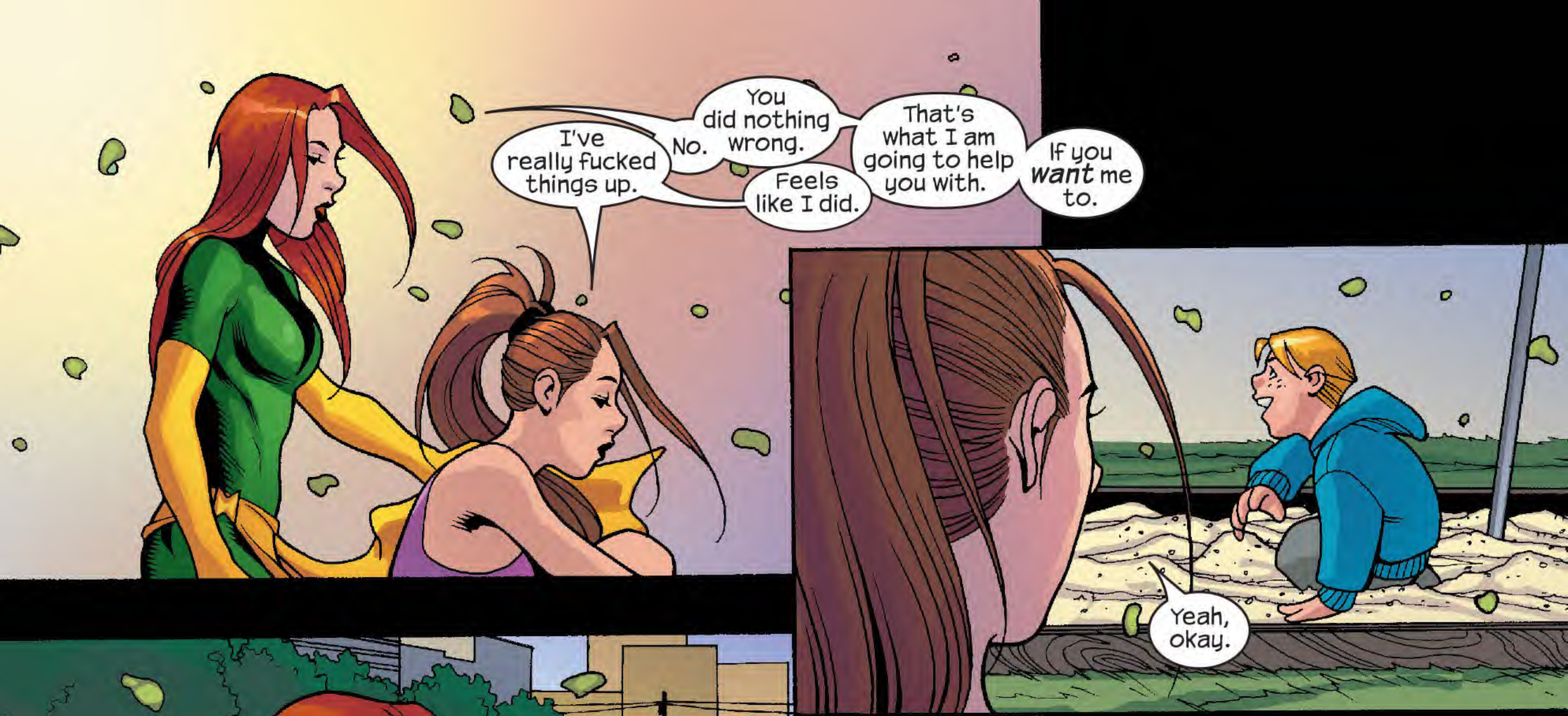


Do you
trust me?
Will you let
me help?

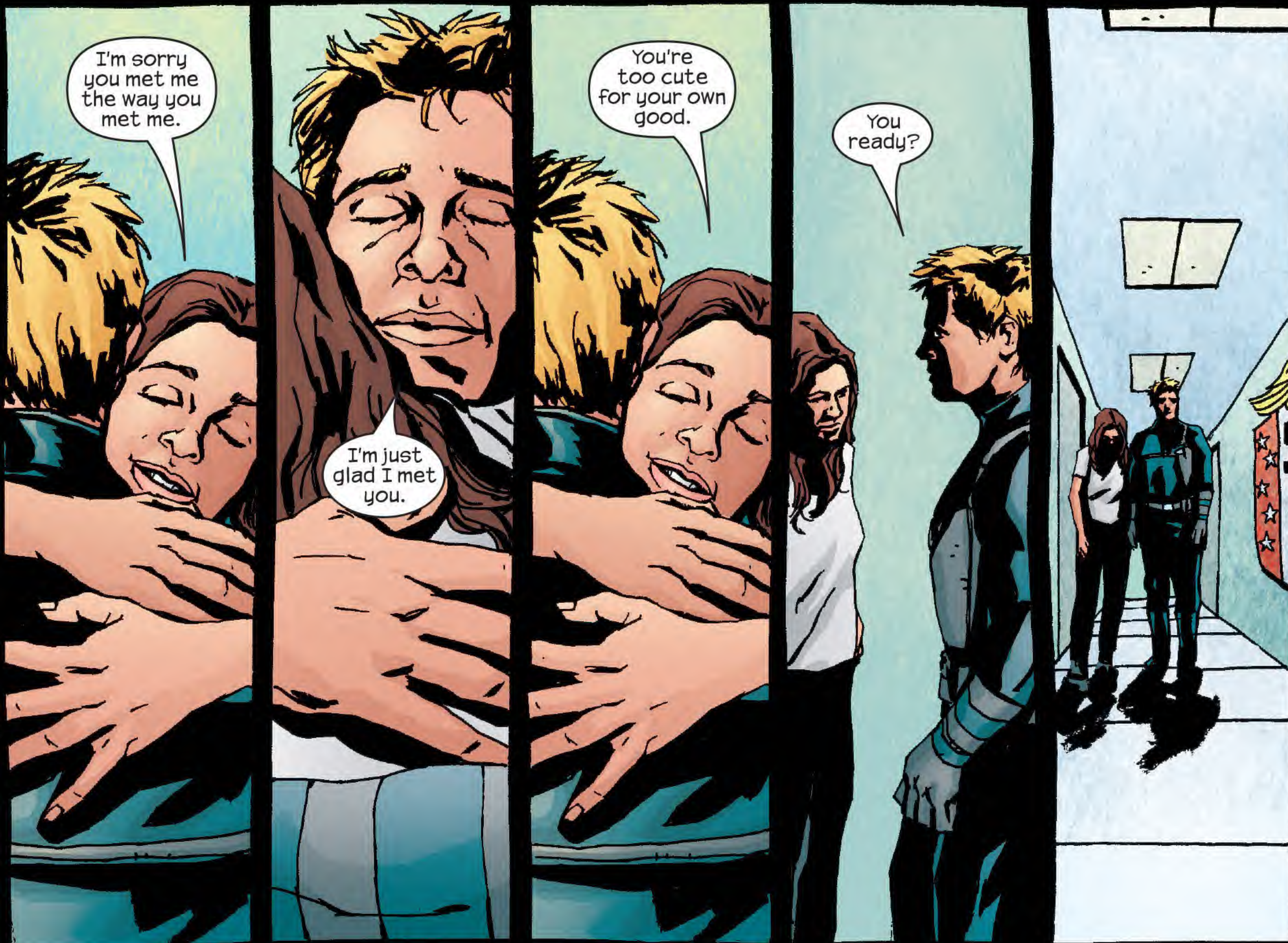
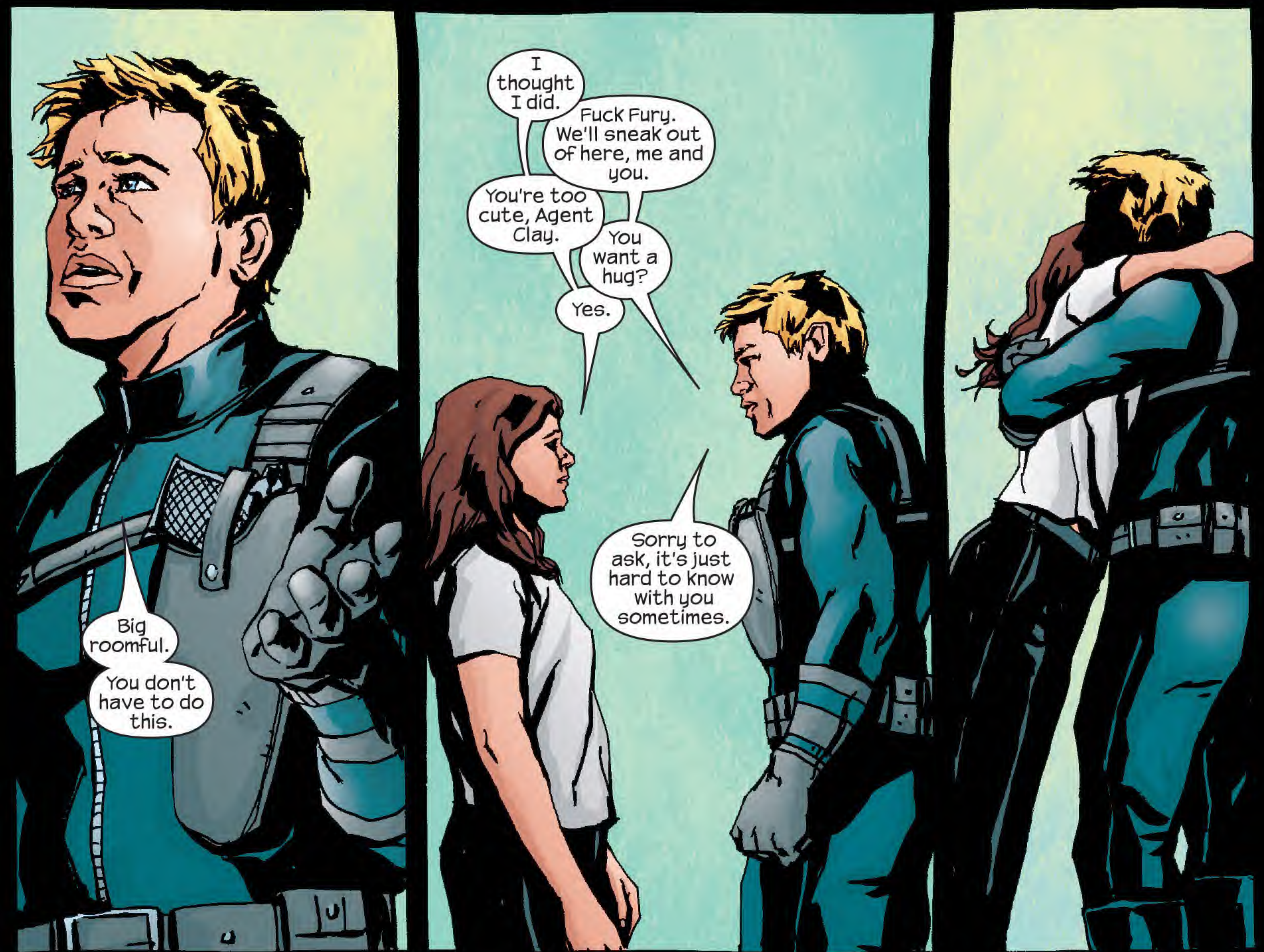
Do
I *need*
help?

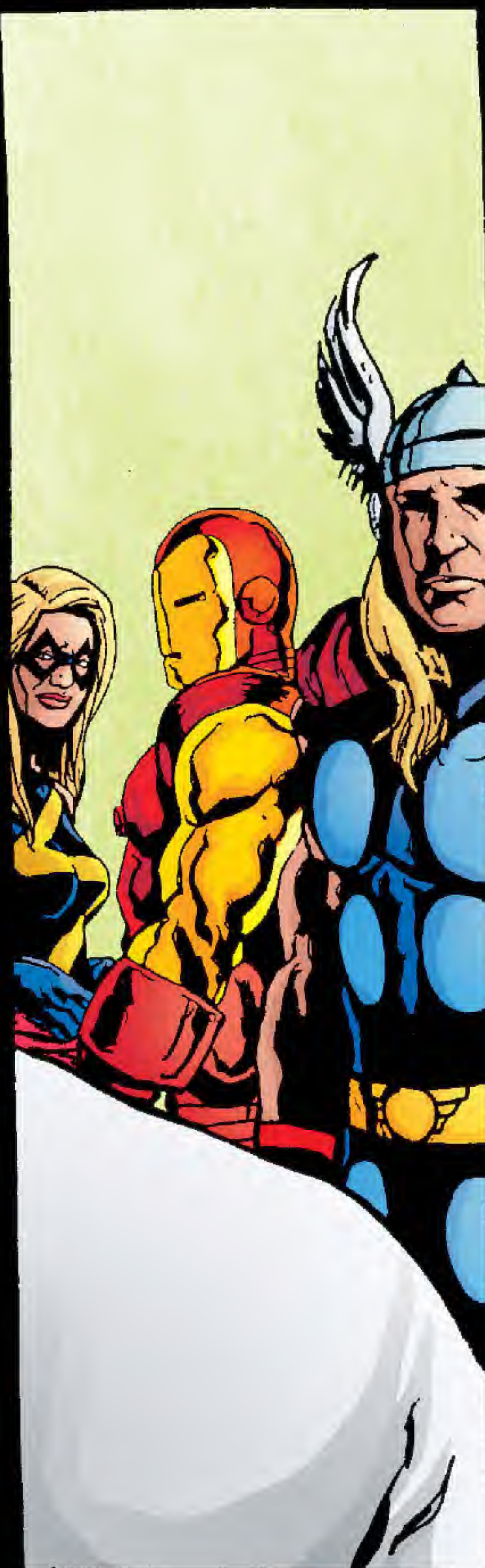


Yes.











Yeah,
okay...
I, uh, on the
same note, I am
sorry for--



Well, you
were hardly to
be blamed for
that.



Still.



See, that
was all nice and
painless.

Okay, we have
something else to
talk to you about.

I think you'll
be looking for a
job when this is
all over.

If you're
interested, we'd
like *you*, Jessica,
to be the S.H.I.E.L.D.
liaison to the
Avengers.

It means,
following some
training and tests,
you would become a
level six agent of
S.H.I.E.L.D. Answering
to myself and
myself only.

You would
also be an auxiliary
Avenger when
needed.



You'd be
in charge of
communication
between the two
organizations
on a day-to-
day--

You're
offering me
a *job*?



You're
perfect
for it.

What you
went through...
and you came out
the other side in
one piece?

I've
enjoyed
our talks over
the months,
Jessica.

You're a
survivor, and
a fighter, and
we need you on
our team.



Did you
know about
this?

I did--
yes. It was
half my
idea.



You know,
when you're
ready?



This--
what *is* this?
A *payoff* or
something?

Nothing
of the--

No. No no.
Nothing like
that.

Jessica,
I--we talked
about this. You
and I.



No.

Carol...

I'm done
with all of this
anyhow. All this
costumes and
shit.



You say
I've got what
it takes.

And I'm
sitting here
thinking: what are
you, out of your
mind?



Did you
see what
happened
to me?

That is the
result of having
the *opposite* of
having what it
takes.



Thank
you.

No.



I'm--I'm
sorry for all
of this.

Thanks for
coming down here
and everything. For
the closure of
it.



But
no...

I'm
done.







Ryker's Island maximum security penitentiary.



The Raft, Ryker's maximum, maximum security installation.



Hey!

You never cease to amaze me.

I didn't like that, Clay!

What?



The helicopter ride. I feel like barfing up my uterus!

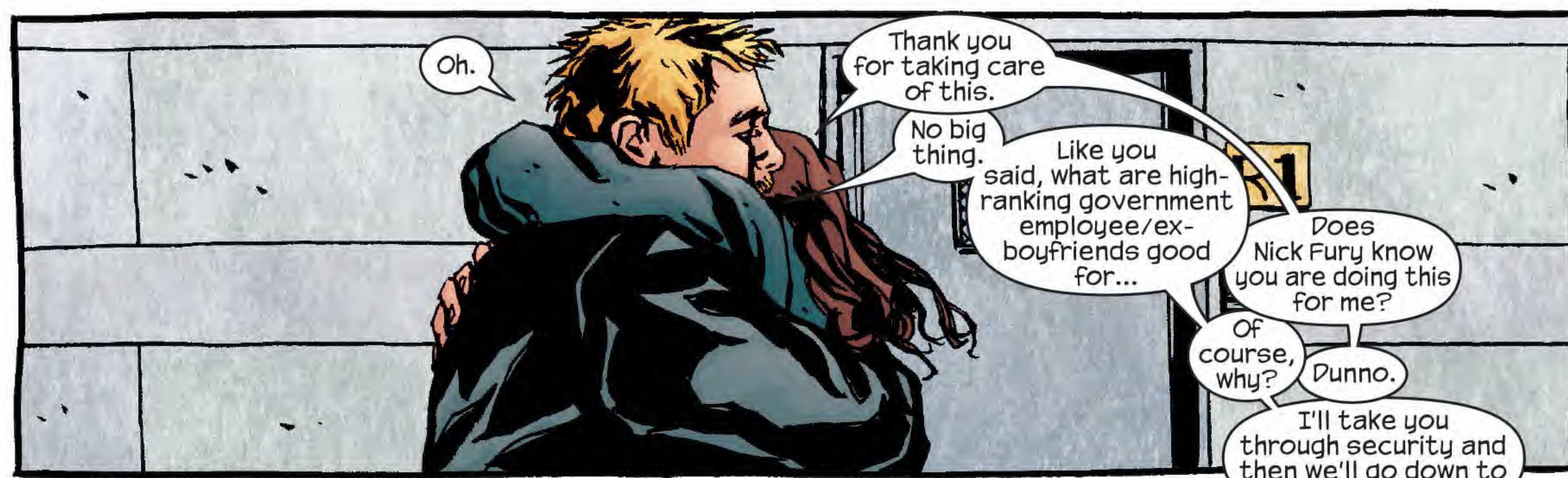
But you can fly.

Do I have to explain my dichotomy to you again?

You look *really* good.

Yeah?

Yeah.



Oh.

Thank you for taking care of this.

No big thing.

Like you said, what are high-ranking government employee/ex-boyfriends good for...

Does Nick Fury know you are doing this for me?

Of course, why?

Dunno.

I'll take you through security and then we'll go down to meet him.



So this is "The Raft."

Worst of the worst.

Like who? Who do you got here?

Let's see.

We got Baron Blood, Bushwacker, Carnage, Crossbones, Jigsaw, Tiger Shark, Tombstone, Vermin, a goofball calls himself Radioactive Man, Scarecrow, Mister Hyde...

Yeah, okay...

I haven't even *heard* of half these guys.

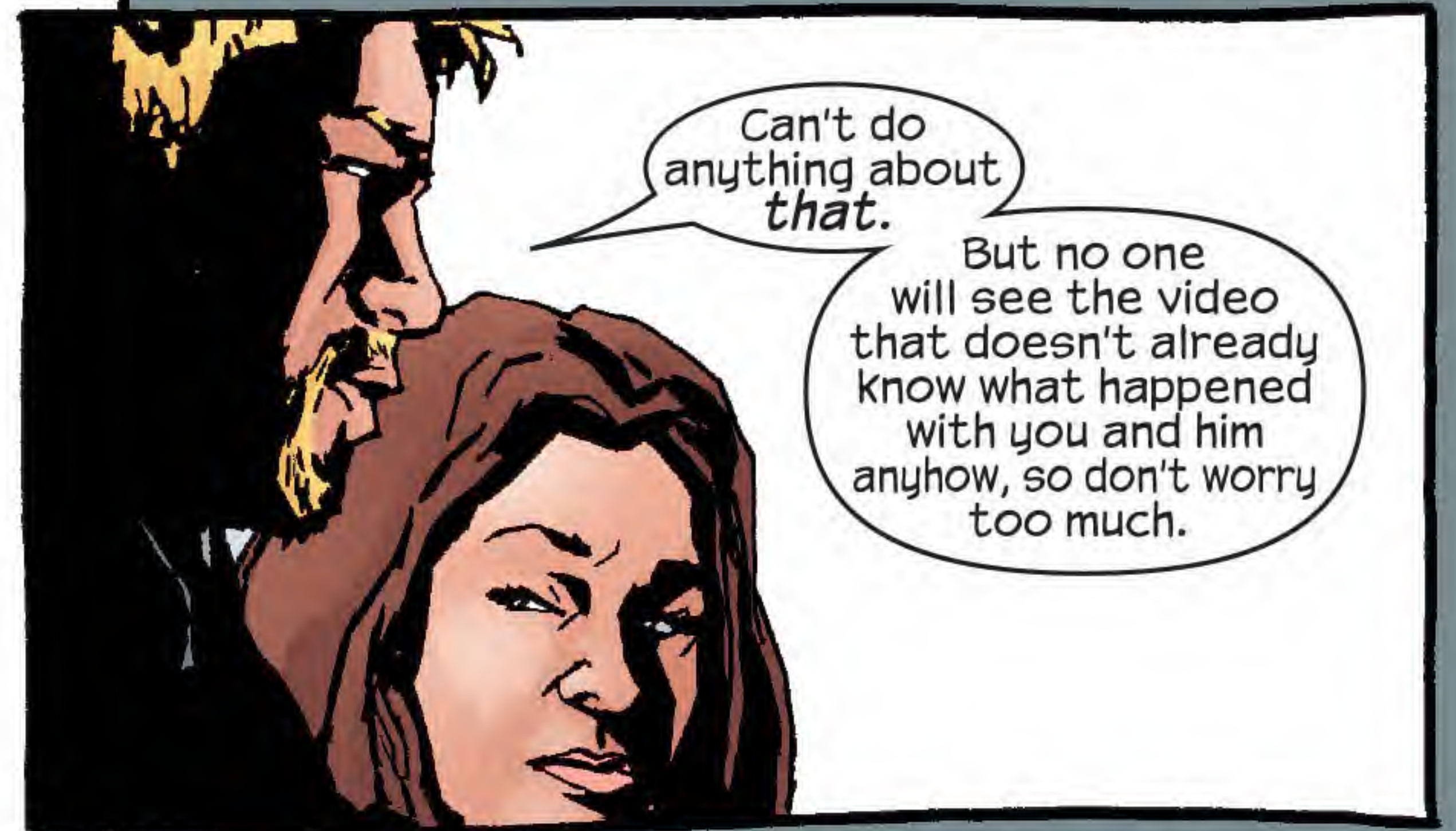


Right down there on the end.

Is it okay--I want to speak to him alone?

If that's what you want.

But the entire conversation is being recorded.



Can't do anything about *that*.

But no one will see the video that doesn't already know what happened with you and him anyhow, so don't worry too much.



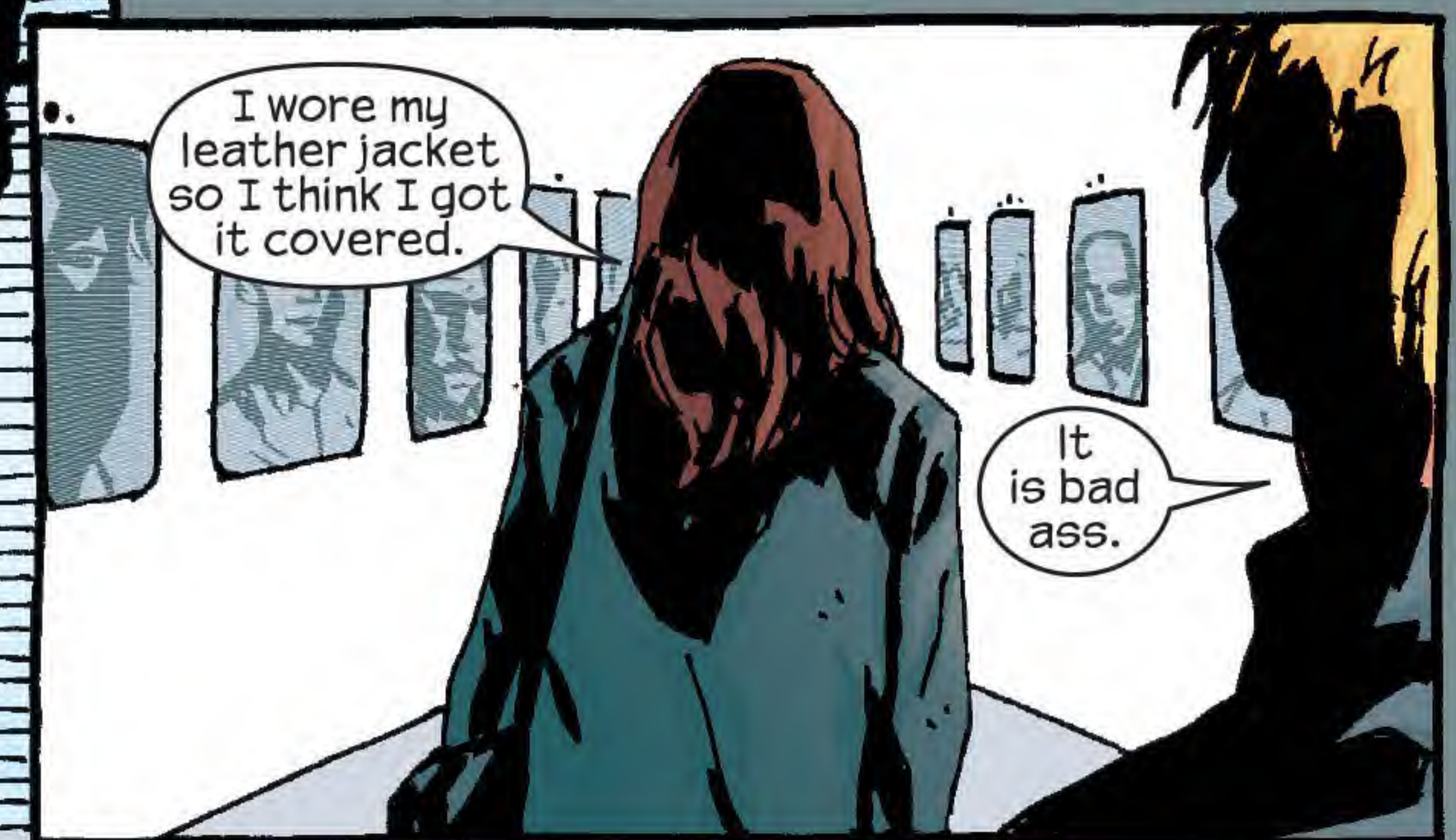
Listen, odds are nothing is going to come of this.

I know.

I'm serious.

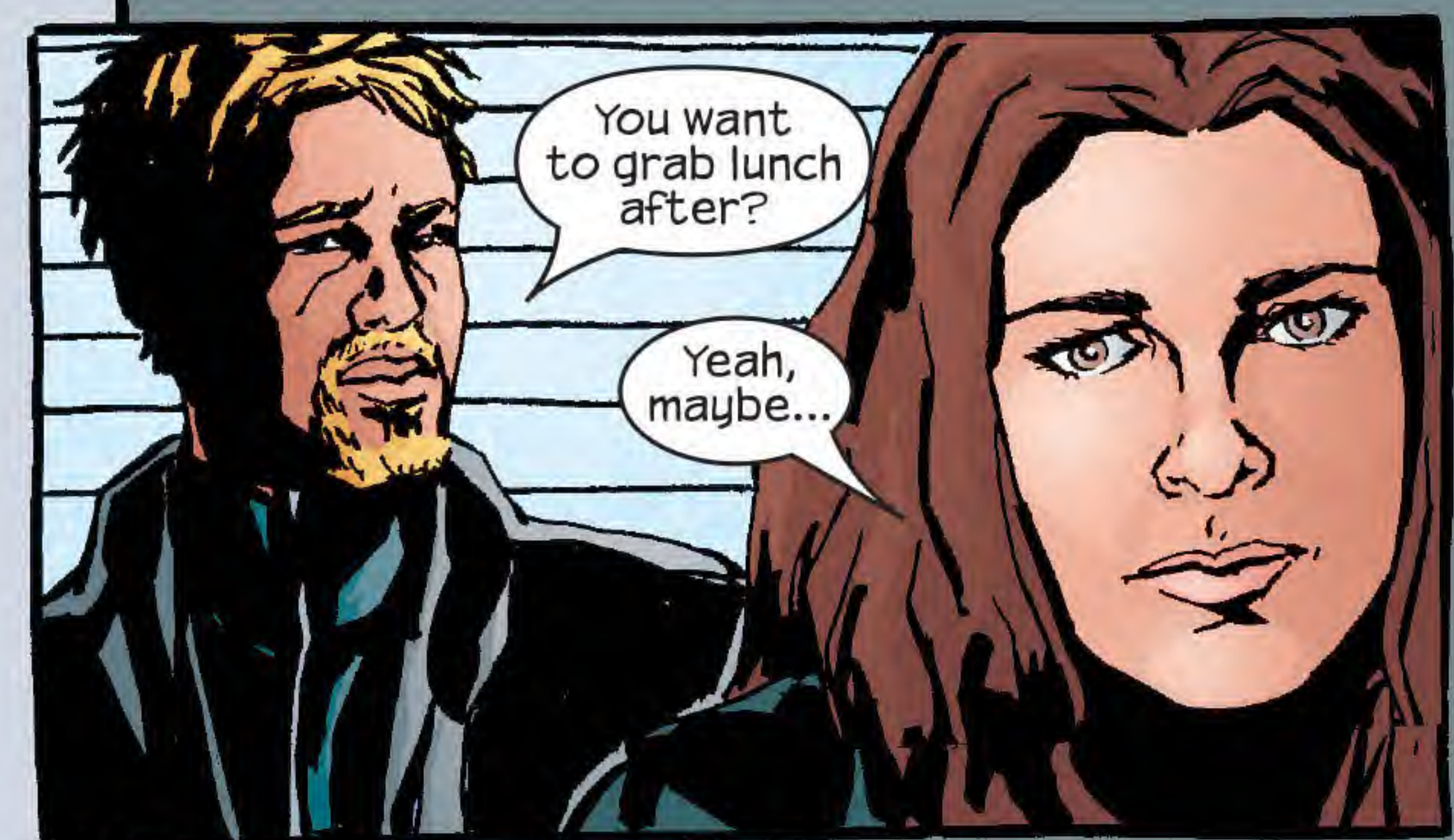
I know.

Sure you don't want me to stand behind you and look bad ass?



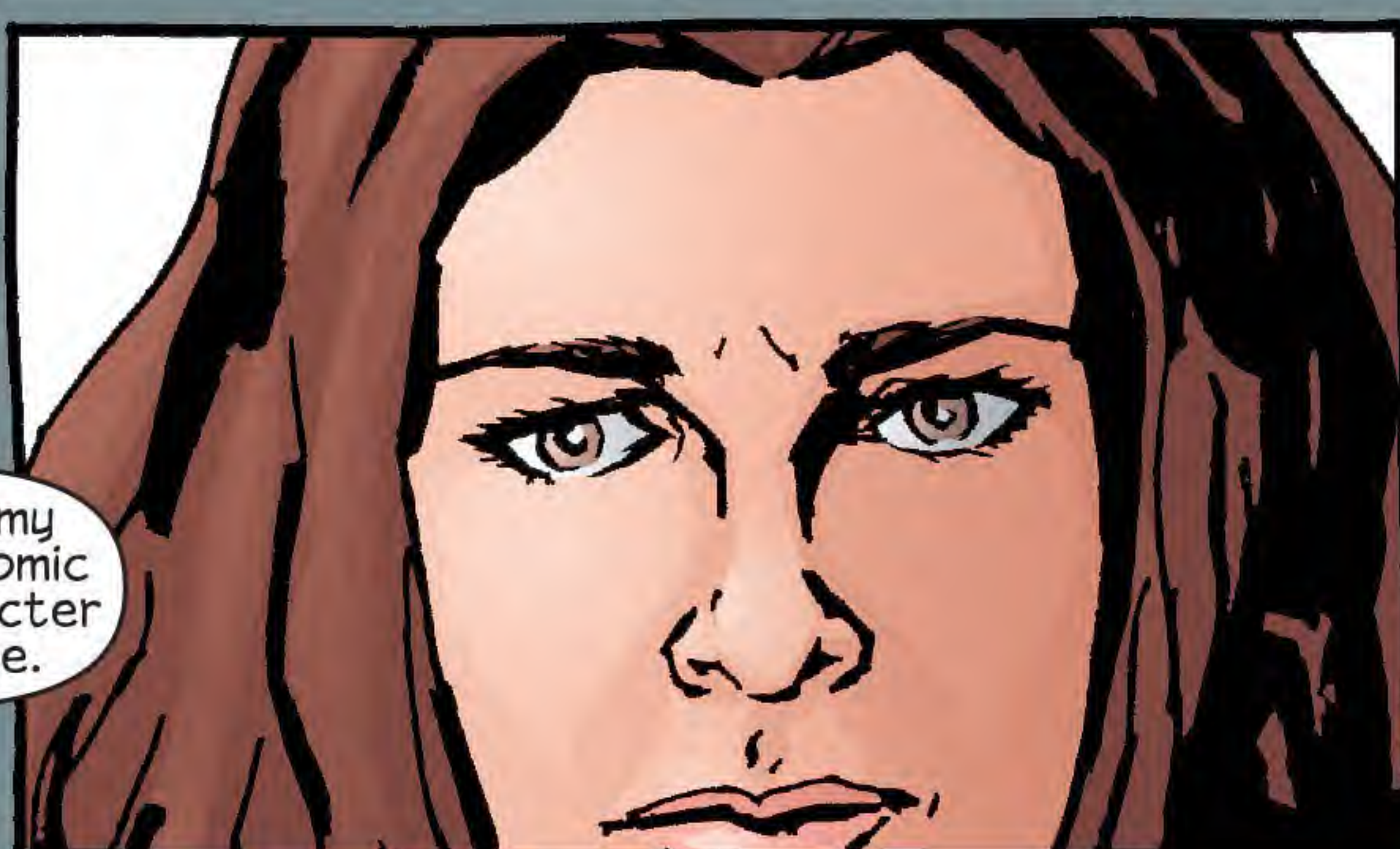
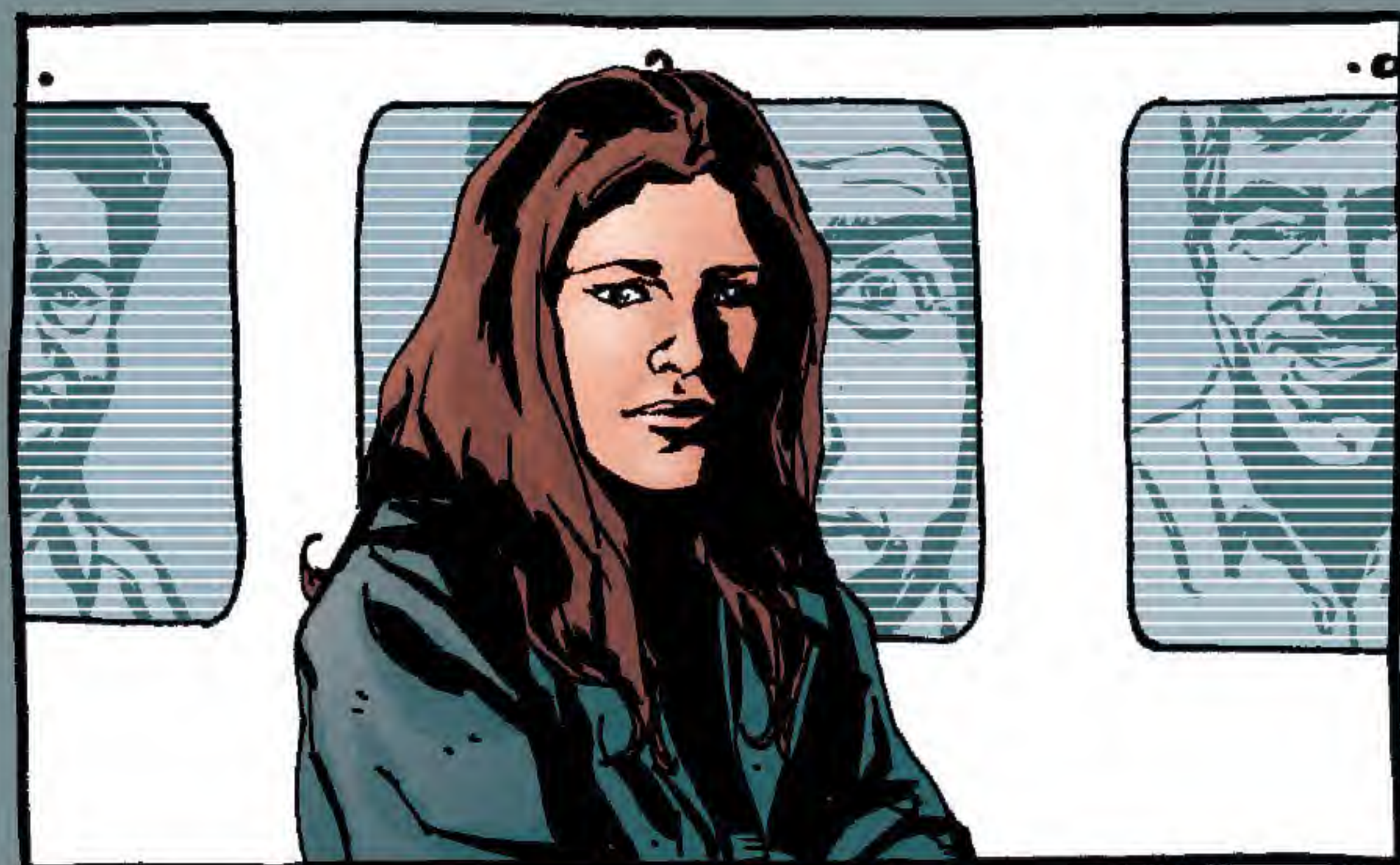
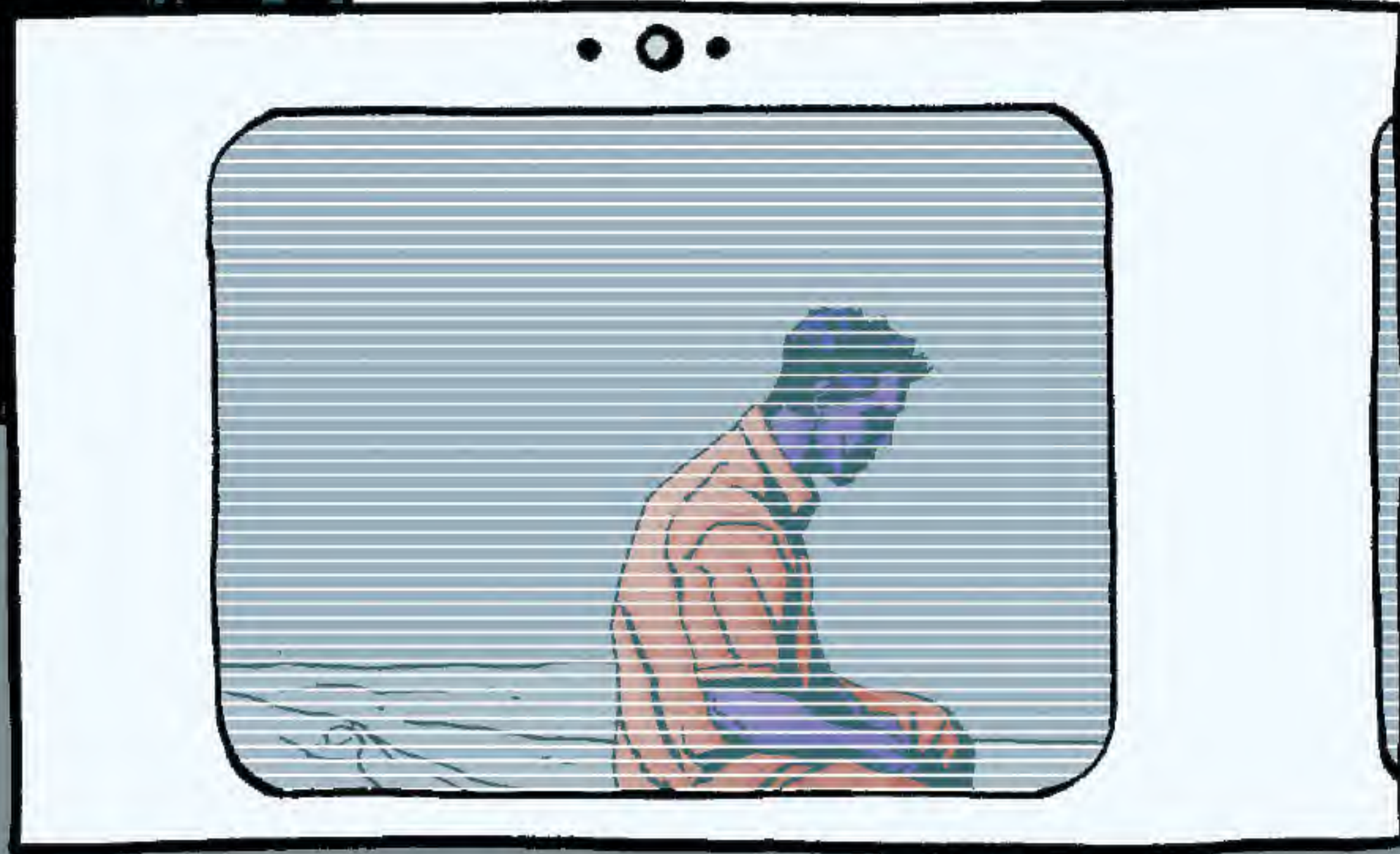
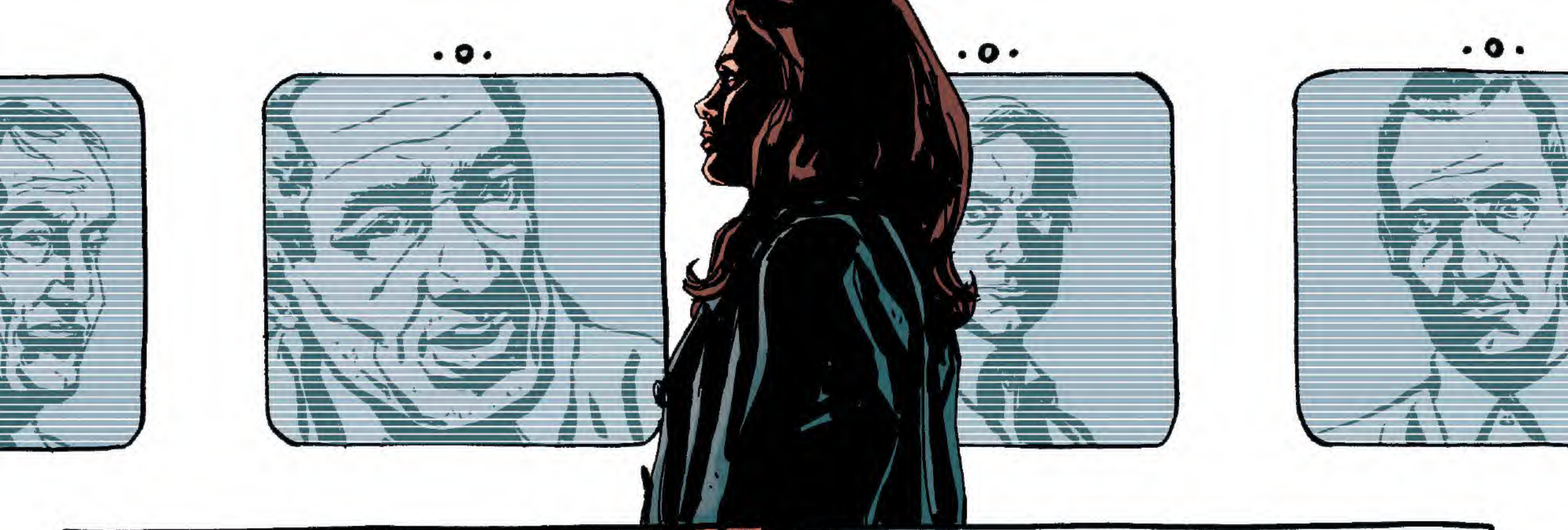
I wore my leather jacket so I think I got it covered.

It is bad ass.



You want to grab lunch after?

Yeah, maybe...



To be continued...



TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



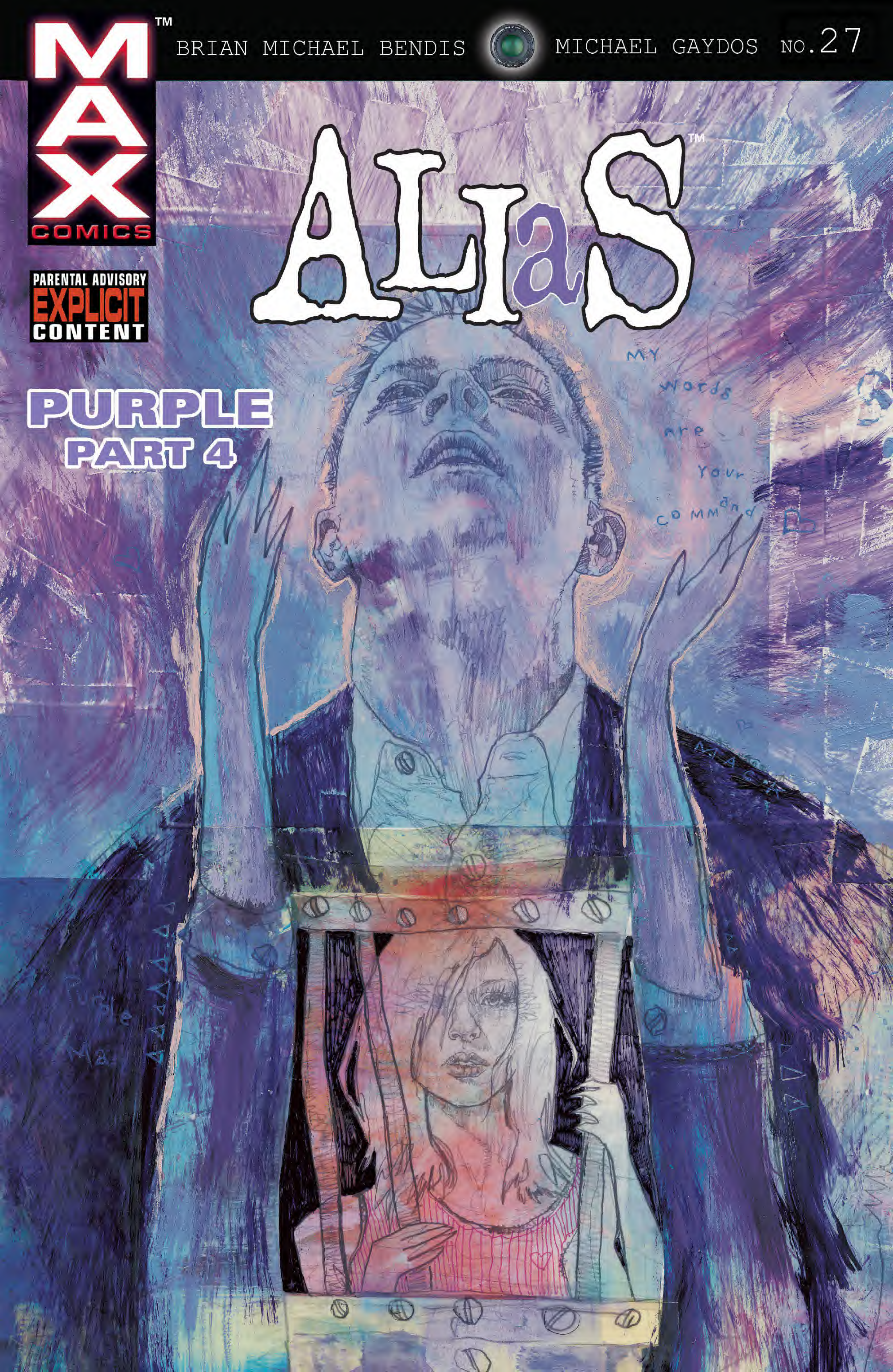
MICHAEL GAYDOS

no.27

AliasTM

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

PURPLE
PART 4





Well, you look very purple.



I, uh, I came here to ask you to--



Interior shot. Jail. Day.

Jessica Jones... the ex-costumed super hero, now private eye, comes face-to-face with her greatest foe, her worst nightmare...

...the enigmatic Killgrave, the Purple Man.



...tight shot on Jessica.

She stares ahead blankly...

Trying not to give Killgrave the satisfaction of how much this confrontation is getting to her.

But her eyes are glassy with held back tears. Her quivering lip betrays her.

Even talking through the high-tech prison monitor, even without direct contact of any kind, even with the guards and the security...

...she feels the Purple Man's piercing gaze...

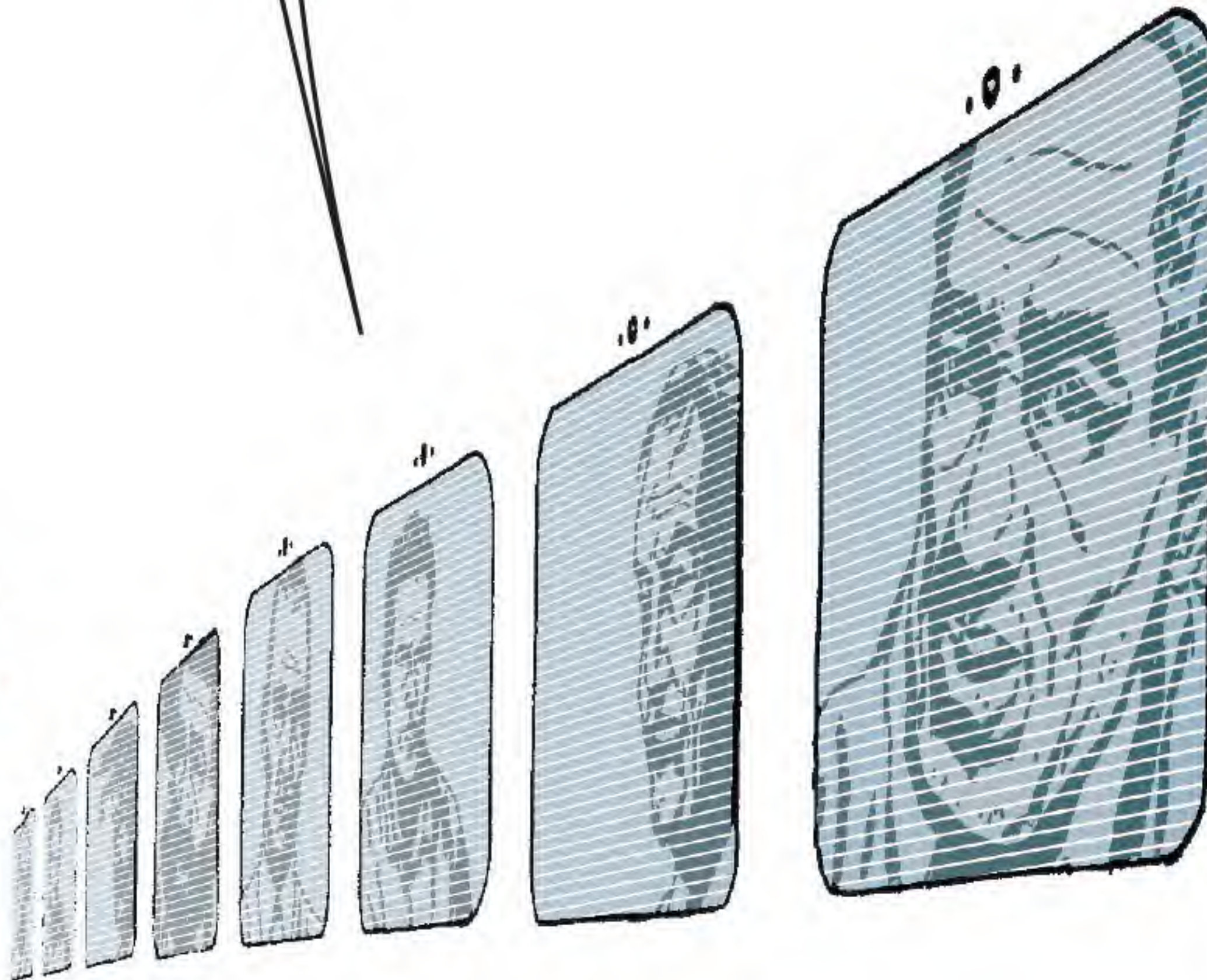
...memories of their intimate time together flushing forward through her. Flooding up inside her.

There are things that they shared that she *never* spoke of...

...even to her lovers.

The truths only *they* know.

Cut to--



--tight on the purple eyes of the Purple Man.

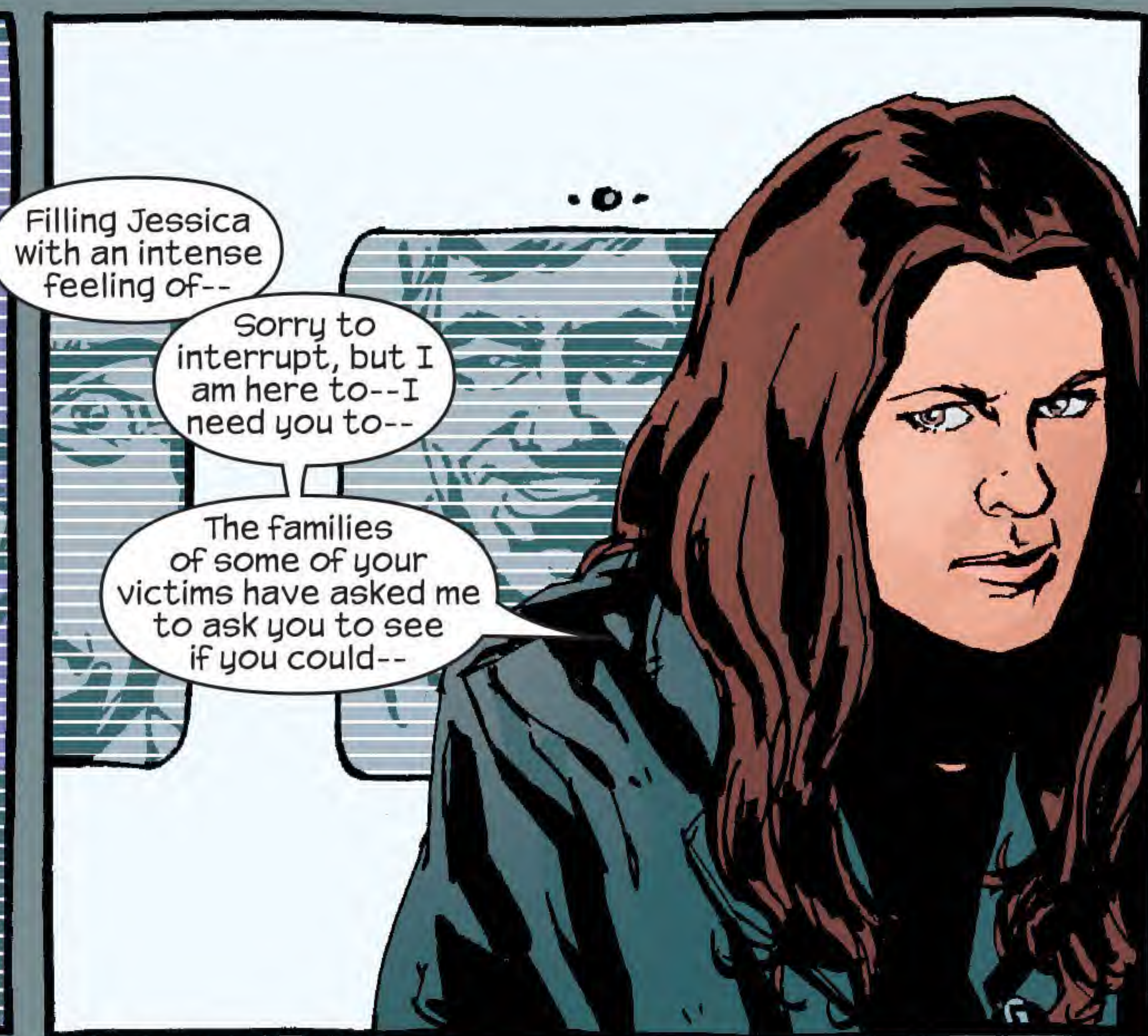
Piercing.

Hypnotic.

Filling Jessica with an intense feeling of--

Sorry to interrupt, but I am here to--I need you to--

The families of some of your victims have asked me to ask you to see if you could--



Do they know?



Killgrave, I just need you to focus on these poor families whose lives you have sent into disarray by--



Oh, so we're going to pretend you and I don't know what's really going on?

You don't want to embarrass yourself in front of your readers.



These families have each lost loved ones because of something you made them do. What I am here to ask you is--

Ooh, you know what? Hey, I'm not saying that I'm an expert in the dramatic arts...

(Because I am certainly not...)

I'm a pawn in this just like you, just like all of us.

But if this starts with you coming face-to-face with *me*, your darkest secret, your greatest challenge...

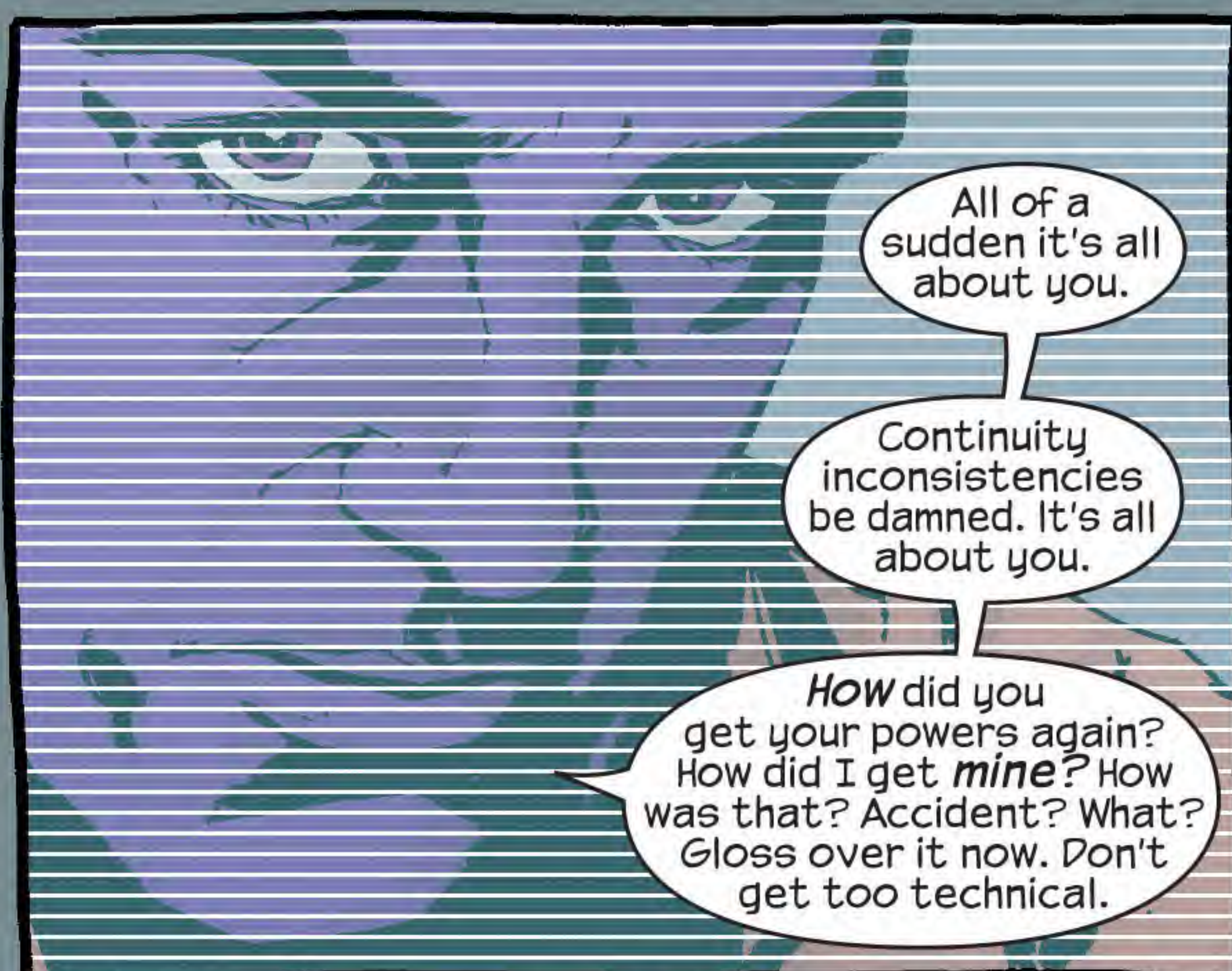
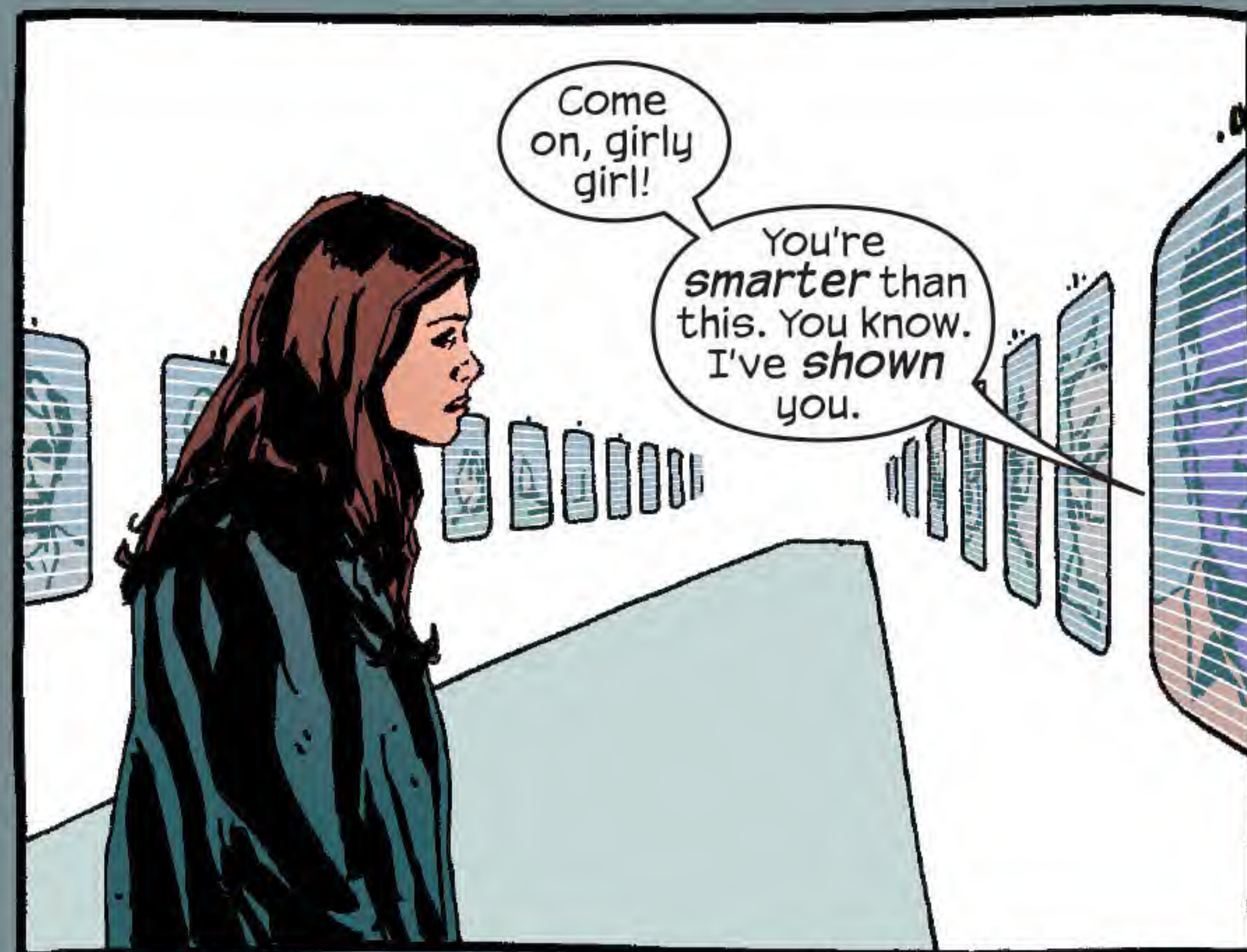
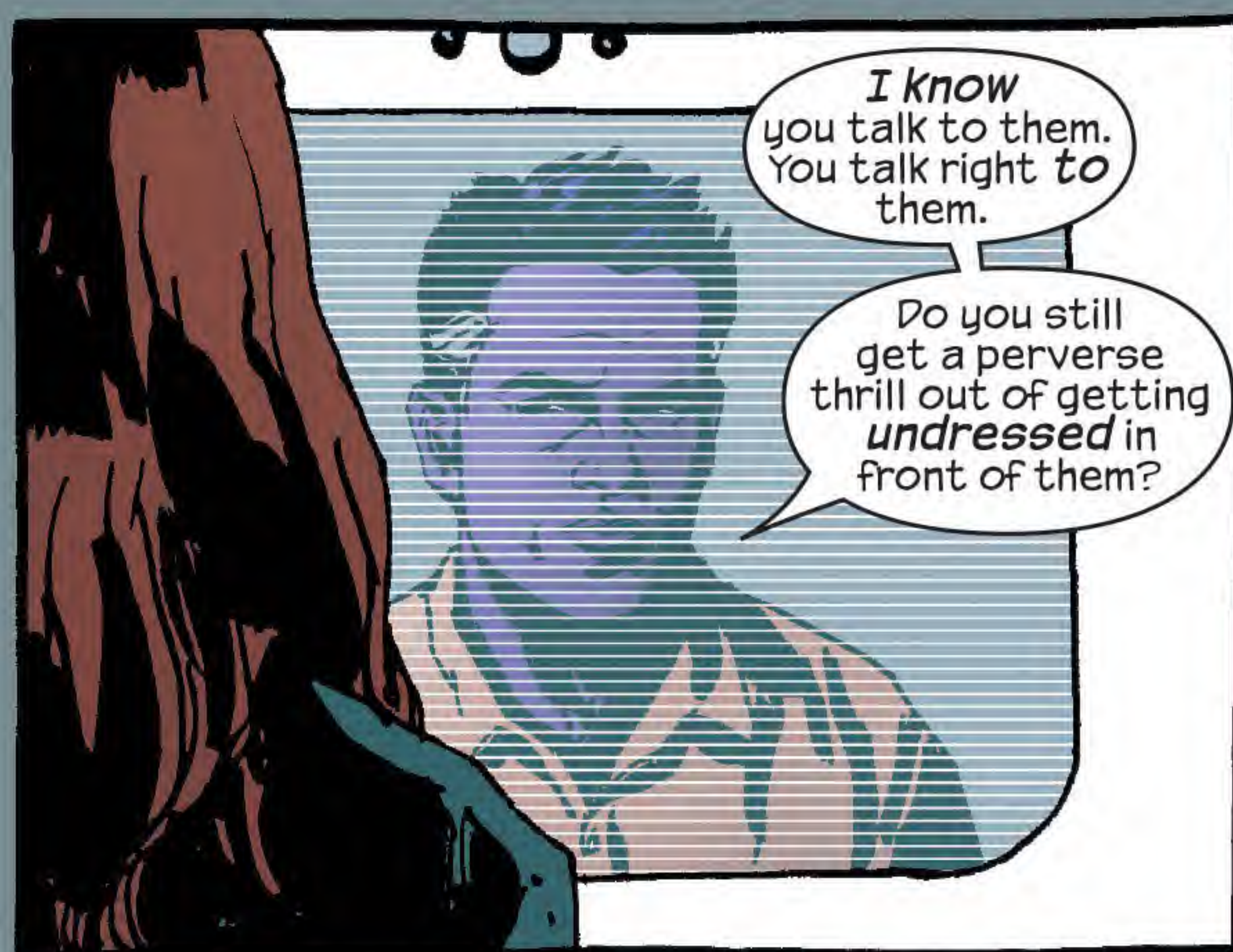
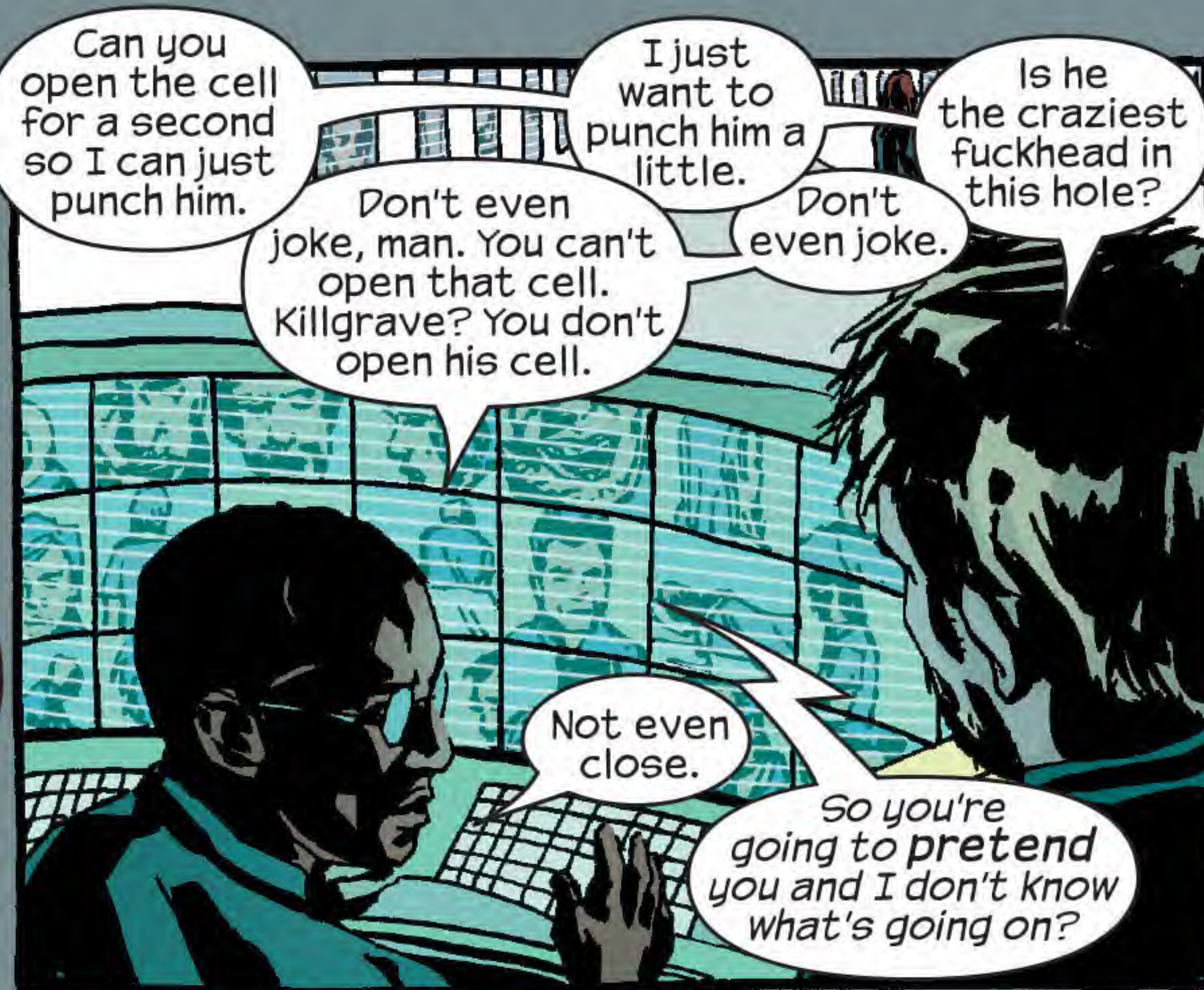
...I wouldn't flip to the back of the book.



Something really bad is going to happen to you, Jessica.

I wouldn't turn to the end.

I bet something really horrible happens.





Her name is Rachel Cameron!

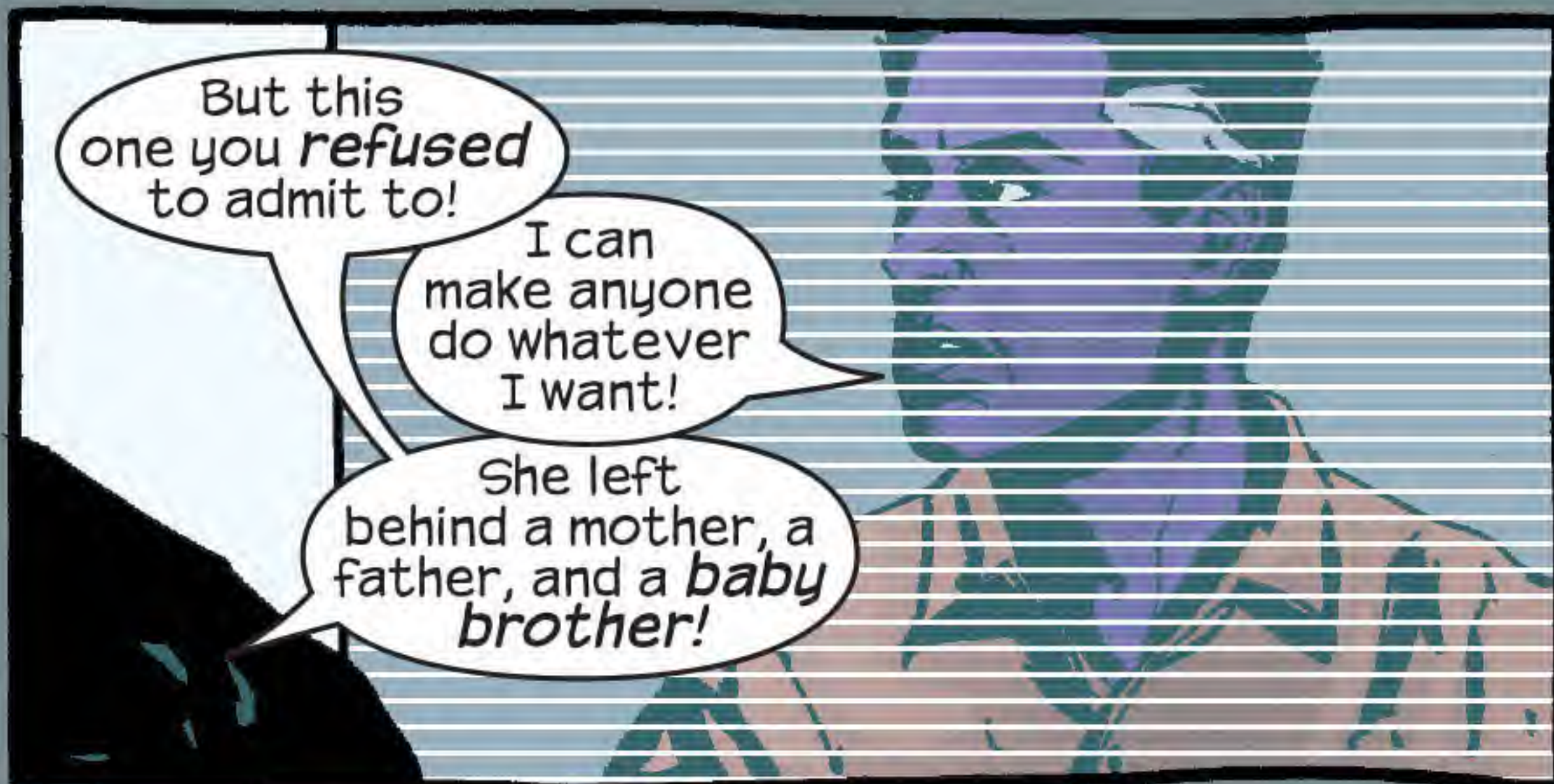
You *killed* her by making her dance off the balcony of a posh hotel in Chicago.



Oh, the *ridiculousness* of my secret origin that gave me my--



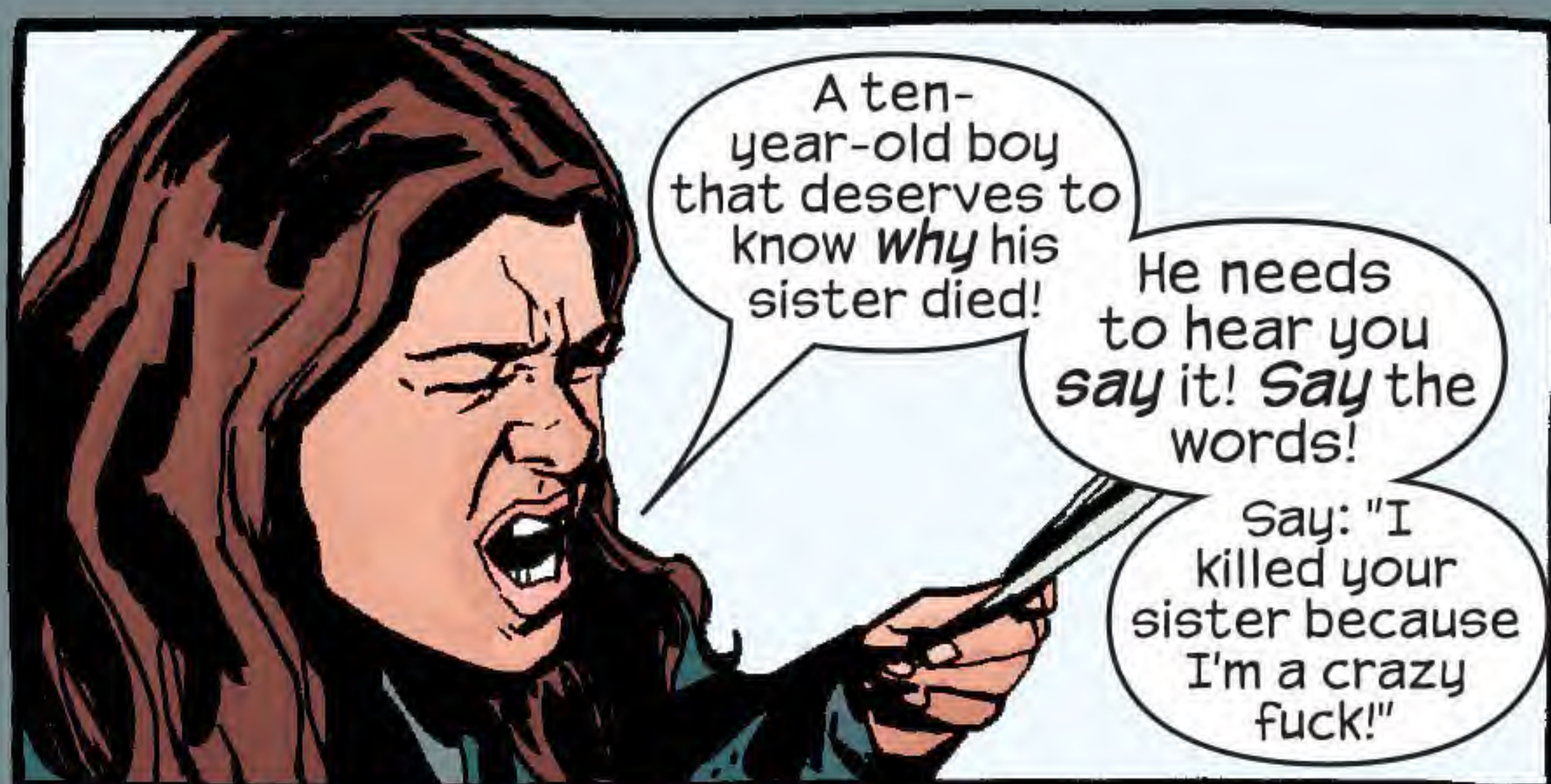
But you were never *charged* with the murder because the Feds had you on all these other *stronger* murder cases. The ones you admitted to.



But this one you *refused* to admit to!

I can make anyone do whatever I want!

She left behind a mother, a father, and a *baby brother*!



A ten-year-old boy that deserves to know *why* his sister died!

He needs to hear you *say* it! *Say* the words!

Say: "I killed your sister because I'm a crazy fuck!"



Say it in a voice-over!

They want you to *say* it! *Say* it, Killgrave!

Say: "I murdered this girl!"



Just the one, just admit the one!

Give these poor people some kind of--

Let them hear what you think!



Say her name!

Say her name!



But you know the truth we both share!



You were there for the flashback!



I know you talk to them.

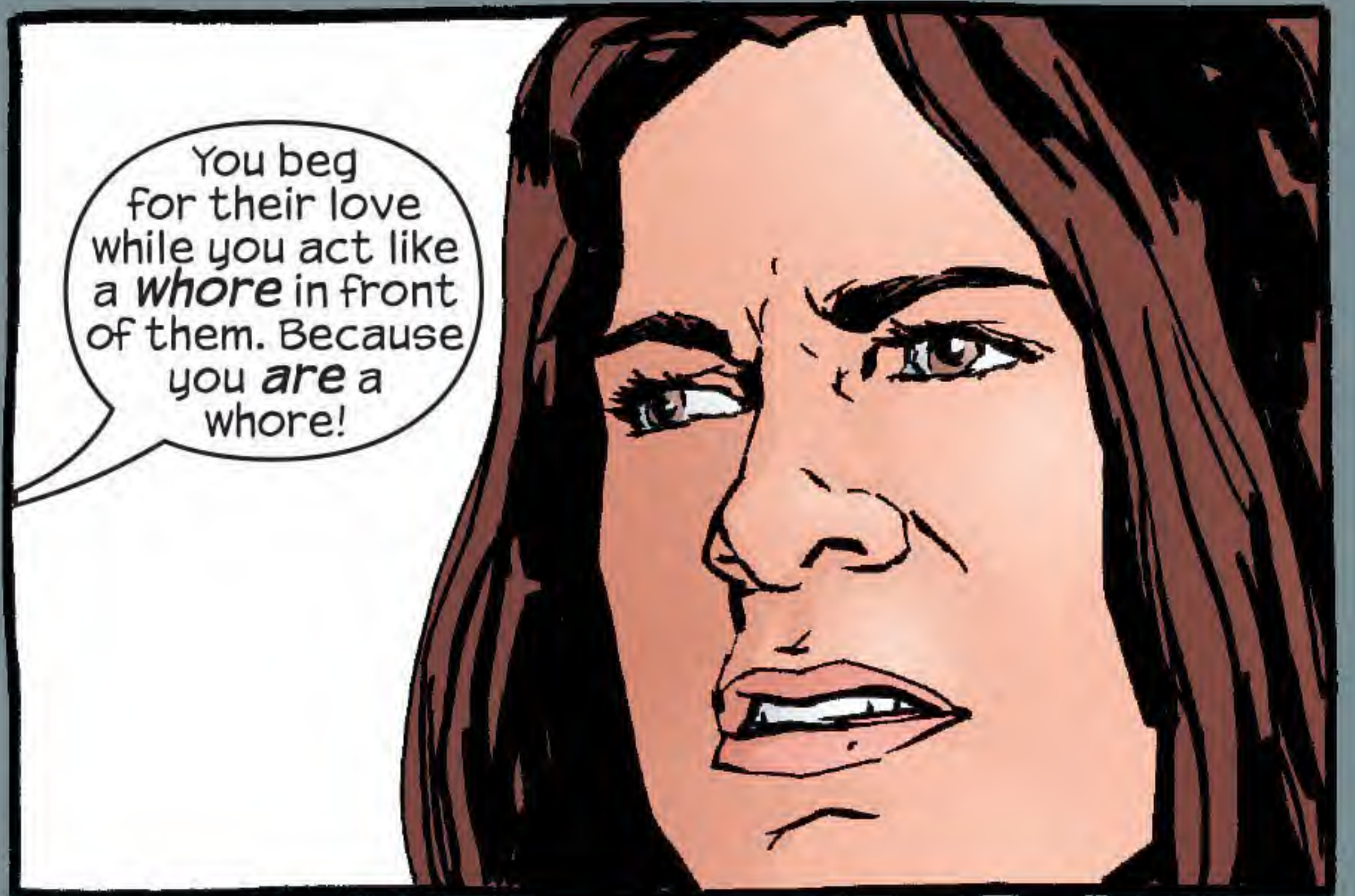
Hoping they like you, hoping they buy the next issue.



You're the biggest whore in the history of the medium!



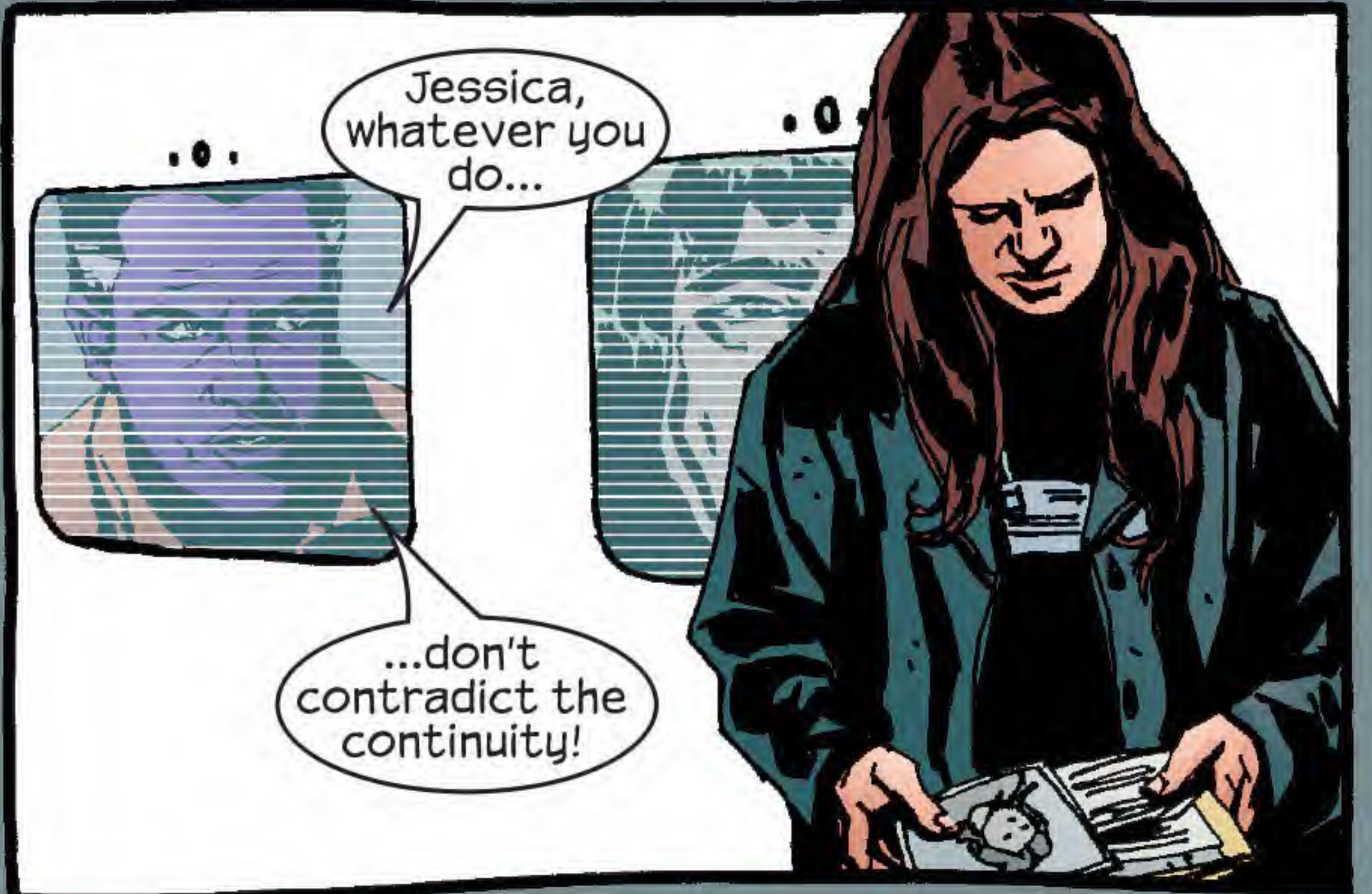
You're their dirty whore, you'll always be--



You beg for their love while you act like a **whore** in front of them. Because you **are** a whore!



Well, I'm glad we got to catch up...



Jessica, whatever you do...

...don't contradict the continuity!



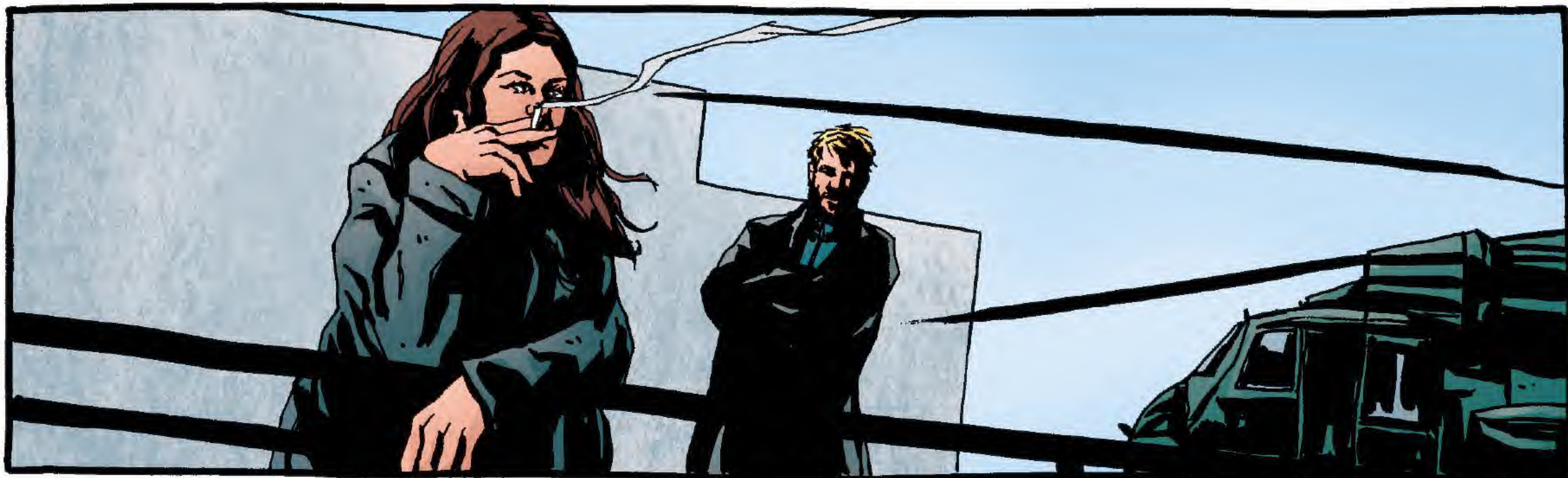
They'll eat you alive!

They'll.

Eat.

You.

Alive!

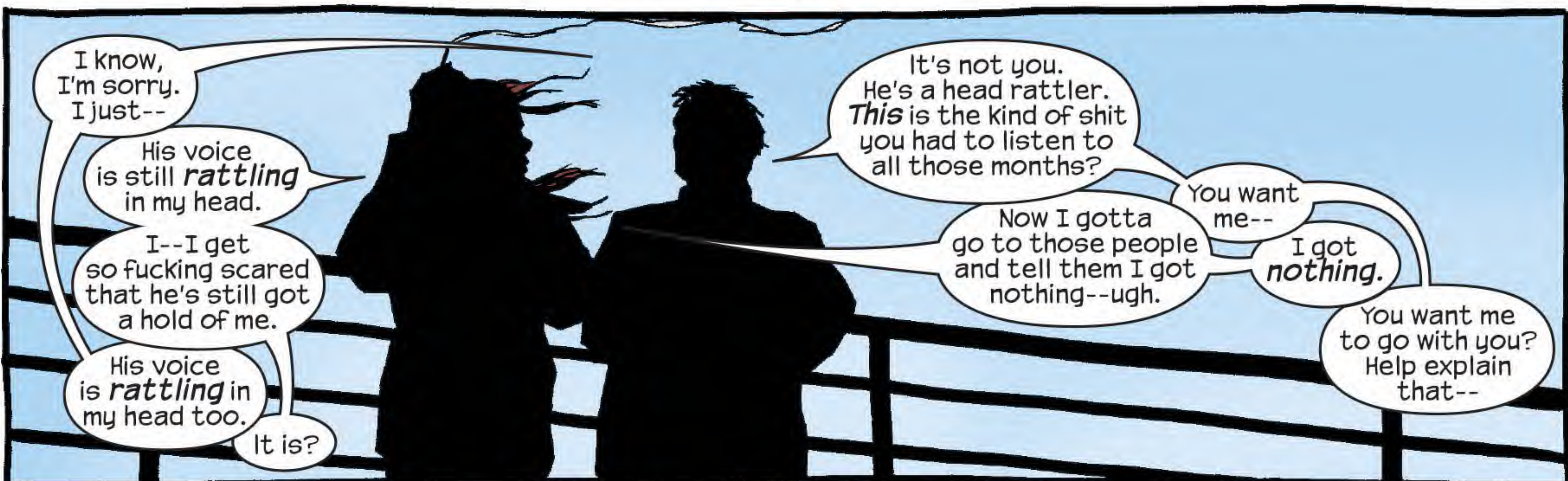


What are you thinking?

What do you want me to say?



I shouldn't be smoking--that's what I'm thinking.



I know, I'm sorry. I just--

His voice is still *rattling* in my head.

I--I get so fucking scared that he's still got a hold of me.

His voice is *rattling* in my head too.

It is?

It's not you. He's a head rattler. *This* is the kind of shit you had to listen to all those months?

Now I gotta go to those people and tell them I got nothing--ugh.

You want me--

I got *nothing*.

You want me to go with you? Help explain that--



No.

Don't you have some secret agent thing you have to do to save the world?



Not 'til Thursday.



Thank you for this.

Oh, okay.

I'm sorry I'm such a bitch.

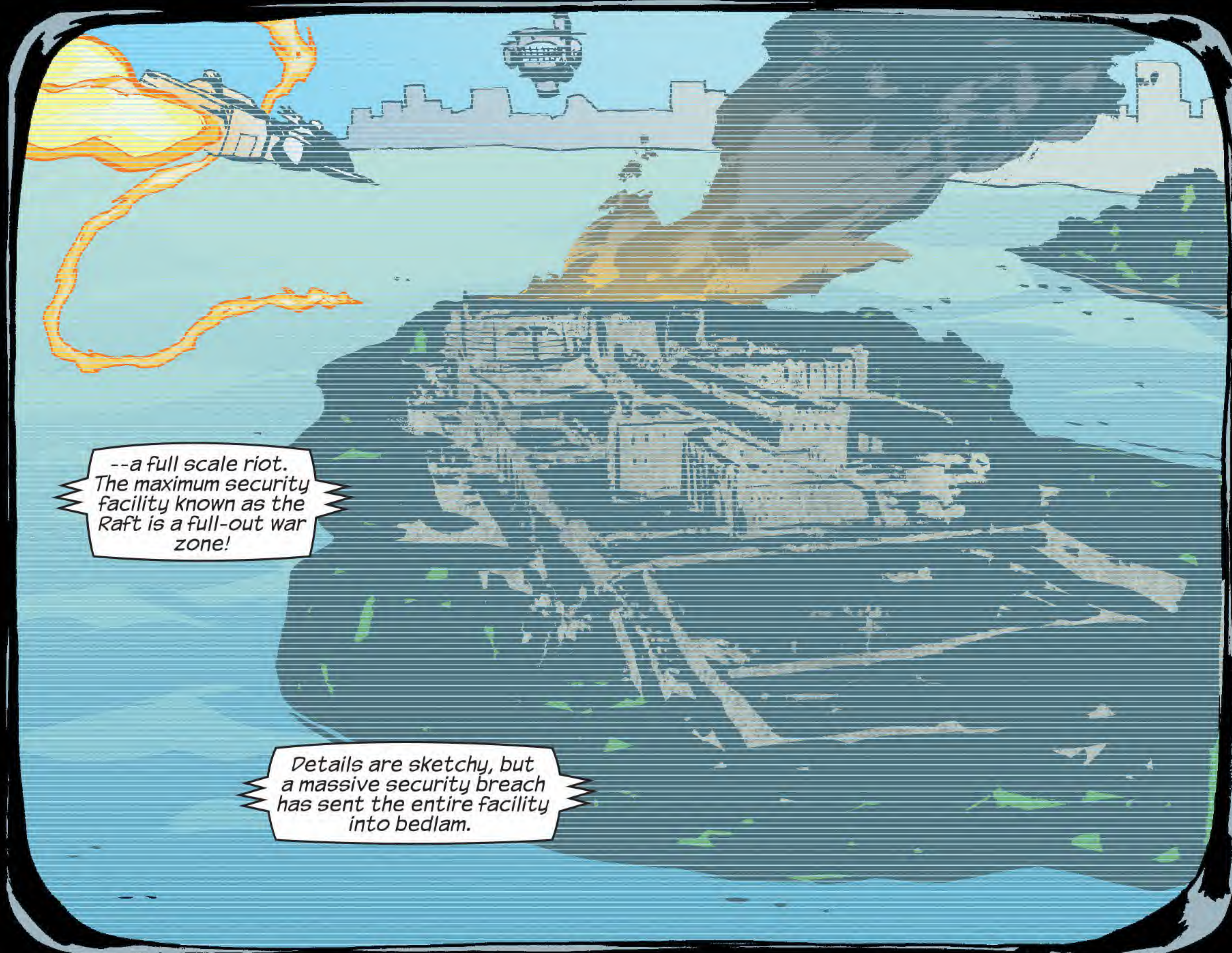
You're not.

I am.

No. For a comic book character, you're pretty well rounded.

Don't make jokes.





--a full scale riot.
The maximum security
facility known as the
Raft is a full-out war
zone!

Details are sketchy, but
a massive security breach
has sent the entire facility
into bedlam.



Authorities are keeping
details hush-hush for now but we
do know that the Fantastic Four,
the Avengers and S.H.I.E.L.D. are all
working **together** with authorities
to contain the situation before it
reaches our shores.

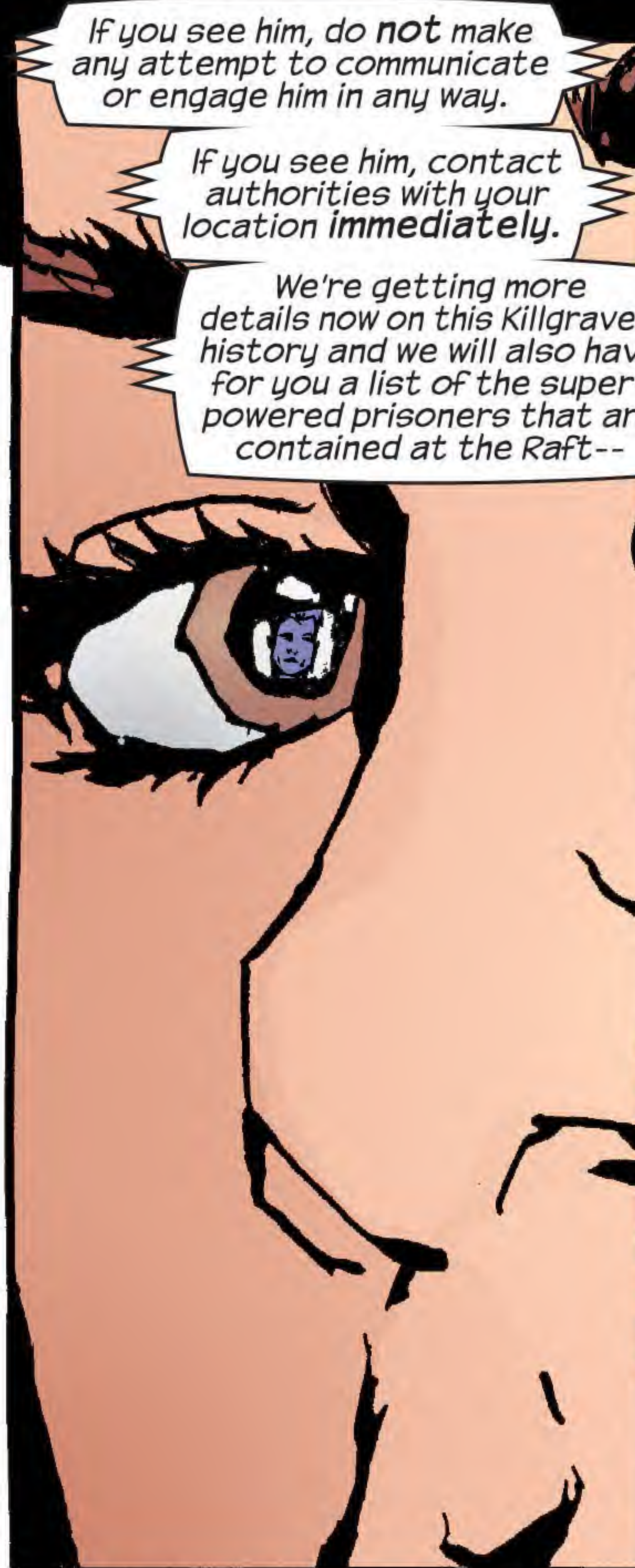


But--wait--
we do have,
yes.

Authorities
have released this
picture...this man,
Killgrave--yes.

Killgrave, the
Purple Man, **escaped**
from the Raft facility.
We don't have details
as of yet.

But word from
S.H.I.E.L.D. is that this
Purple Man is **extremely**
dangerous.



If you see him, do **not** make
any attempt to communicate
or engage him in any way.

If you see him, contact
authorities with your
location **immediately**.

We're getting more
details now on this Killgrave's
history and we will also have
for you a list of the super-
powered prisoners that are
contained at the Raft--





Carol?
It's me,
Jessica.

Killgrave
has fucking
escaped.

Um, I am
shitting in my
pants here.

Hello,
Carol?



I'm sitting
here in an alley
staring at my own
apartment because
I am shitting in
my pants.

I am too
fucking scared
to go inside.



Shitting in
my *pants*.

I was there
visiting him just
this morning and
now he's escaped
from prison?

I mean,
what the
fuck?

And I
think I--I--I
inspired him to
pull something--oh,
man, where *are*
you?



You're probably
out already working
on this problem, but
oh my God...



He's--
I'm freaking
out here!

I'm standing
right outside my own
apartment and I'm
freaking--

To
review your
message...



Oh.
God
damnit...
sniff!!
God!



Gkk...

BOOP
BEEP
BOOP
BOOP
BOOP
BEEP



Mom?
Jessica?
Mom?

Are
you okay,
sweety?

Could you
do me a favor?
I want you to
go visit Aunt
Jenny.

Why?



Right now.
Please, *please*
will you do
that?

Will you
get in your car and
just go visit with her
and wait for me
to call.

Tell
me what is
going--

BEEP



Oh, I
have to take
this.

Just--just
promise me
you'll go.



Hello?
Jessica?



Yes.

It's Doctor
Shamalayan?

From the
emergency room
last week.



I was just
logging your file in
the computer and I
thought I'd call and
make sure you
followed up with
your--

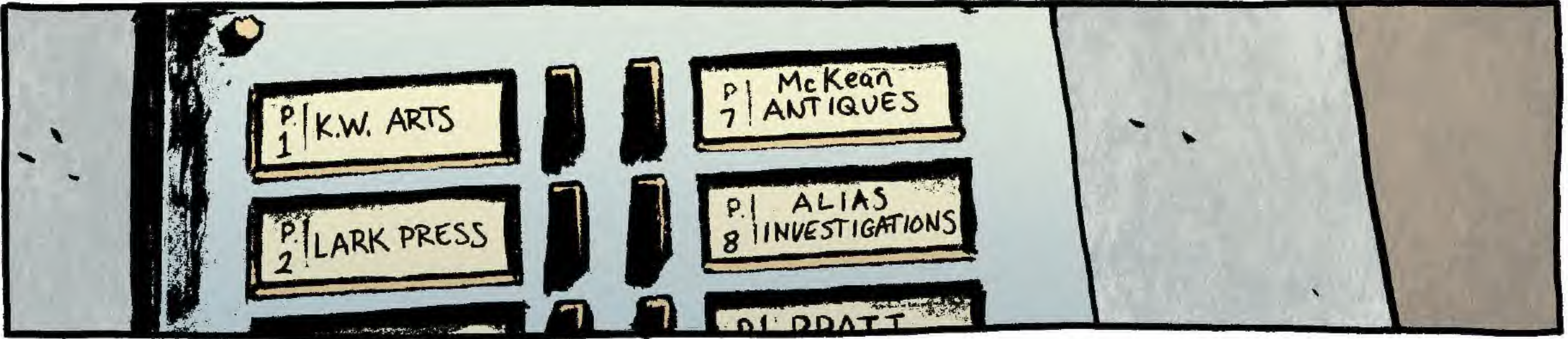
I--I
can't talk right
now.

Oh okay.
It's just very
important that
you follow up
on--

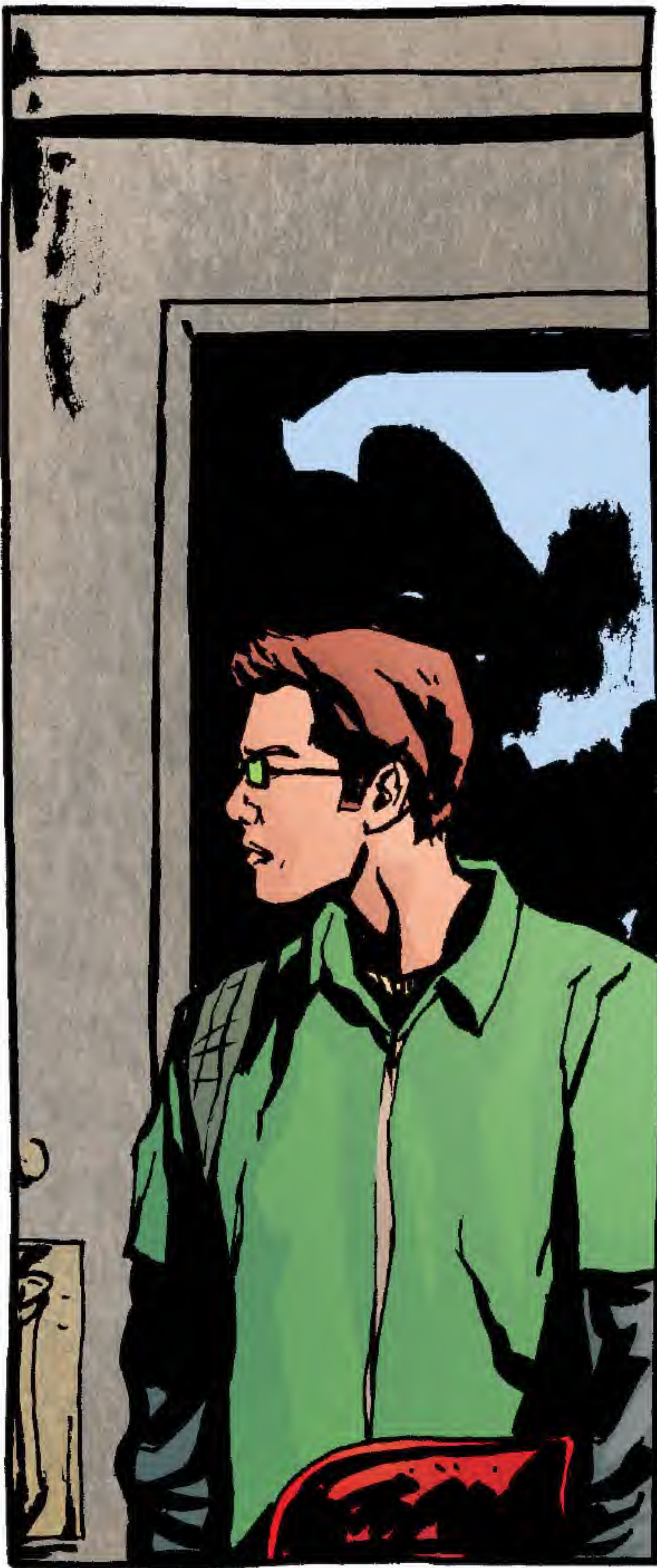
BOOP



Gi...
Sniff...









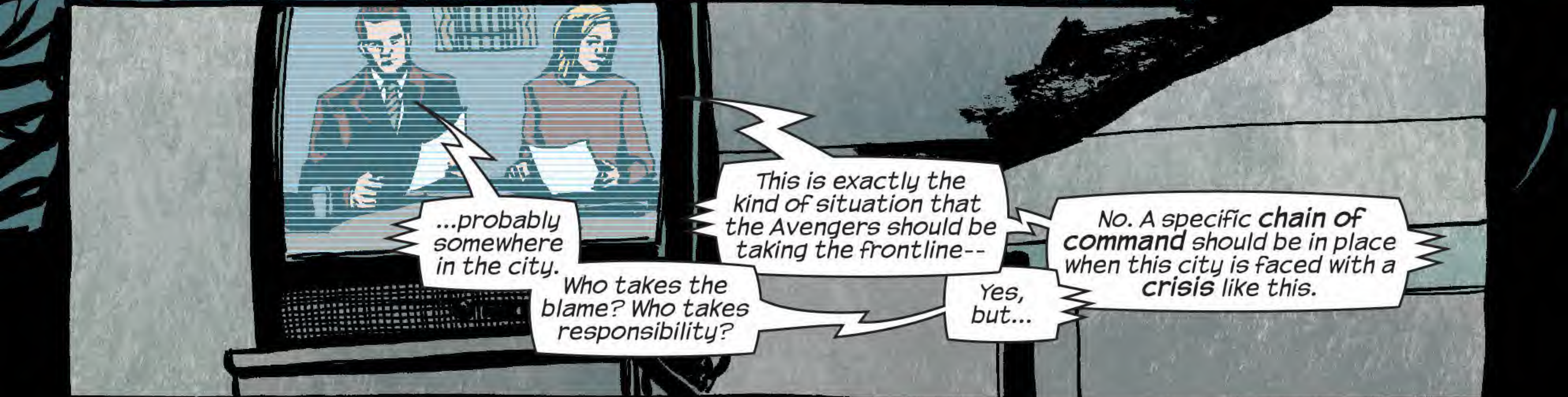






Let's discuss the city's responsibility to its citizens when something like this happens.

We have a super-powered mass murderer on the loose...



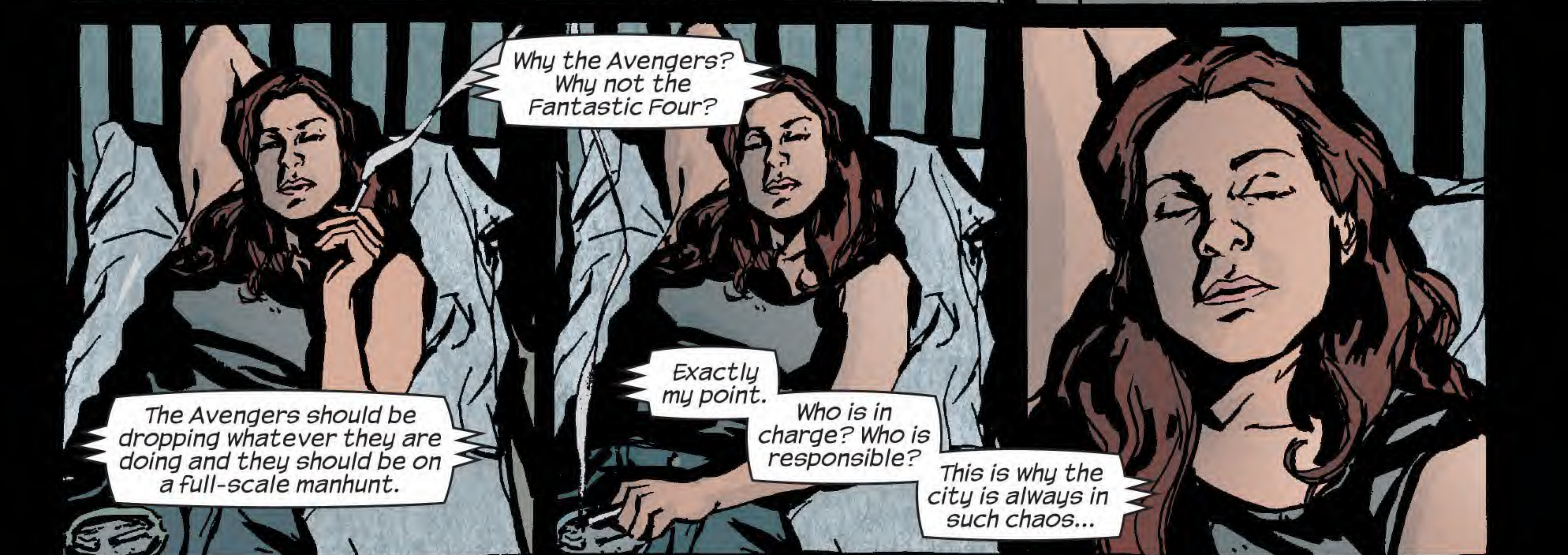
...probably somewhere in the city.

This is exactly the kind of situation that the Avengers should be taking the frontline--

No. A specific chain of command should be in place when this city is faced with a crisis like this.

Who takes the blame? Who takes responsibility?

Yes, but...



Why the Avengers? Why not the Fantastic Four?

The Avengers should be dropping whatever they are doing and they should be on a full-scale manhunt.

Exactly my point.

Who is in charge? Who is responsible?

This is why the city is always in such chaos...







To be concluded...



TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS

no.28

PARENTAL ADVISORY
**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

AliasTM

**PURPLE
PART 5**





Oh,
ew! Scott.
Scott!
There's
ants in--



AAAGGHHH!!!
AAAIIIEEEE!!



AAAGGGHH!!!
OH MY GOD!!!
AARRGGHH!!
SOMEBODY!!

So this is
Jessica's comic
book?

Subtle
yet expressive
artwork.
Mainstream
with just a touch
of indy.



AAAIIEE!!!
OH, PLEASE!! OH
PLEAASSEE!!

Powerful
color palette.

(Interesting.)

Seen
worse. Been
in worse.



AAAIIEE!!!
OH PLEASE!! OH
PLEAASSEE!!

Jessica,
please be
quiet!

You're
annoying me
already and it's
only page
one.



Oh my
God!! You--you
bastard!!

YOU
KILLED HIM!!
YOU KILLED
HIM!!



Well, I
am the bad
guy.



But no, I didn't.

I didn't kill anyone today, *yet*.

You--

Be quiet.

See, the interesting part of my mind control power is that I can make you *do* whatever I want...



(And I'm being honest here...)

Seeing you lying there with your insipid, B-list, hack Avenger boyfriend made me want to see *you* see *him* dead...

...so I *asked* you to see him dead.



There, see?

There he is...just lying there quietly like *I* told him to.

Giving me the snake eye.

Poor little Ant-Man...



You best stop giving me that look, little Ant-Man.

I didn't kill you because it's cheap drama compared to what I *plan* on doing today.

But that doesn't mean I *can't* or *won't*.

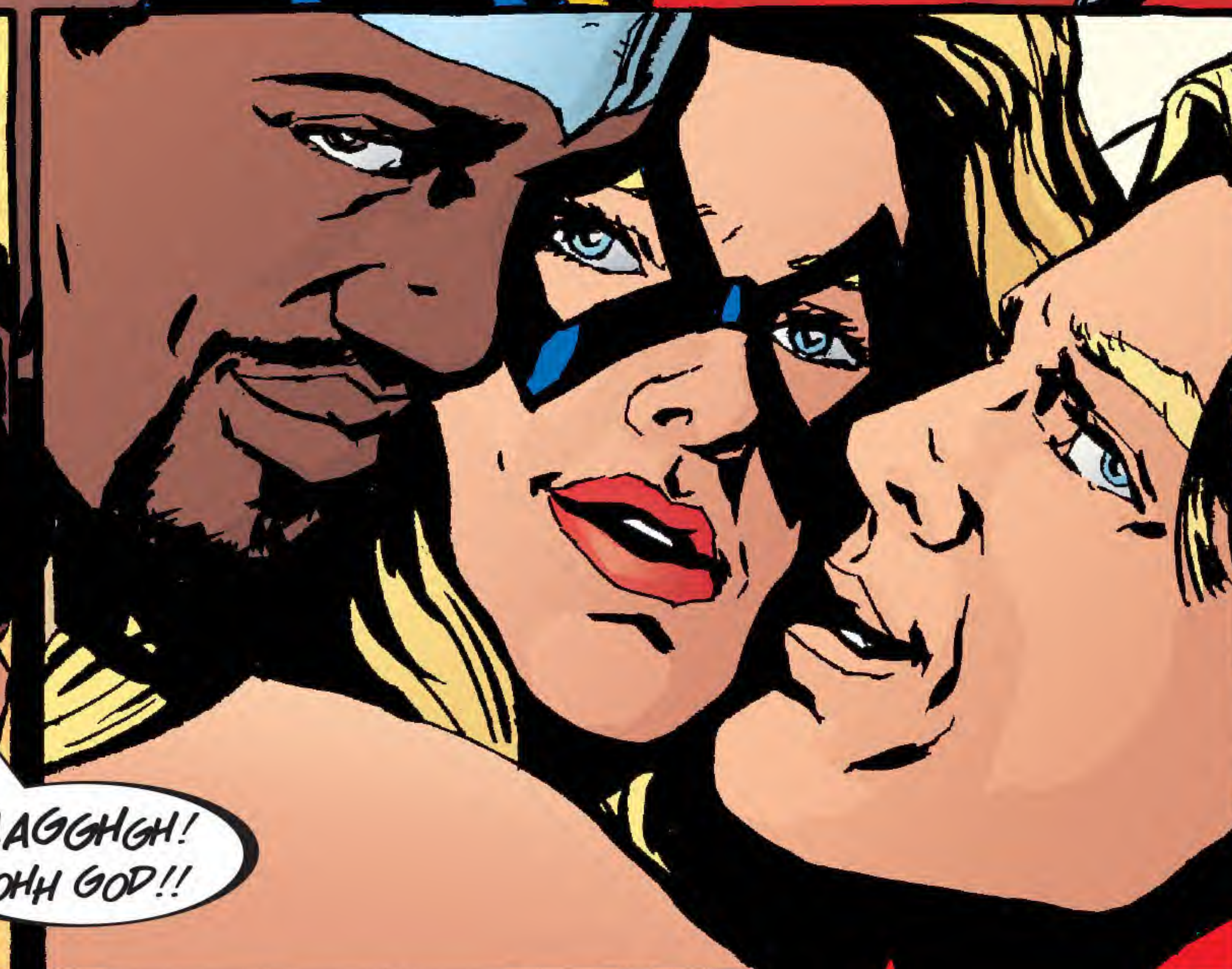
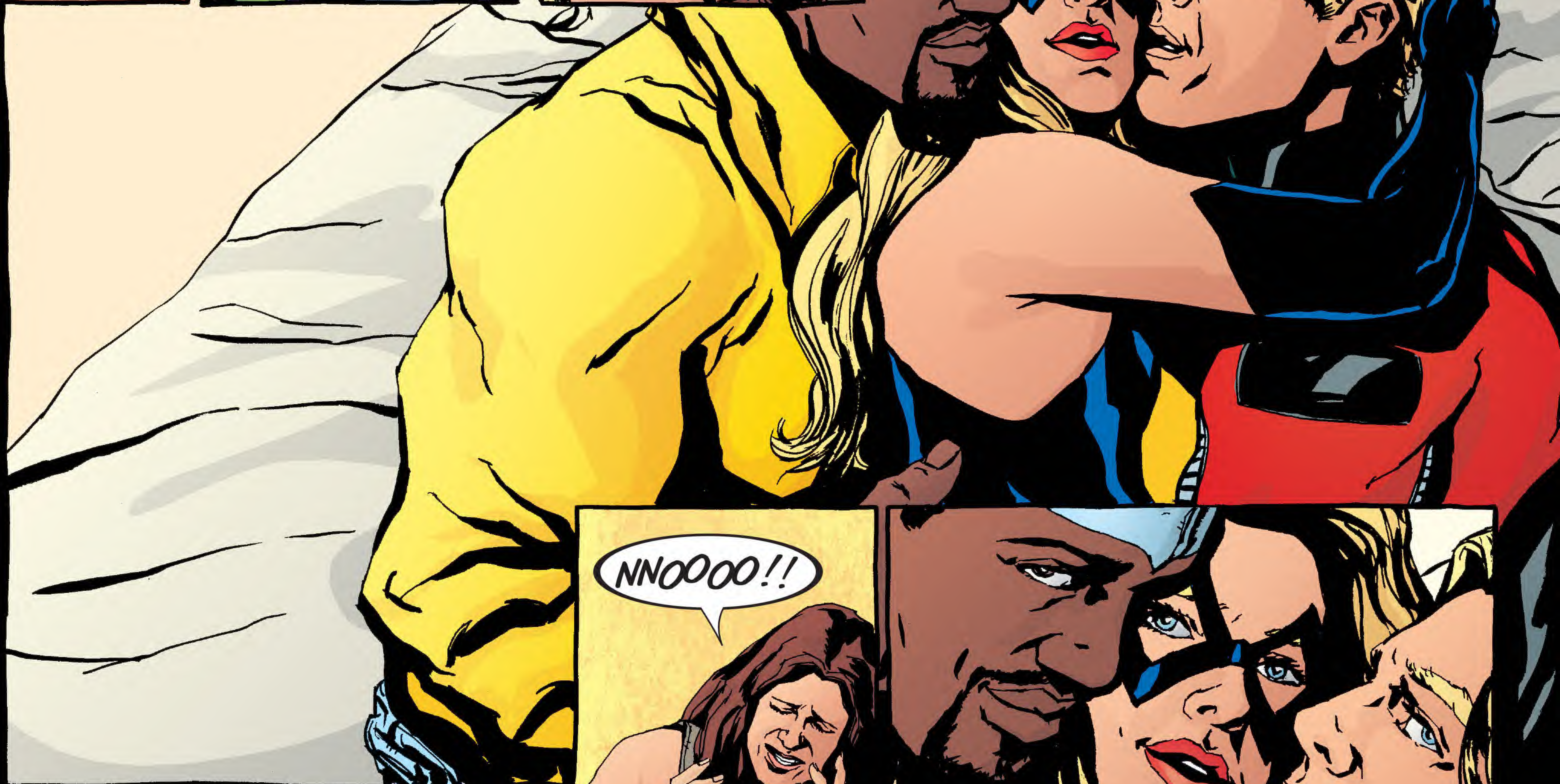
I want you to look at me--look at me like you look at *her*...

Look at me like you want to fuck me because I'm the best a third-rate character like you could do.



Close enough.

Jessica, stand up.













Yes, I helped you out of your coma after your first Killgrave incident.

This isn't really me, though. This is just a *psychic projection* of me.

I don't have much time. We have our hands full where my actual *body* is.

Do you know what a psychic defense trigger is?



What?



A psychic defense trigger.

It's--well, it's something I planted in your head during our recovery sessions together.

A what?

You were so worried about Killgrave taking control of you again.

I thought something like this might work.



I--I can end this?



Please do.





Here they come...



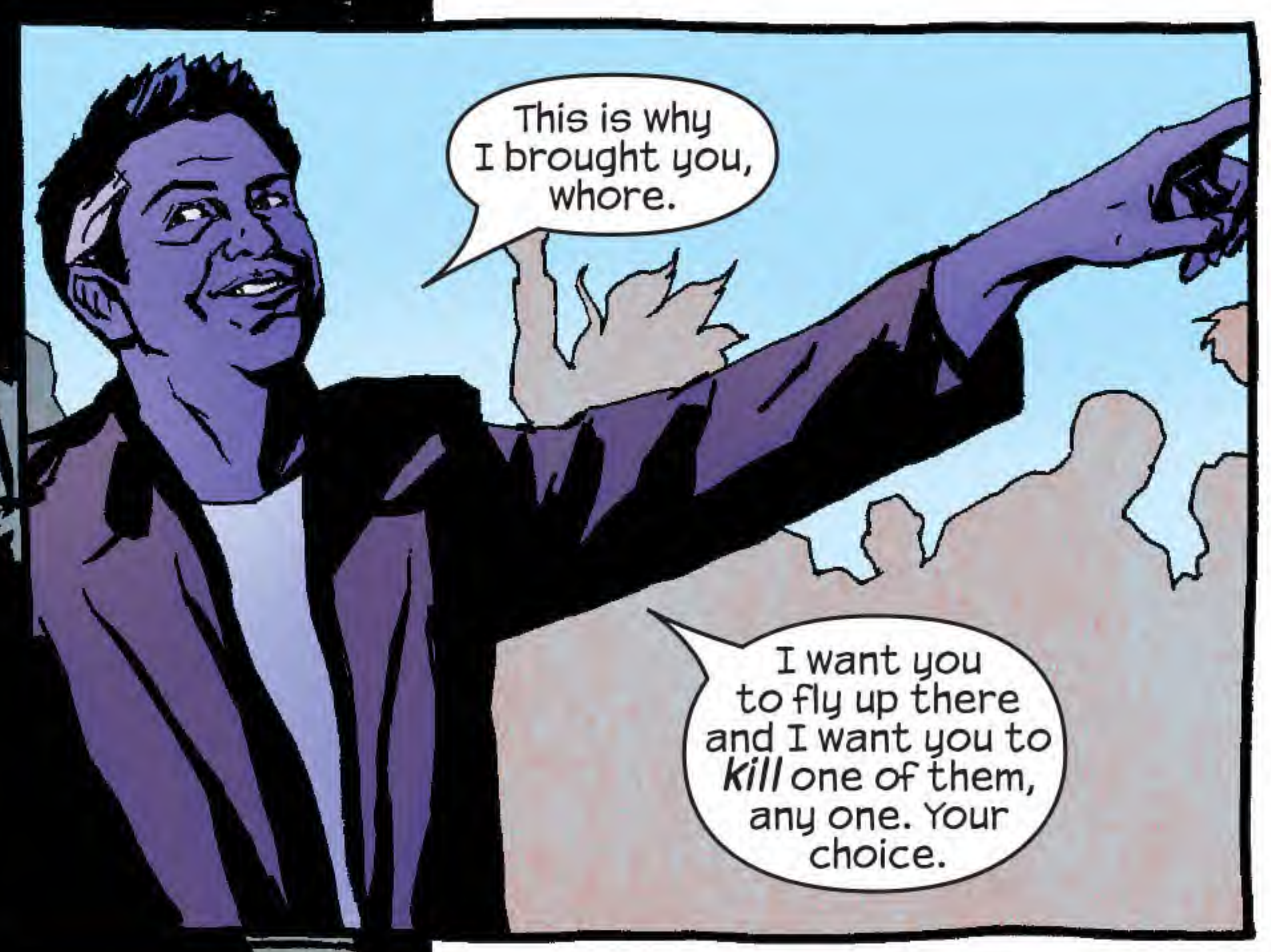
Here comes the big crossover teamup...



KILLGRAVE! STAND DOWN!

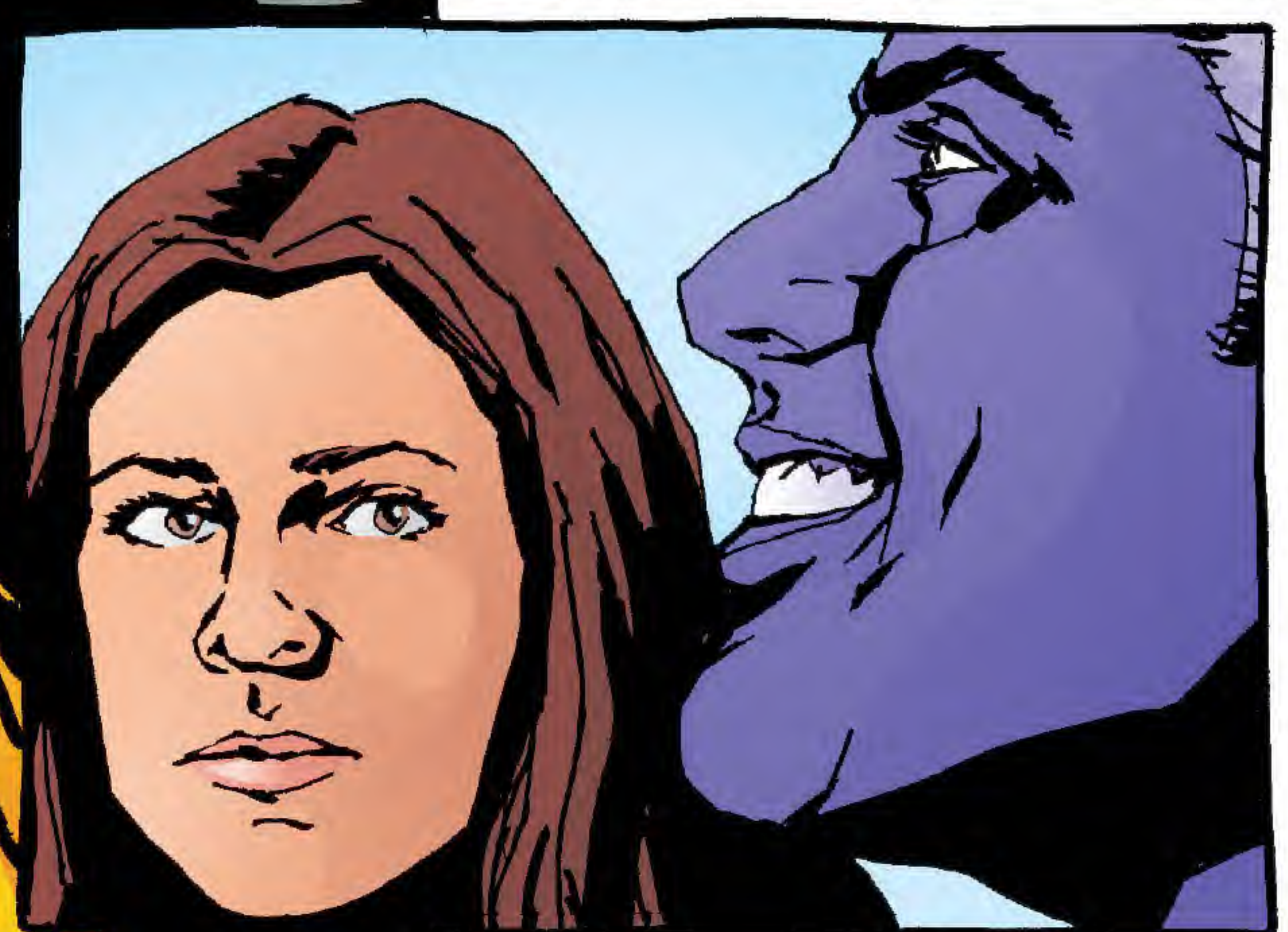
WE DON'T WANT TO OPEN FIRE ON A CIVILIAN AREA BUT WE WILL.

Surrender now!



This is why I brought you, whore.

I want you to fly up there and I want you to *kill* one of them, any one. Your choice.

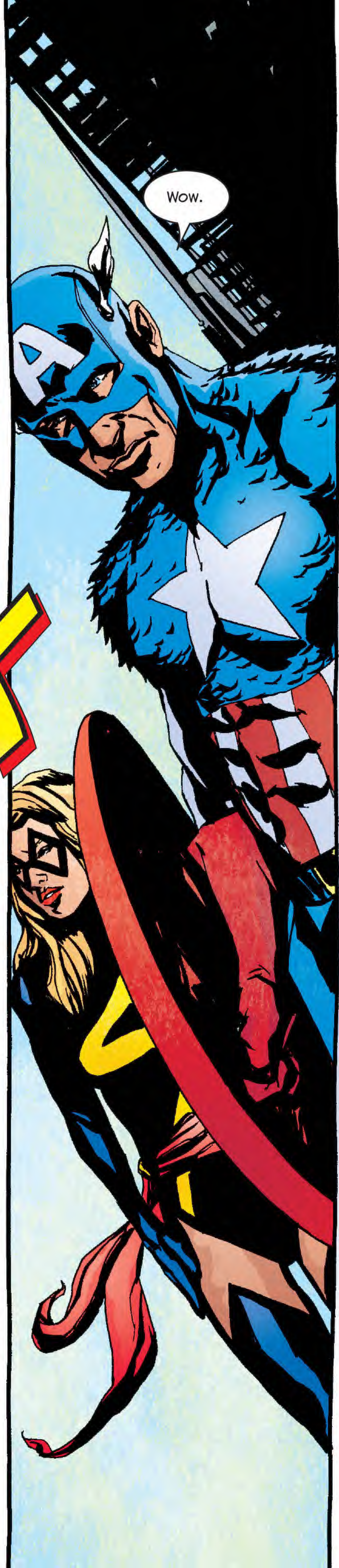


Jessica, if you're too stupid to pick one yourself... try breaking Captain America's back.

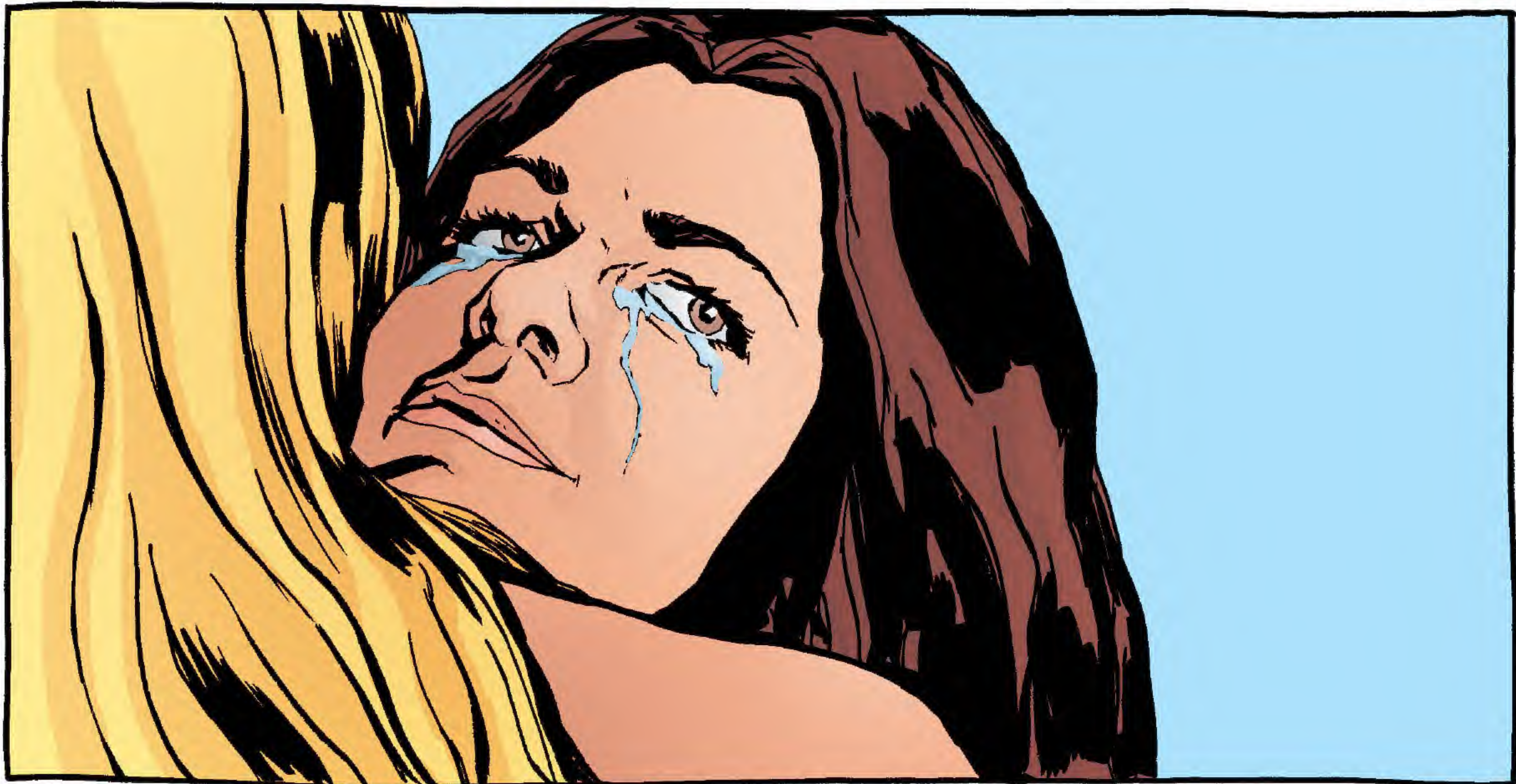
That would work for me.



DO IT NOW, WHORE!













Well, look at you.



DAILY BUGLE
LOCAL HERO SAVES CITY FROM MANIA



So you're officially the *only* one of us that Jameson *ever* writes nice shit about.

Wow.

That'll be good for business.

Guess.



Luke, I--

So I was just going to *call* you.

You were?

I *was*. Just now.

You in the mood to talk?



Oh no. Is it bad?

Luke, I can't--I can't handle any more--



No. No.

I, well, I guess that's up to you to--

Okay. What?



I want to say that I should *tell* ya that over the last couple of months I seem to...



I seem to be *thinking* about you... a lot.

More than I was admitting to myself.

You know what I mean?



I dunno.



I mean, you *frustrate* me.

You frustrate the *shit* out of me.

But, no. Let's not get into that.

We *both* know you're like a bat out of hell around me half the time but...that's neither here nor there...



The thing of it is, is I've grown quite--

I *worry* about you.

And I, when you told me all that shit about what happened to you...

...I found myself really *caring*.



So, though I know you got some shit going on with one of the Avengers or something...

And I know me and you--we're all just how we *are* with each other...

I just wanted to tell you that I'm *here*...



You like me?

(I just think about you a lot.)

And I'm, well, I'm *here*.

If you--I don't know.





TO BE CONTINUED IN... THE PULSE NUMBER ONE ON SALE IN FEBRUARY!

A FEW WORDS FROM BENDIS...

This is the last issue of ALIAS? It's over! That's it? What the fuck?

Yeah, this is the last issue of ALIAS. And it's all my fault.

I wrote #28, which you just read, and I was like, "Uh, I think I just wrapped up the series." But having read it, as you just have, you know that we peaked. The point of the book has been examined, revealed, explained and dealt with in what I would call a satisfactory way. And we never 'jumped the shark.'

But I, like you, am far from done with Jessica.

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Very inspiring words.

Then, if I did that, it wouldn't need to be MAX anymore, though I like saying 'fuck' a lot (some might say too fucking much); the big eff word was stifling a couple of things I wanted to do with Jessica--like using Spider-Man and some other big name Marvel guest stars.

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Plus, Jessica is pregnant now, and Luke and Jessica will deal with the compli-

cated aspects of bringing a child into this world of heroes and villains. Jessica's life is different and the book will reflect that.

Worried about the tone of the book now that it is no longer MAX? Well don't. Readers of DAREDEVIL know that I can be adult and gritty without using the f-word. And sex was never the motivation of ALIAS. The stories of this series will be focused on bigger issues but the characters that you love in ALIAS will be there in full glory--except Jessica will be happier, at least for a couple of pages.

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Matt Hollingsworth was one of my favorite colorists before we started working on ALIAS and DAREDEVIL. Working with him and trying to guess how his mind will interpret the scenes has been thrilling.

Thank you to Nancy Dakesian, Kelly Lamy, Cory Petit, Richard Starkings, Wes Abbott, Oscar Gongors, Jason Levine, Rodney Ramos, Al Vey, Stuart Moore, Tom Brevoort, CB Cebulski, Nick Lowe, Joe Quesada, Rick Mays, Mark Bagley, Bill Sienkiewicz, Howard Chaykin, Chris Claremont, Ralph Macchio, and Andy Schmidt who brought this puppy home.

But most of all I want to thank Bill Jemas. Bill Jemas read an eleven page one act play that I wrote that was pretty much the first half of issue one; he read it and literally put the MAX line into gear the next day.

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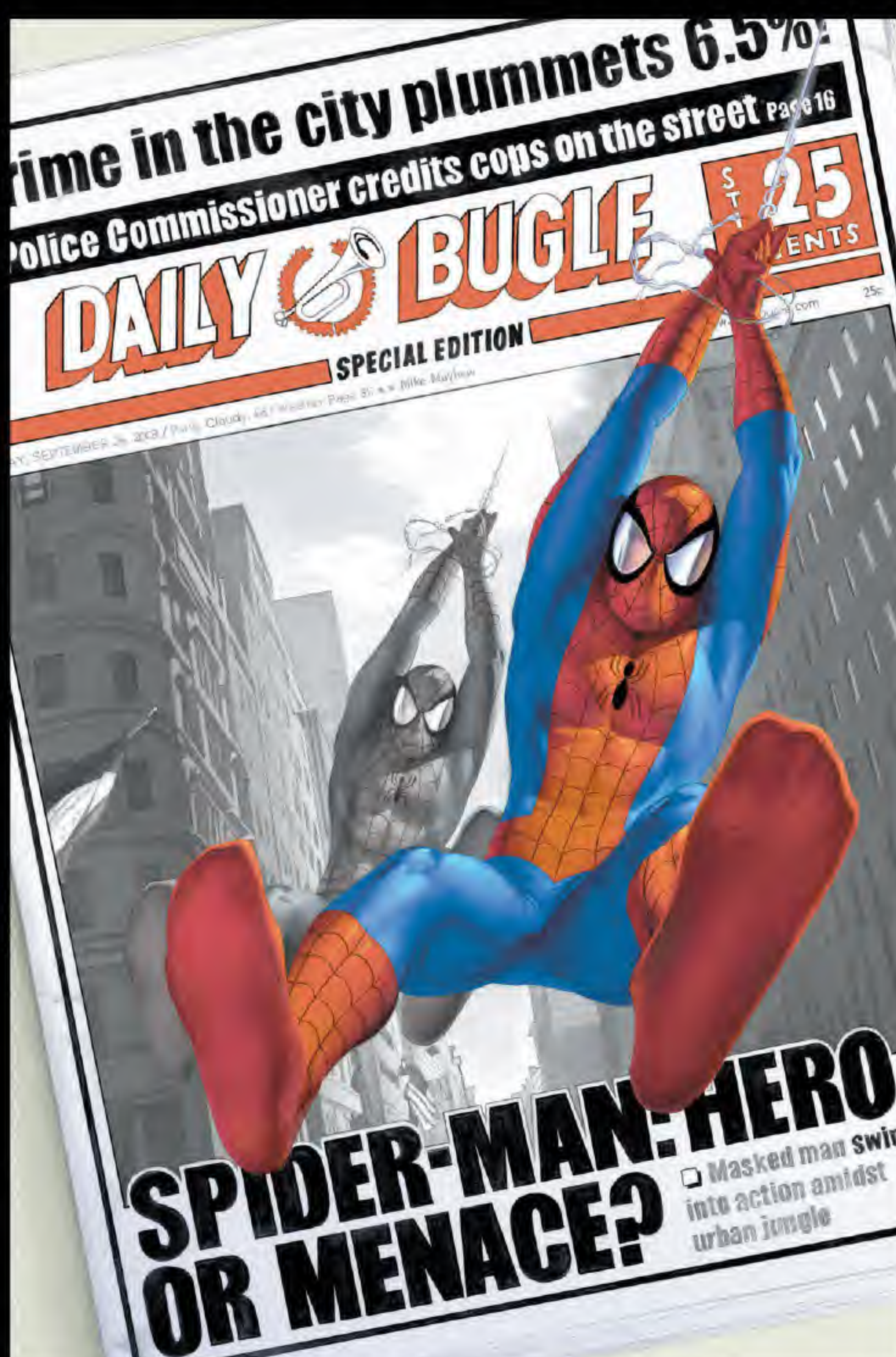
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A lot of people, including myself, think that Bagley and I bring out the best in each other. I am so happy he agreed to try this with me.

So if you liked ALIAS you'll love THE PULSE, if you like ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN, you'll love THE PULSE, and if you like ads for Hulk Underoos, you will love THE PULSE. I hope you join us for the next big chapter in Jessica Jones' life and the newest look at what makes the Marvel Universe tick.

And one more time for posterity...
FUCK!

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I would like to thank many people for the success of this book--you, the fans, first. Your devotion to the book and compassion for Jessica has been inspiring to me as an author.

Michael Gaydos is a genius of subtlety and expression and I thank him for his unflinching linework. Not too many people know that Mike and I went to art school together, where he mopped the floor with me every day I went there. But now I have gotten him back by making him draw three years of talking heads.

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS' ORIGINAL CRIME COMIC PITCH

First story arc loose outline.

(Keeping in mind the pages of the crime comic you have already read for mood and voice, here are the bigger plot points for the first arc...)

Jessica is hired by a mysterious woman to find her sister Kira. The woman doesn't want her found, she just wants to see that she is safe and not on drugs. Just proof that she is ok.

Because the woman is paying in cash, Jessica agrees even though she is wary of the vagueness of the job. Jessica calls her client's info to clarify that this is all on the up-and-up. Using the usual investigator sources, Jessica easily finds this woman who doesn't want to be found.

Jessica stakes out Kira's apartment and videotapes Kira coming home with a handsome, hunky blond gentleman. She catches a little hanky-panky on video. All typical stuff.

All of a sudden the blond man is called away. He kisses Kira goodbye. Jessica muses to herself, he's either a doctor or he's cheating on her or with her.

Jessica is surprised to find that the blond man doesn't leave the apartment through the front door that he came in.

Just by happenstance she holds the camera up to the roof of the apartment building and she clearly videotapes Steve Rogers putting on his Captain America costume and leaping to another building.

Jessica shits in her pants. Jessica has videotape of Captain America's secret identity.

End of the first issue.

Jessica doesn't know if it's a coincidence or not. But she knows that the tape is a political nuclear bomb.

Jessica calls the woman who hired her, the phone's disconnected. Jessica goes to the address she gave, it is a Gap store.

Now Jessica feels set up.

She goes straight to Avenger's Mansion. No one answers. She goes back to the woman Kira's apartment. It's a crime scene, cop cars, ambulances. A crowd of onlookers. The woman has been brutally murdered.

Jessica goes back to her office to get the tape. And NYPD detectives are there.

They had an anonymous tip that Jessica was staking out Kira's house. Jessica lies and says that isn't true. The detectives pull out a crime scene photo. The police photographer always shoots the crowd in case the killer is hanging around. And of course...there is Jessica.

At least Jessica doesn't have to worry if she's been set up.

End of issue two.

Police station. Jessica is interrogated by the police. They have no motive but she has no alibi. Someone strong broke the woman in half with their bare hands. It's an intense interrogation where the cops fill us in on how Jessica got to New York and what's going on with her powers.

Jessica with her ill temper and violent tendencies is looking pretty guilty.

Just as the interrogation is coming to a head...in comes Matt Murdock! He tells the cops to charge her or let her

go. They let her go, they have nothing substantial.

Outside Matt tells her that Luke Cage retained his services for her. Matt asks her point blank if she killed the girl. Jessica says no. Matt, of course, believes her because he knows her heartbeat and tells her he will fix this but not to leave town.

Jessica goes after the woman who hired her. She pulls strings. She bribes people. But she finds out that the phone line was paid for by the committee to elect the Republican presidential candidate.

End of the issue.

Washington, DC. Jessica finally finds the woman who set her up.

This leads her on a cat and mouse chase that eventually gives Jessica the answer she was looking for.

Jessica was being used as an unknowing pawn in a conspiracy to not only 'out' Captain America but to embroil him in ugly scandal.

Jessica being down on her luck and not super-hero friendly would either sell the tape or give it up to the cops to save her ass. They used Jessica so it wouldn't seem political. Just a scandal that happened.

Cap is an important part of the President's political good will with the people. A well-timed scandal would shift the power of a new Congress and even the Presidency over to the right. But the saboteur misread Jessica. They did not count of Jessica's surprising amount of quiet selflessness.

The twist is that it is a wash.

Jessica can't rat out the conspirators without outing Captain America, BUT they don't get their scandal. The murder is never solved. Jessica isn't charged.

They don't have any evidence and Matt Murdock's reputation actually gets the DA's office to back down. But Jessica is tainted in the cops' eyes. They think she did it. But Jessica never buckles.

The President is reelected. The story arc ends with a surprise visit from Steve Rogers!

He has friends in high places and knows he dodged a bullet because of her. Surprisingly, Steve's presence makes Jessica very emotional. The first time we see her with her walls down. She confesses how devastating it is that her powers failed her and that she was never the hero she always hoped she would be. Not like him.

Steve Rogers confesses how empty his life feels when something like this can almost happen to him. But, it's the moments that count. And that she now has one.

She gives him the tape.

(Though the story sounds more political than hard-boiled, it isn't. Don't be fooled. Think of the older noirs. Many had to do with nuclear devices and wartime espionage. It's always more fascinating when a murder opens a door of huge consequence. Also, we get to examine the idea of Captain America in darker terms, but we never really see him.)

Upcoming.

Next story arc: A missing persons case reveals that a low rent Fantastic Four villain (to be announced) has become a Dr. Swango type serial killer.

A black magic case with a cameo by Dr. Strange.



Original art for
#24, Page 2 —
Old Ant-Man costume





Jessica Jones
sketches by
Michael Gaydos

Brian Michael Bendis' Farewell to Alias

(originally printed in Alias #28)

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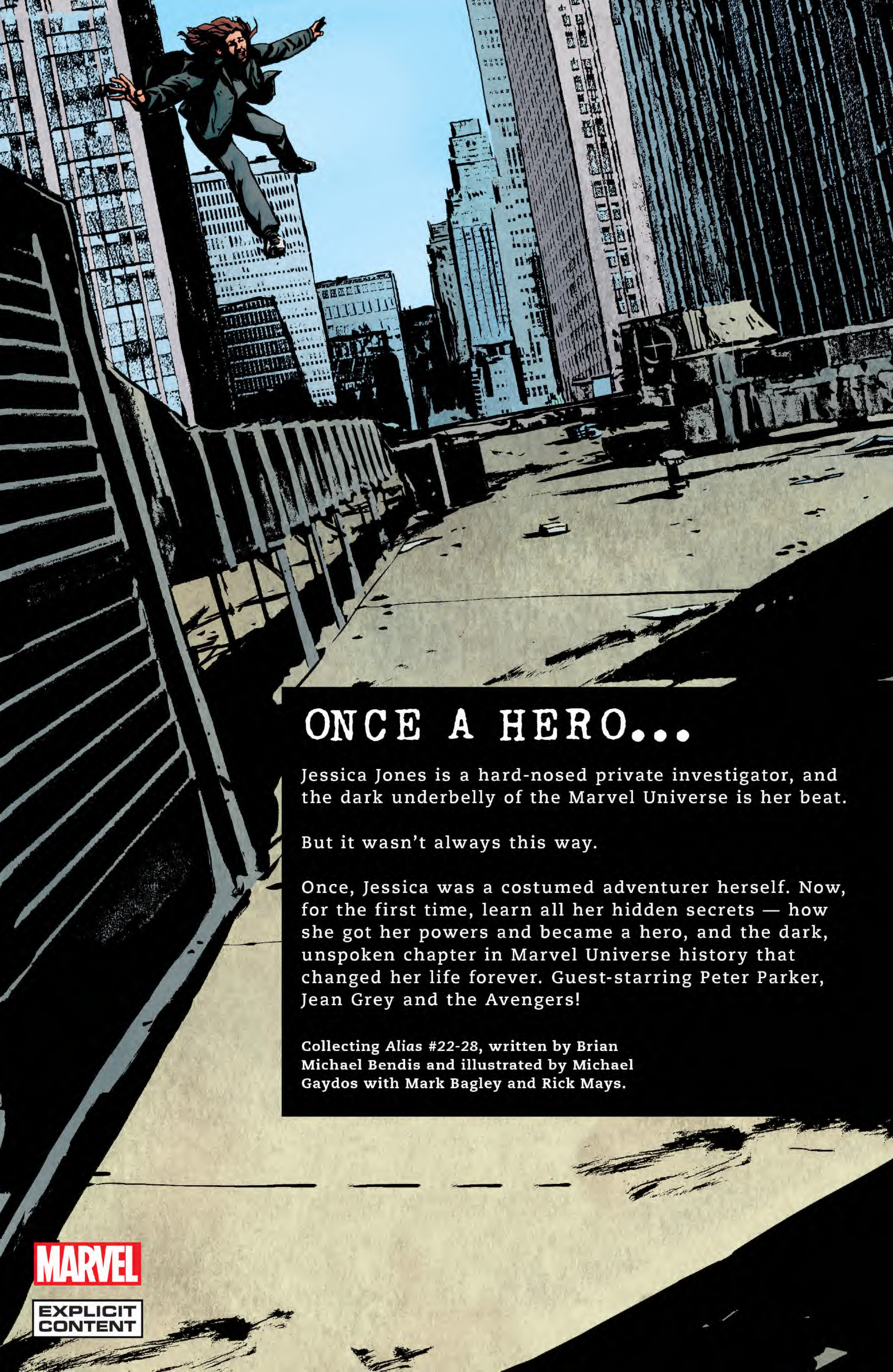
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ONCE A HERO...

Jessica Jones is a hard-nosed private investigator, and the dark underbelly of the Marvel Universe is her beat.

But it wasn't always this way.

Once, Jessica was a costumed adventurer herself. Now, for the first time, learn all her hidden secrets — how she got her powers and became a hero, and the dark, unspoken chapter in Marvel Universe history that changed her life forever. Guest-starring Peter Parker, Jean Grey and the Avengers!

Collecting *Alias* #22-28, written by Brian Michael Bendis and illustrated by Michael Gaydos with Mark Bagley and Rick Mays.

MARVEL

**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

